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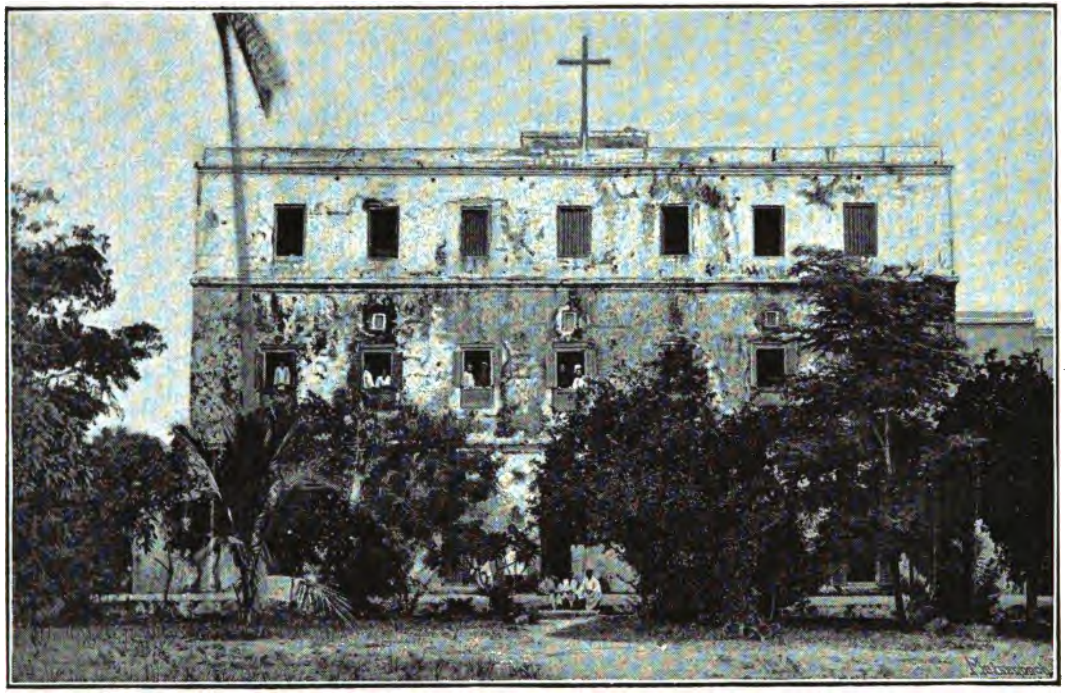
KIUNGANI; OR, STORY AND HISTORY FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.



THE BOYS' HOME AND SCHOOL AT KIUNGANI.

From a Photograph.

KILNGANI:

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KIUNGANI;

OR,

STORY AND HISTORY FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

WRITTEN BY BOYS IN THE SCHOOLS

OF THE

UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY

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LONDON:

GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

1887.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

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PREFACE.

TO many the following pages will appear to contain little that is interesting or amusing, and still less that is of value. Those who have the eyes to recognize, and the patience to study, what is at least a bonâ fide collection of literary specimens of an uncommon kind from a little-worked source, will perhaps arrive at a different conclusion.

It has been the lot of the Editor to spend the greater part of the last five years in daily familiar intercourse with some ninety or a hundred African boys of all ages between nine and twenty-one, almost all of whom have been captured from slave-ships by British cruisers on the east coast of Central Africa. They represent at least fifteen tribes of the great family of the human race classed as Bantu, which stretches over the whole of the African continent, from the sources of the Nile far within the borders of the Cape Colony, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. All these boys learn the language of the coast—that is Swahili, and all are taught according to their capacity in the schools of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, which has its head-quarters at Zanzibar. Towards the end of four years' residence among them the Editor invited some of them to

write down recollections of their homes and wanderings, and also any stories they remembered having heard in their own lands or in the course of their travels. He purposely abstained from suggesting topics or treatment, except so far as was necessary to explain what he wanted. Just thirteen boys complied with his request, and as it happened the thirteen represented no less than ten different tribes. They wrote in the Swahili language, and the Editor translated their MSS. as simply and literally as appeared consistent with plain and forcible English. This volume is the result.

A few words are perhaps necessary to enable a fair estimate to be made of their worth, under the twofold division of Histories and Stories. The two divisions illustrate each other.

Conscious falsification, and even carelessness, the Editor believes may be left out of account. His relation to the boys, and knowledge of their characters, make his own mind clear on this point. On the other hand, full allowance must of course be made for indistinct recollection, childish acceptance of hearsay as fact, simple mistakes as to places or names, transference of ideas acquired on the coast to scenes in the interior, as well as for lack of all literary skill or sense of the requirements of a literary public. These defects are inherent in the nature of the case, but when fully allowed for, the *naïveté* and simplicity of the narratives is (even in a translation) unmistakable, and the amount of positive information considerable, if not always new. Pictures of life in distant African homes—life from which the very foundations of social order and well-being are absent, the various ways in which the boys were taken from their homes, the stages (recurring with marked regularity) of their subsequent careers—all this, interspersed with notices of customs, localities, routes, and curious glimpses behind the scenes in dark corners of human existence, may be found

here. Geographer, anthropologist, philanthropist—all may find material to their hand, not very abundant, perhaps, or exact, but of its kind genuine, and, as here presented, almost unique.

The stories, too, have an interest of their own. They are fragments of the only literature—if what is wholly unwritten may be so called—known to the many races of Central Africa. As such, story is the vehicle of all the germs of history, philosophy, and even poetry, as exist among them. It embodies records as well as speculations on the past, facts as well as fancies. The accidents, police-news, personal adventures and exploits, and local gossip of a modern newspaper, all find their reflection in such tales as, for instance, those from the Ganda country, hardly less discernible because they are manipulated by the imagination with a view to aiding the memory by symmetrical arrangement and repetition, or to exciting the feelings of an audience by exaggeration and the introduction of the purely fabulous. Some stories, again, seem designed to point a moral or a maxim, though here, too, it appears as if actual incident was drawn upon as material at least for the design. Others are attempts to satisfy the craving for a "reason why," for some fact of daily experience or custom of social life. Others (and these may be distinguished by internal evidence) are but adaptations of Arab tales, and the offspring of imaginations highly excited by the wonders of coast life and Zanzibar, which to the whole region in question is the very door of the world and channel of all knowledge, enlightenment, and civilization. Occasionally touches occur which the boy-author could only have got by hearsay from his European teacher, and which work in readily with the more marvellous elements of his story.

Perhaps as much interest attaches to the more purely African type of story, that known as Beast-Fable, as to any.

This interest has been of late revived by the collection made in America by Mr. Chandler Harris, and published under the titles, "Uncle Remus" and "Nights with Uncle Remus." It is curious to find the counterparts of many of the incidents in those collections reappearing in the present volume; in other words, to find the two streams rising from a common source in the heart of Central Africa, one reaching the western coast, crossing the Atlantic, and finding a new home in the plantations of the Southern States, a new language in the jargon of negro dialect, and a new publicity, due to the gifted Editor; while the other follows the caravan routes to the east coast, and through Zanzibar meets its fellow once more from the press of an English publisher. The rabbit is the characteristic hero of Bantu Beast-Fable, and if not so supreme in this as in the parallel collection, it may be remembered that there is nothing to make it certain that these specimens are typical, much less that the collection is complete.

Some further remarks will be found in the Introduction to each Part of this volume. After all, the cardinal point of interest to those to whom such stories have any true interest at all, lies in the fact that they are, like the Homeric (the contrast is as suggestive as the comparison), phototographs—very fragmentary, and not very clear—but photographs of the human mind in a condition which, if not truly primitive, is yet in all but time most remote from our own—if not highly gifted, yet in all essentials truly human —if undeveloped, undifferentiated, and unmoralized, yet not wholly without the wayward charm, and even the vague promise of childhood. Races have their childhood as well as single souls, and if in both the simplicity and receptiveness of childhood is the truest title and earnest of entrance to the Kingdom of the Father, these stories may suggest something to arouse hope, something even to imitate.

The Editor's work has been confined to translation, writing short introductions and explanatory notes, in a very few cases disguising a mere vulgarity, and occasionally modifying the boys' attempts at phonetic rendering of proper names. The appendices contain a short popular account of the Swahili language, in which these stories were written, and a specimen of one of them (Story I. in Part II.) as written by the boy-author himself, both in Swahili and also in his own Ganda tongue.

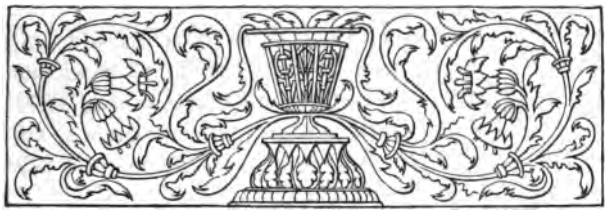
A. C. M.

ZANZIBAR, *Advent*, 1885.

[F. M., Oxford, *June*, 1887.]

PART I.

HISTORIES OF AFRICAN BOYS.



PART I.

HISTORIES OF AFRICAN BOYS, AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are, perhaps, few better ways of arriving at a clear conception of the conditions of human life in any period or locality, than by tracing them in the career of an individual. For such a purpose a perfect biography would go far towards the production of a perfect history. The autobiographies in this collection are far enough from perfection, yet an African boy's memories of his own life are surely, at the least, a curiosity. Each may contribute something, if not of new fact, yet of evidence to known fact, which is not without its value. Several such stories may form together a general, but still vivid, picture of the world, as it unfolds itself before the eyes of young Africa. Even their omissions are sometimes significant—for instance, when a child finds nothing to record in all the horrors of the march of a slave-caravan from the far interior to the coast, except the number

of days it seemed to occupy. What difference did a little more or less of starvation or torture make, after all, but a darker shade or so in the common tissue of human life?

Some of the results which seem to emerge from a study and comparison of the following narratives may be briefly indicated in this Introduction.

The narratives are drawn from a locality with limits wide, yet not difficult to define—the locality of which Zanzibar is the natural capital, with Mozambique as her only competitor for the title—broadly speaking, the whole country within a radius of 800 miles (except a portion on the coast itself) from Zanzibar. This region is but a part of the vast area in Africa covered by so-called Bantu races, yet the number of tribes in it speaking distinct, though often nearly allied, dialects, might be counted by the dozen, and the ten which furnish these narratives are sufficiently far apart to stand as fair samples of the whole. The Makuas and Yaos (or Ajawa) are two of the most numerous and important tribes between Lake Nyassa and the East coast. The Nyassas (or Manganja) border on the lake itself, east, west, and south. Beyond them, westward, lie the Bembas and Bisas. Turning to the coast, the Zaramos are found in a district near Zanzibar, with the Kamis, Ziquas, and Sambaras. Farther inland are the Gindos and Sagaras. Beyond them, westward, lie the Nyanwezi, while far away, on the northern margin of the Victoria Nyanza, stretches the powerful kingdom of Ganda, and its yet more distant neighbour Nyoro, on the sister lake, Albert Nyanza. This whole region is bound closely to Zanzibar by commerce, which, till the last decade, meant comparatively little except the slave trade. From Zanzibar, year by year, indeed, month by month, start the large and costly Mahommedan caravans,* which carry

* Mahommedanism gains much from this chance connection.

calico, beads, brass wire, cutlery, guns, powder, and spirits to an ever-increasing number of customers—and bring back slaves and ivory to the coast. What else they carry and bring away, is but too clearly to be gathered from these stories. Their range extends beyond the western shores of all the three great Equatorial Lakes, Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Victoria Nyanza, and their operations influence the region of the Upper Congo, as well as the East Soudan.

Such being the locality from which these narratives are drawn, it may next be noticed that there are five distinct stages, more or less clearly indicated, in the subject matter of the majority of them. Nearly all the boys write (1) first of their homes, (2) then of their separation from home and sure gravitation into the hands of Arab slave-dealers, (3) the march of the slave-caravan from the interior to the coast, (4) the disposal of the slaves, either on the coast or by exportation, (5) finally, their transfer to British hands and consignment to the Universities' Mission. It may be convenient to call attention to a few particulars under each of these heads.

1. An African home! A hut of poles, mud, and grass is its visible symbol, and by no means always in itself a symbol of discomfort, poverty, or degradation. There is the father and mother, though the bond between them may be frail enough. There are children, too, in plenty, for at the worst children have their marketable value, and slavery has not yet condemned the woman to the barrenness which follows in its train. And childhood in Africa is childhood still. It fights its mimic battles with its playmates, it snares its "small deer" in the enclosing forests, it rivals mature age in endless story-telling, it bathes, it plays, it basks on smooth sunny rocks, it thinks but lightly of parental warnings, it weeps bitter tears when they come too true, it trusts the

deceiver, who promises some little boon, it can imagine no world beyond the ridge of the encompassing hills, no monarch greater than the lord of twenty huts; in ignorance of war it runs a few steps out of its safe hiding-place, only to find those steps the first of a journey of a thousand miles for its weary feet, with homeless, hopeless slavery, if not a Mission, at the end.

Shreds of affection cling yet about an African home. A captive mother pines with longing for her last-born child, and if she escape, cannot rest or eat till she has first embraced it. Parents sadly foresee and warn their children of the dark future, so near, yet so hard to guard against; a father protests feebly against handing over his offspring to pay his own father's debts. Once and again there is a half-hearted promise that the ransom shall be soon forthcoming to restore a helpless young brother to his tribe again, and the boy himself holds fast to the last hope which binds him to his distant home, and only when this is gone is driven with tears to realize that now he has no resting-place, but must pass henceforth like a chattel from hand to hand, and, to use his own word, is "lost." In all supreme moments of doubt and agony an African's instinctive cry is for his mother.

But the memories of childhood all tell one sad tale of the scenes among which it wakes. War and Famine are the two ruling factors in African life, and the Slave-trade is the sure support when not the prime cause of both. The details are not many, but the picture is clear. First, war is from within, among those of the same tribe. A feud based on a half-forgotten crime, refusal to submit to a decision of the chiefs, insulting words at a tribal conclave,—these and far smaller causes are sufficient to embroil village with village, and bring the rush to arms and bloodshed, ever ready to be renewed, when they bring advantage to either side. War comes too from without. The Zulu intruders

of fifty years ago are still a terror and scourge to all within their reach. Under different names, and from centres both north and south of Lake Nyassa, they assert their superiority by regular and impartial raids upon their neighbours, forcing some to pay them tribute, carrying off others and impressing them into military service, even coaxing stubborn adversaries to incorporation with themselves, or by their success inciting them to imitate the Zulu arms and tactics in their own tribal wars. Their stories show how the mere glimpse of the long striped shield and barbed assegai is enough to weld a disunited tribe for a short time into one, and send women and cattle many days' journey into the mountains, while the men hasten to their strongest stockade (unless the enemy is beforehand with them), and by sheer speed of movement, if not by stratagem, crush all resistance almost before it is offered. Famine follows war. Droughts might be provided against by storing food, but war not only destroys food, but makes all storing dangerous. Property is insecure exactly in proportion to its value, for wealth invites war. Hence some tribes keep no herds for the sake of peace, some keep them at the cost of constant invasion. Fatal as war is, famine is hardly less so. Both alike serve the ends of the slave-hunter. It was but lately (1883-4) that people were selling, not only their children, but themselves, on the East coast, to escape death by slow starvation. No wonder that the second stage in these autobiographies is the easy, but irrevocable, step from home into slavery.

2. Slavery, of course, is of immemorial antiquity among black races, but wherever the Arab appears, he is the constant and efficient promoter of it. His mere presence in the interior with superior arms and superior goods makes every human being a marketable commodity, and a commodity within the reach of all who have the Arab's aid. Only once does he appear in a narrative openly engaged in a warfare—

which brings some dangers, though greater gains. But whether a child is carried off by a hostile tribe, or kidnapped by a wily neighbour, or given in payment of a debt, or to atone for a drunken brother's sin, no matter. It is but a question of time. He drifts surely into the net, furnished by the Arab, spread by his ubiquitous agents, who do his work only too willingly. The Yaos are among the most zealous, as the following pages clearly show. But the Arab at their elbow, with his businesslike offer of "cash on delivery," and conscience-soothing appeal to God's sanction of the system, is a barrier between human nature and better things, which these lower types of humanity might well find insuperable, even if they wished it away. Thus it happens that the boys find themselves at last in a hut crowded with victims like themselves, at the mercy of an Arab slave-dealer.

3. It is but fair, as it is certainly pleasant, to note in several of the narratives the traces of actual kindness towards, at least, the children, by their Arab masters. Small kindnesses would certainly go farther with children than older people; but a feeling of affection is undeniably present at times, and is freely acknowledged by its objects. Few of them, indeed, appear to notice on the march to the coast anything which struck them as novel, much less as horrible or barbarous. But here other sources of information supplement the chance glimpses given by two, at least, of the stories of some of what are, after all, the lesser evils of the caravan-march. The simple destruction of the bodily life of a child, or even an adult, is but little beside the degradation of the moral being and the enthralment of the living spirit, of which these journeys are the sure beginning.

The main routes followed by the caravans are indicated with considerable distinctness, and may be followed on any good map, such as that of Eastern Equatorial Africa, issued by the Royal Geographical Society, or even that appended

to Mr. Stevenson's little book on the "Water-Ways of the Interior of Africa."* Starting westward of Lake Nyassa, one route crosses the lake, and making a fresh start from the great Yao town Mwembe, the head-quarters of operations on the eastern side, finds outlets on the coast at Kilwa and Lindi, south of Zanzibar and within the dominions of the Sultan. Other tracks work round the northern and southern ends of the lake, and either unite with the first in the Yao country, or turn southward to Ibo, Mozambique, and Quilimane. Another large district, westward of Lake Tanganyika, and northward to the borders of the Soudan, is drained towards the great trading centre Unyanyembe, in the Nyamwezi country, and thence the caravans follow the main track eastward to Saadani or Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar. These are the routes mainly illustrated in these pages.

4. After arrival at the coast, a large number of slaves are at once disposed of for labour on the plantations which in increasing numbers fringe the coast towns. Some are employed in trade in the towns themselves, sometimes as domestic servants, others are passed from hand to hand, till they fall in the way of a dealer making up a gang for exportation. Such unfortunates find themselves only at the beginning of their troubles. Their destination may be only one of the islands off the coast, the Comoros, Johannas, Momfia, Pemba, or Zanzibar. Or they may be shipped for much longer voyages, to meet the demands of the Persian Gulf, Southern Arabia, or the coasts of the Red Sea. In any case a few days' calm or an adverse wind may turn the little slave ship of thirty to sixty tons into a den of horrors, without space to move, or food beyond uncooked grain or fruit, without water for days together, while a child's wailing is sufficient reason for throwing it to the sharks, and a sick

* See the map issued with this book.

man's end is effectively hastened by one of the many barbarous devices familiar to an Arab master. Meanwhile the victims are carefully informed that the one worse fate that could befall them is to be captured by the white man, whose only object is to fatten and eat them.

5. This happy disaster does, however, sometimes befall them — less often perhaps than formerly, when H.M.S. *London*, an old three-decker of Crimean days, lay at her anchorage in the roadstead of Zanzibar, the rendezvous of a small fleet of boats engaged in the search for slaves—when, too, more men of war were available for cruising on the east coast. Possibly the trade may have itself decreased. However this may be, the late extension of the British Consulate, not only to Mombasa, Kilwa, and Lindi, but to Lake Nyassa, may be trusted to have in the end a far surer and more lasting effect, through the certain encouragement of legitimate trade and substitution of moral for material agencies, than an irritating and costly flotilla of armed boats and cruisers. With the Arabs' warnings in their ears, it is no wonder that in spite of their miseries the slaves should often stoutly maintain to the British officer boarding a dhow, that they were free passengers in an Arab liner on pleasure or on business, and that the boys should clamber or be tossed up the sides of the man-of-war in dire fear that a hen-coop existence on board would be but the prelude to their speedy consumption by the white-faced cannibals. Once on board, however, child-nature soon recovers itself. Though "Jack" must have his joke, and sea-biscuit lends itself only too easily to his comforting assurance that "it is made of bones, and fattening, very," childhood once more gloats over huge dishes of rice and pudding, gets fat in spite of its fears, takes with complacency its morning bath under the ship's pumps, detects the secret of British energy in the Arab's abomination, pork, and even gets over its first

conviction that cutlass drill is carving drill, and soon to be exercised upon themselves.

Some of the boys, however, arrive in the Consul's court by a different process, taken from slave-depôts on shore in the coast towns under right of search conceded to the English by treaty with the Sultan, or again by the registration which took place when Indian subjects of Great Britain were forbidden to own slaves in the dominions of Zanzibar. Once in the Consul's court and freed, their prospects, it must be allowed, were not bright. The British Government would not do more than give a few shillings for their immediate necessities, or transport to British soil to become so-called free labourers, bound to a term of service on a white man's estate. The leaders of the Universities' Mission, Bishops Tozer and Steere, determined to follow the example of the Church Missionary Society and do their best to turn to account the material thus brought ready to their hand, for the immediate relief and welfare of the released but homeless slaves, and if it might be for striking a blow through them at the whole system, which had made them what they were. Some have been restored to the mainland, if not to their lost homes, some have been taught trades, or drifted into one of the many employments of unskilled labour in Zanzibar or on the coast. A few promise well for higher usefulness, as the teachers and evangelizers of their countrymen, the heralds in that Dark Continent of a new service, which is the only perfect freedom.

The thirteen narratives fall naturally into four groups. Histories I.—IV. are drawn from the borders of Lake Nyassa and the region yet further to the west. Of these the first is far the most complete, and gives incidentally a clear and intelligent picture of inter-tribal warfare, the power, perseverance, and skill of the marauding Gwangwaras, and the

brief, but organized and desperate resistance of the Nyassas. The others supplement the first, adding notices of native customs and details of the hap-hazard life of slave-children on the coast. The second group also contains four stories (Histories V. to VIII.);—three from the Makua land, lying between Lake Nyassa and the Mozambique coast, our knowledge of which is largely due to the repeated journeys of Mr. O'Neill, H.M. Consul at Mozambique, and the visit of the Rev. Chauncy Maples to its capital, Meto, in 1880. The last is from the neighbouring Yao country, in which slave-dealers find a ready welcome and abundant market. The third group (Histories IX. to XI.) relate to a district lying westward of the island of Zanzibar, and at no great distance from the coast. Histories XII. and XIII. are drawn from the remote shores of Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, the upper waters of the Nile.

The story of a Ganda Boy (XII.) stands quite alone, and indeed above the others. It is the narrative of a lad older than the rest, who, after many hair-breadth escapes in earlier days, of his own free will and (as it proved) at repeated risk of his life, undertook a journey of a thousand miles with the single-hearted resolve to follow up the glimpse of truth which he felt he had been granted in his own land. The view from the inside of the Ganda King Mtesa's government and household is perhaps unique, and the whole story at the expense of its perfect simplicity might easily be worked up into one of the most thrilling tales of adventure ever told.

In conclusion, it may be well to clear up a few allusions recurring in these stories. The Mission referred to is the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, proposed by Dr. Livingstone when in England for the last time, and headed successively by Bishops Mackenzie, Tozer, Steere, and Smythies. The Mission has three establishments in the

island of Zanzibar, one at Mkunazini in the city itself, including church, schools, and a group of houses; another a mile distant, called Kiungani, or Kiinua Mguu, with a large school for boys and a printing-press worked by them, and finally an estate at Mbweni, three and a half miles from the city, where there is a church, girl's school, and village of adult released slaves. The Mission has also two chief centres of work on the mainland; one between the coast and Lake Nyassa, of which a number of released slaves formed the nucleus, first at Masasi, now at Newala in the Rovuma valley,—the other at Magila in the Shambara country, some eighty miles north-west of Zanzibar. It has also placed a steamer on Lake Nyassa, in order to reach the tribes on its eastern border, and the region for which Dr. Livingstone's original appeal to the Universities was made.

Other necessary explanations are given in notes. It should be remembered in the spelling of proper names, that "l" and "r" are convertible in Swahili writing and pronunciation.

I.

HISTORY OF A NYASSA BOY.*

HAT I remember is this, but it is not much. I do not think I lived long in the village where I was born; I know we presently removed, and went to another town. There was myself and my mother, and my father and my brother, and my elder sister and a younger sister; four children altogether, with myself. I had other brothers and sisters, but they died before my time. I was the last child of all, and my mother was quite an old woman after I was born. I had an elder sister who married, and had a child and died, and we had a mourning, and so it ended.

After a time there was a very great battle at the village where I lived, not a battle with the Maviti, but between the people of the country, the Nyassas, as it might be one village at the distance of Mkokotoni, and one here at Kiungani (Note 1). They fought hard with arrows, some about as far off as the powder magazine, others here in the path by our pandanus tree, and our village as it were on the high road. Our people suffered very much from the arrows, for the fighting went on quite near our village. I remember that that

* This history has appeared in "Central Africa," the monthly publication of the Universities' Mission.

battle came to an end by the elders of the village settling the dispute.

Then I remember that we removed from that village, which was very large, and had a stockade of timber, and went to another village—the very village where I was born and three of my brothers and sisters. And there came a fight with the Maviti (*see* INTROD.), and killed a great many people, and my mother was carried away by the Maviti. So I was left, and my father and my three brothers and sisters, and as well as I remember I grew very thin from thinking about my mother. When my mother reached the land of the Maviti, she managed to run away, and got back safe to us again, and she too had become quite weak from thinking about her own people. Then I remember, when she arrived, she did not think a bit about food first of all, but as soon as ever she arrived she found me and clasped me in her arms, and after that she had food brought to her, and ate and told everyone the story of how she escaped from slavery among the Maviti.

Well, we were living there in that small village, and before long there was fighting again among the Nyassas. The reason was this. A man went to our enemies, whom we had fought with in time past, and they took vengeance on him, and attacked him with arrows and knives, till the man was very near dying. When he breathed, breath came out and a great deal of blood too. The people of our village would not put up with this, and they made a very great war. There was a river between us, our village on one side and our enemies on the other side. The name of the river is Dyampwi, and it has a tributary, the Lintipe (Note 2.). So the war began, and it was a time of very hot weather and of great dearth. Our people used to cross the river and go to fight with our enemies, and when they came back they brought a great many pumpkins, for it was a time of great

dearth. It was a great war, and they fought many battles. The war did not come to an end till they heard that the Maviti were coming. Then every village quieted down, so as to be ready for the war with the Maviti, and to make poisoned arrows, so as to fight with the Maviti, for they were coming.

The war that followed was a war indeed. In the first place, it took away my mother from me, and killed a great many people. From our village the women and children, and goats, and food, and fowls were removed to another place, so as to leave only people to keep watch in the village and to fight, and no more. The very next day we heard that the war had really come. At that time we were in a regularly stockaded town, and they said that many people were dead, and a whole village had been set on fire and burnt. Many people were dead, and many had worked away at a rampart of earth and underwood, and they had made a very good fight with the Maviti. The next day in the morning the Maviti came in pursuit, and reached the fortified town, and at once set to work building huts, so as to be ready for an assault on the stockade, so eager did [the sight of] the cattle and goats inside the town make them. They were outside grazing at first, but were at once driven inside the stockade. They were two days making their huts, and then the guards of the stockade could not sally out any more, and the gates of the stockade were closed. Near the stockade inside there was water in a kind of pond, with grass growing along the banks, and food was placed there ready for the men to eat while the fighting went on. Well, the Maviti built their [line of] huts outside the town, and because they had advanced with great speed, part of our people had not time to get inside our stockade, and the Maviti killed a great number of them outside. Their custom was, when they killed a man, to cut him up into small pieces

and throw the pieces into the wells, so that people might not be able to drink from them any more.

When they had finished doing as I said, on the third day they made a pretence of parleying, and said, "Give us the cattle and goats, and you shall be our friends, and we will leave this town alone, and tell the rest of our people not to break down this stockade," because it was a stockade with a ditch and bank, and very thick bushes. The people of the town said, "No, we utterly refuse to give them up." "Very well," said the Maviti, "to-morrow be ready. War will begin with a battle in the morning." So the guards of the stockade were on the alert. They were on the watch all that night, so as to be ready for war on the morrow, and to keep guard over the town against a night attack. For it is a favourite trick of the Maviti to steal upon you in the night.

In the morning, about seven o'clock, the Maviti had surrounded the town, all in full fighting order. The guards of the stockade were very brave in this battle. They made a sally and fought outside. It was a very great battle. A very large number of men were posted at the stockade, people from other towns as well as our own, and all were trained warriors, and supported each other splendidly in the fighting. So the battle went on. First the men of the town sallied out and fought till midday; then they retired inside the stockade to eat, and the men from the other towns went out and fought hard, and came in again to rest while the men of the town went out. At last the sun went in, and they fell back on the stockade. A great many men were killed, and a great many Maviti too were killed by the poisoned arrows. For if one (of those arrows) only touches a man and gives him a scratch, that man is done for.

Night followed that first day, and the fighting-men returned, every one to his post again, to be ready for the night. For there was war all round the town, and close

watch kept at night for all going out at night to run away to other towns, because (as they thought) the stockaded town would be taken. So the Maviti, too, were on the alert outside to catch and kill the runaways.

The next day was just the same as the day before. There was a very fierce battle. The fighting-men went out and came back, and others went out while the first rested. Every day they relieved each other three or four times, and more poisoned arrows were made. There was a regular place for storing arrows, like the Mission (Note 3), so that everyone who comes may take some, and go out and fight.

On the third day the fighting was stuck to just as on the first, and a great many men were killed, and a great many of their enemies, too, the Maviti, were killed at the stockade. For, whenever they plucked up courage to make a dash through the stockade, ah! down they fall into the ditch. Surely there will be an end of them at last. And the chief men in command of the stockade had lined the whole stockade with fighting-men; the whole town had a line of the people from other towns round, all of them regular warriors in their own towns. And the Mangone, too (*see* INTROD.) are famous for carrying a stockade by a rush. Well, in those rushes upon the stockade a very great many died on that third day.

On the fourth day, when the guards of the stockade saw how many of the Mangone were killed, they said, "Tomorrow is the fifth day. Perhaps as they have lost so many men, they will go and call others. We shall certainly be beaten by them at last." On the night of the fourth day the Maviti kept a close watch over the town, thinking that the people of the town would come out and run away. And so it actually happened, for the people of the town were very much afraid. They had fought four days, and no one had any strength left. So they thought they would be beaten on

the fifth day at the stockade. So a number of them were in the act of going out and running away to another town when what had the Maviti done but hide themselves in the bushes in the night. So those silly people were some of them going outside, thinking it was the only safety, when all the time they were simply walking into the clutches of their enemies outside. So some of them were taken prisoners, and some killed, and some went back into the town again.

At last the fifth day comes. Early in the morning our enemies said, "Have you repented, you people of the town?" "No, we don't repent till you get in and kill us all. That will be repenting, not as things are now. If you want to fight, come on." So that fifth day they fought hard again. "Ah!" said the guards of the stockade "to-day we must needs be beaten." Those were the men of the first division, who went out to fight in the morning, for they came back to be relieved by others taking their places. They were relieved, and another division went out and came back, and then the third division went. This division fought best of all. It was the largest, and they had with them the chief fighting-men of the other towns. They came back at last, and then the men of the other towns went out by themselves, and they, too, fought well till night came, and then they returned. Ah! when they looked at the field of battle, the dead all lay two and two, a Viti and a Nyassa together.

Then the Maviti held a council, and said, "We are bound to make an end of this, but we cannot get inside the stockade; these Nyassas are so fierce, and they put poison on their arrows." So that night (the night of the fifth day) they rose up, and set fire to their huts. That was their stratagem. The plan they had made was: "Let us start off and make pretence of going away, but really remain in the country a good many days, till they return every man to

his own village. Then let us take them by surprise, before they have time to get ready, kill the people, and get lots of goats to take to our chief. As it is, we have thrown away many lives for nothing, and have not taken the town." This was their stratagem, and they carried it out. After two or three days our people went outside the stockade, and then everyone went to their own village. So they left the town and its stockade, and went every man to his own place. And we, too, returned to our own place, for it was near the stockade, perhaps as far as Chukwani (Note 1), and there was the place where we lived. Everyone repaired his house, which had been set on fire, and when we had done we rested quietly; perhaps it was a fortnight or so.

But the Maviti were in the wilds, keeping a look-out till everyone had left the stockade, and gone home. They used to come to reconnoitre. They kept coming one by one, coming and spying whether all had gone home, so that they might burst on them suddenly, and kill the people, and carry off the plunder. At last one day they came in the afternoon, for they knew what they were about, and said, "Let us come upon them when they have not time to run away." So they surrounded all the villages of that district, for all had returned, every one had gone to his own home, and the Maviti were in great force. In our village the people were sitting together and telling stories of the war which had taken place just before, when suddenly they saw another village all in a blaze. Their first thought was to go to the houses to get their weapons. But, oh! in a moment they saw behind them the Maviti coming in pursuit. The women wanted to hide themselves in the forest, but, with their children, they had not nearly time to hide themselves. I was with my mother in the house, and my two sisters. The first thing we thought of was to get down to the valley, and hide ourselves with a lot of other people, but we had

not nearly time to get to the river—in a moment the Maviti were after us in pursuit. My grown-up sister, who worked in the fields, went off her own way, and my mother and my other sister, who was a little older than me, we all went on running away together.

First a single Viti came pursuing us behind, and presently my mother rushed into a thicket, and my sister went on running towards the river with a great crowd of other people. I was dreadfully frightened, because war was coming close behind me. Now, just in the direction in which we were running there were some beds of maize near the river. That one Viti was in front of all the rest. He was running very fast just then, and beating his shield against his knees and hissing, for it is the custom of the Maviti to strike their shields against their knees when they are pursuing people, to frighten them and make them fall down quickly. Well, down I fell in the maize beds. There were some people in front of me, and I and my mother were behind in our flight. I soon fell down, for I was quite a little child; perhaps at that time I was as big as C—— (about ten years old). The Viti passed by me as I lay among the maize, but he passed me on purpose, for he saw me. This foremost man went on in pursuit of the people in front, and my mother kept calling me, but I had no strength to get up; my strength had quite gone out of me. There I was till a number of people came up, and the Viti came back from the river with several people, and my sister had been caught among others. Then another of the Maviti seized on me, but when the first one came up he said, "This child is mine; I left him on purpose, and went on to the river to catch these grown-up people." So they had a quarrel. The name of the Viti who came up last was Kifili. Well, the first one was pacified, and left me to the second Viti. As for me, I was half killed in their violent quarrel. At last he left off

quarrelling with the other, and he struck me with the club he had at his waist, and carried me off.

Soon a great many people were collected together, for it was quite late in the evening. There was some maize near them on the bank of the river, and they ate it all up uncooked, till there was none left. Our village was close by, but we moved off from that village because of the small-pox, for a great many people had died of the small-pox. So they made huts, and we slept where we were.

In the morning we set out on the journey back to their own country, and we walked the whole day, and stopped for the night. The next morning we did not start from the place where we slept, because they went off to take a town. They killed a number of people, and carried off a great deal of plunder, for they went so as to take the town by surprise. In the afternoon they came back with a great many prisoners, and those who had been struck with clubs had blood running from their heads. We slept where we were, and did not start off again. Some of the prisoners escaped there. The next day we travelled on again, and slept on the road. Then it was that my sister was persuaded by another woman to run away from their master, and they tried to run away that night. In the morning some of the Maviti followed them part of the way back, and they were found in hiding, and were brought back to the hut again. My sister was beaten for running away in that way, but the woman who ran away with her had some of the necklaces of our country, and she was killed, and her native ornaments taken from her, and she was left lying in the hut where we had slept that day. That was the second day we slept in the wilds. In the morning we started again to begin our march, and I saw my sister, for she was only beaten, and not put to death. When it was about mid-day we saw a rather high hill. This was the place where the Maviti lived, and they began to be merry

because near home, and to make their shields clash together. We made a circuit, and then came in sight of their houses and clearings, for the Maviti are great tillers of the soil. They had maize and ground nuts of two kinds; indeed, there was abundance of food of all kinds at the home of these Maviti. Well, when they came in sight of their home (as I said) and clearings they halted and began to dance and sing praises of their chief, Mpezeni, and of their general, Kidyaonga. All the Maviti took off their caps of feathers, and gave them to their male prisoners to put on, for they knew that their wives would come out and carry off these prisoners. When we arrived we heard shrieks of triumph and chants in praise of the warriors returning home. As for me, I went along a path by myself, and my captor left me following the path, because their river (boundary) was close by. Presently I saw his wife coming to carry me away, and she took me to her home.

Their houses were very fine ones. There are no trees among them, only clearings, and grass to feed their cattle and goats. Well, my master, after five or six days, went off to war again, and left me at home with his own master. For he was himself only a slave, but his master was an elder of the town; so my captor had been sent to fight, but he was himself a prisoner taken in war, like anyone else, and then had learnt the ways of the Maviti, till at last his master was too old to serve in war, except perhaps a little in case of a very great war, and then he would simply go as commander of his men. My captor had another child, about my size, able to go on a journey with him, and carry his things. Well, he went away, and left me in the house with his wife and his own master, who had a great many other slaves there.

After all this some Yaos came, and my captor's master sold me, I really do not know why, and the Yaos took me

away. We travelled for three days among the villages of the Maviti, and on the fourth day we got beyond them. Then we travelled on for four days more, and came to the home of the Yaos, and we rested about four hours, for where they lived there was a hill, and their town was on the hill, so we went up the hill and reached their town. In the evening my owner sold me to some other Yaos, who had come from a distance to get slaves, and he sold me to them. The next day we went down the hill, and walked till sunset, and reached Lake Nyassa, and there we slept. In the morning we crossed Nyassa in canoes, and journeyed on for perhaps four days, and came to a large town on a hill. We climbed the hill, and near the top there was a large hollow, and in the hollow the town (Note 5). When we arrived I heard shrieks of welcome, because those Yaos had reached home. This was the town, where their chief and their great men lived, and a great deal of dancing goes on. In this town my business was to drive the monkeys away from the maize fields, for they had clearings at the foot of the hill, in the valley, as it were. I think I stayed in that town two years, for up the country seed-time to harvest makes one year, and they gathered two harvests. I did not stay quite so long as the second harvest, but the maize was ripe. I learnt the Yao language there, and forgot my own.

Then some Arabs from Kilwa (*see* INTROD.) arrived. They had come from a great distance, for they had come from the same quarter as ourselves. They encamped at the foot of the hill, for there was a village there as well as on the hill itself. My master gave me to the Arabs in exchange for a woman whose feet were swollen. So he exchanged me for her, and I went down the hill, and we slept at the foot. And they had a great dance. Close by that village there is a large lake, and a river running into the

lake. In the river there are a great many mud-fish. The Yaos catch quantities of them, and eat them as a relish with their other food.

Well, in the morning, we set out and began the journey to Kilwa. The Arabs had got a very large number of slaves, and there was a large number of the Arabs themselves. We travelled on for very many days, more than a month, and kept passing very many villages of the Yaos and Gindos, and a great many of the people died on the way. For, perhaps, they would go on walking for sixteen days at a stretch, hardly able to get any water, and then the slave-sticks and the chains on their necks. Only the little children had no slave-sticks or chains, but the grown-up people were all fastened to prevent their running away. At last we got to Kilwa, but there were only a few people left. We were at once scattered widely apart, for we arrived in the night.

Kilwa is a large town, perhaps like Pangani. There is a governor, and a number of dhows, and very large galleys, which will carry seventy persons each. I, and my companion, whose name was Chabwela, and two women, went to a house outside the town, as it were, at Kiungani (*i.e.*, in the suburbs). We were chums, I and the boy Chabwela. He was a big boy, perhaps B.'s size (*i. e.*, about eighteen years old). We stayed there a great many days till the mangoes bore, and we were there till the end of the mango season. I remember selling mangoes in Kilwa, and I remember trying to know the Swahili language. After some time the Arab of Kilwa sold me to an Arab of Muscat, who was a very hard master. And because we had lived a long time at Kilwa my first master was very fond of me, and I had got used to his ways from the time he bought me. So, when he sold me I went to the town, but the next day I ran away to go to my first master, who had been and brought

me from Yaoland. It was in the evening when I ran away and I came to a place, where there was a well, and there I hid myself. And when night came on, late in the evening, I climbed up a mango tree, and it was the season for mangoes, and I considered whether to go to my old master's house or not. And I said, "No, it won't do." So I slept in my master's grounds. In the morning I picked up some mangoes, and went to another place, and lay down till sunset. In the evening I went into my old master's house. He was not much surprised, and gave me food, which I ate, and when I had finished I lay down. In the morning my master went to the place from which I had ran away, and went to tell the other Arab, "Your slave has come back to my house." That Arab was searching for me in the houses of my master's friends. So my master said to the Arab of Muscat, "Pay me, for you have been prying about in the houses of my relations." And he paid him, and then he went to fetch me, and tied me with a cord, where the chains are (*i. e.* prison), at Kilwa.

Three days afterwards the Arabs started on their journey to Muscat. First we travelled on foot, and came to a place and slept. The next day we stayed in the the same place till sunset, and in the evening we started to go on board a dhow, but we did not go on board, but slept at another place. And there we stayed again till the evening. Then at last we went on board the same dhow, late at night. There were a great many Arabs, seven in all, and a very great many slaves in chains. We sailed for three days, and on the fourth day they said that we should reach Muscat the next day. In the night the mast of the galley broke. It did not break off, but was sprung inside. Early in the morning we saw two boats coming. The Arabs said they were canoes, but very soon they saw them coming on fast, one with steam and one with sails. On this the Arabs said:

"Everyone who has a slave had better kill him right off." And they drew their swords, and were going to fight the English, but they could not bring themselves to it. When the English came near, they could not bring themselves to fight with them, but were seized with fear, and began to put up their swords, because they were close upon them. One of the boats was coming up very fast indeed. It was the sailing-boat, for the steam-boat was larger, and was coming slowly, and the sailing-boat came up first. The English gave a shout, and they answered from the dhow, and then the order was given them—"Lower sail." It was lowered at once. In a moment the boat was alongside, and a man named John, who is still at Mkunazini (*see* INTROD.), came on board. All the Arabs were in a dreadful fright, and John came inside and went searching about inside. And he carried off all the belongings of the Arabs and took them to the boat, and presently we were given food, and ate. The Arabs were then removed from the vessel, and got into the boat, but we were left there, with the sailors, in the vessel. For there were a great many of us, and we could not all get into those two boats. We began to move on again with those two boats, the steam-boat towing the dhow for three days, and going after the ship, which was in the neighbourhood, but it was a very long way off. On the fourth day we saw the ship, at noon. And we were very much afraid, and said: "To-day we shall certainly be eaten. What can that be?" And they said: "It is a house in the water." Well, we saw rigging going this way and that, and three masts, and were afraid, for we did not yet see that our lives were safe. Then the dhow cast anchor, and the ship, too, cast anchor. Then three boats came to embark us to go to the ship. When that was done we were put on the deck of the ship, the children in front, the men next, and the women behind. And the Arabs were shut up in a

room, as far as I know. Then the dhow was set on fire, and there was an Arab very ill with sores, and he was burnt with the dhow. Well, the ship sailed on for three days, and we used to have grand feasts on board, rice and biscuits, and bread and puddings. And every morning we had a bath of salt water, drawn up by a pump, and were rubbed with sulphur. There were a great many of us, and every time the sailors brought out their swords and guns for drill, and pretended to attack us, ah! we were very much afraid, and said: "To-day we shall certainly be eaten," but, after all, they were only in play. As for the Arabs on board the ship, they were given very bad water, and very little food.

On the fourth day we reached Zanzibar. It was a Saturday, but I do not know what month, or what day of the month. We were landed at once, for it was the afternoon. Then we went to the Consul, twelve children and the grown-up men, but none of the females were landed, neither children nor the older. At that time the Rev. Mr. Randolph was here. He was in charge of Kiungani. And Mr. Randolph came himself to receive us from the Consul. He was on horseback, for he was very fond of riding, and he brought us here to Kiungani on that Saturday. The boys were these:—Granville Kachipumo, Victor Mapundi, Gerard Ngwamba, Albert Nsima, Welford Matamula, Andrew Kantula, Richard Zituma, Philip Mpande, Richard Kanyema, and another who has died, Katema, but he was baptized before he died. These were the ten who came on the same day in Mr. Randolph's time in the year 1876, and if you look, you will see, sir, in what month we came, and on what day we came, and which ship it was that caught us. You will see, if you look in the register, showing how everyone came here; perhaps you will be able to tell us exactly that it was in such a year and in such a month (Note 4). I

know we were baptized on St. Bartholomew's Day, the 24th, but the month (in which we came) we do not know, nor how long we remained unbaptized we do not know.

We were all ill with sores, and the boy who took us to bathe in the mornings, and rubbed us with sulphur, was named Mkerendi. I have forgotten his English name. We were all laid up for a very long time.

This is the end of my story, but I have forgotten a great deal, for I was quite a child when I left my home.

II.

HISTORY OF A NYASSA BOY.

I AM a Nyassa, and I come from a Nyassa town on the river Lintipe (Note 2), which runs into Lake Nyassa. The Nyassas themselves do not call the Lake "Nyassa," it is only here in Zanzibar that they call it Nyassa. The people themselves call it "Nyanja," which means "Great Sea." The river Lintipe is in flood every year, and the people fish in it a great deal. The river rises till it floods the fields, and every time the river rises, it eats into the banks little by little at the bends.

Well, I used to go with a lot of Nyassa children playing in the fields, but one day the children did not tell me, "We are not going to play to-day," and I went by myself, and two men seized me and passed me on from one place to another, till we got to Yaoland. The Yao town we came to was called Matakas (Note 5). I was the slave of a Yao, but I do not know his name, I have forgotten it.

In my own country at the first we had never seen a single European in my time. I had been told that there were white men, who had four eyes (*i.e.* wore spectacles), and that calico came from their country. They are called in the Nyassa language "wan'tu oyela," meaning "white man." Nyassa is not just a single district. No. There are Nyassas

living up in the hills, where they are called Kamtunda (Note 6). They are much more warlike than the Nyassas who live by the Great Lake, which they themselves call Nyanja. But they are not fierce, unless they are wronged. No. They are warlike, and put a very deadly poison on their arrows. An arrow so poisoned is not at all a thing to be played with. If you only touch it, you will die. Moreover they have no pity. If they capture one man or many in war, they kill them, or roast them alive without killing them first, or torture them in other ways. Again, suppose two men have a quarrel over some important matter, people collect together to hold a council and settle the matter in dispute. People of the one side and people of the other side collect together, each side with its chief. They gather in very great numbers, and everyone brings his weapons. If one side becomes insulting, in a moment there is a fight, a regular battle in which they kill each other. Afterwards they come to terms again. War they call "kondo,"—the word meaning war. Then there are houses built specially, in which quantities of arrows are stored, each house being regularly stocked with them. The poison which they put on their arrows is called "ulembe."

Leaving Yaoland, I was brought to Kilwa (*see* INTROD.) and sold from hand to hand, and put on board a dhow to go to Pemba (Note 7) with a number of other people. When we got near Pemba, we saw a white boat with sails set coming towards us. The Arabs were very much alarmed, and some threw themselves into the water and swam away. And we who were slaves were very much frightened, some of the grown-up people actually swimming away, but the men on the shore stopped them and would not let them pass. One Arab, too, was stopped in this way, and put in a boat with us, and our dhow was set on fire on the spot at Pemba.

When we had been put in the boat, we sailed straight to an island called Maziwi, near Pangani, and anchored near it. There another dhow was sighted and caught, but there were no slaves on board, so it was allowed to go. Then we weighed anchor to go to Zanzibar. We were astonished at the way the sails were set on board the ship, when we reached her. I have heard since that the ship was called the "Briton." We remained on board a few days, and presently were taken to the Consul and asked where we had come from and where we were going. When that was over, we were taken to the Consul's clerk, to be conveyed to Kiungani, where we are now living.

In our journey on the land I was by myself, the only child. On the "Briton," when we were brought biscuit we were afraid to eat it, for we thought it was made of men's bones and given us to fatten us up, till we were fit to be eaten—when we were well fattened up. Now I know that biscuit is very good food. I look out for it, but I don't get it now. At first I was afraid of it, now I think it very good food.

So we were brought to Kiungani, where I am now. Some have gone to Masasi, some are at Mbweni. Here at Kiungani I am gradually learning to read.

III.

STORY OF A BEMBA BOY.

SINCE I left my own land, and, indeed, since I was born, I never saw or knew my mother. I lived with one of my mother's relations. He brought me up, till I was as big as M—— (eight or nine years old), and after a time they said, "Now we are going to travel and join our other people." So we started. It was because there was a war very near us, but we escaped, sir, and got safe to a country, where was a chief, and this chief's name was Mweenge. There we lived, in the same place as others of our tribe.

One day, when it was time for us to go home again, we started and travelled for three days, and then slept in a very large hut. Here the Magwangwara (*See* INTROD.) came upon the hut. I had gone into the fields to play and look for something to eat with a man whose name was Kipofu, and our mothers (*i. e.* the older women of the family) were left in the hut. Well, in the evening, the Magwangwara came, and we were in the fields, and we heard the cries of the people, and the houses burning with fire. We ran away to get to the village, and found nothing but men's heads. Then we cried till we were tired, and then climbed up into a tree and slept. In the morning we woke up, and considered, and said, "Well, where are we to go

now? We have not got a morsel of food." All I had with me was a little basket. Then we went back, and found a garden which had been planted with ground nuts, but they had been dug up. However, we went and picked up a few nuts, about ten apiece. The house to which the garden belonged was on a little hill, and the people saw us, and came down to catch us. My companion heard them coming running down, and he ran away as fast as ever he could, and the people came and caught me. And I thought, "This man will make me his slave." I stayed there thirty-two days, and then he sold me for just seven hoes.

My new master carried me off, and they took me to their town called Malani, and there I stayed a month, and my master got into trouble, because of a man who accused him of witchcraft. They took the omens about him, but the omens did not convict him. Next they carried me away to Bisaland, and there I met Mpunga. (Note 8.) I remained there with my mistress, whose name was Namlia Isani. Then some Arabs came there, bringing their cloth, and the people sold me and Mpunga too.

The Arab was a very cruel man, and he had a great many slaves. There were thirty-one. Then we came to Yao-land, to the country of a chief called Makanjila. (Note 9.) There we settled, and grew crops of millet and maize, and ground nuts, and food of many kinds, remaining there a great many months. When we had finished eating all our crops, the Arabs made up a very large caravan, and we came to a town called Akasunga. But we did not stay there; we started off and came to Kilwa (*see* INTROD.), and there we stayed. My master sold me to another Arab, me and Mpunga and another, and we were sent by the Arab to carry rice to the encampment. We carried the rice and went off, and when we got there we found a great number

of Arabs and others, among them Taisiri. (Note 8.) And all the people we were with had a very heavy chain.

There were two dhows there, one smaller than the other, but sailing faster than the one we got into. When we got into the dhow, it was quite night time, perhaps the time we go to evening service (8.30 p.m.), and when we went into the water it came up to our necks. Then we got into the dhow, and were arranged in order, and the Arabs weighed the anchor, and we put out to sea, and lay down for three or four days. It was a very large number of people who went on board, with goats, and fowls, and a large stock of food. But the Arabs were very cruel during the voyage, and because we were in a dhow we were told that the Europeans were bad people, but we thought, "Never mind, they can't be worse than you. You torment us for nothing." One night a child in the dhow cried very much, and the Arabs were just going to kill it, but one Arab said, "Never mind; let it alone. We are nearly there." So they let it alone, but when it was four o'clock in the morning we heard a cannon-shot over the sail, and the Arabs cried "Oh! ah! the English!" When the English boarded the dhow, everyone said, "I am a slave, sir." For when we were caught by the English, we were glad. But when I thought about my home, I cried. But still, because slavery up the country is a very hard life, and because we do not know about God (there)—yet we know Him, but because we cannot worship Him, we do not know how, but by name we know Him well—and perhaps because the Europeans do not sell people, (for these reasons) we were glad. (Note 10.)

IV.

STORY OF A BISA BOY.

I DO not know how I came to leave my mother and father. Mpunga (Note 8.) knows, however, where I came from, and the village he remembers very well. It was surrounded with water, standing on an island in the middle. So he told me. The occupations of the people were elephant-hunting and fighting.

I have lived in Yaoland, and Bisaland, too, I have been in, but in Yaoland I remained a long time. The work I was given to do was taking care of my mistress, and watching that the fowls did not stray. They built a hut for me to sleep in, and the other boys who were with me. My master was always very fond of me.

One year he said to me, "Let us go to the coast and see the Arabs and Europeans and Hindis and Banyans." (Note 11.) I said, "Yes, let us." So we travelled till we came to Kilwa (*see* INTROD.), where a friend of his lived, one of the coast people. He took me and gave me to his friend, and said, "I give you this slave, but do not sell him. I will come and redeem him, but" (speaking to me) "I happen to have nothing to give my friend this time. Keep the boy till I return myself." Then my master went away to Yaoland to fetch things with which to redeem me.

What did his friend do but carry me off and take me to live with his own master? And there I remained a very long time. The Arab set me the task of watching another slave of his selling oil, to prevent his stealing the money. This was my business for a very long time, till one day a slave of the Arab said to me, "Suppose we run away now?" I said, "What shall we run away for?" "Never mind," replied he, "come along!" So I said, "All right, come along." So we ran away, and walked till sunset, and then my companion made off. He went home again, and left me by myself. I comforted myself, and slept in a tree in the plantations. In the morning I woke up, and thought, "To stay here is to be lost." So I started off, and began to go homewards. But on the road I was kidnapped by some other Arabs, who took me away to some plantations a long way off. There was a great crowd of people there who had been kidnapped, and they asked me, "Where do you come from?" I told them all about myself, and they replied, "And we, too, were kidnapped in just the same way." We remained there a few days, and presently a man came searching for me. He saw me, and said, "How did you get here? Your old master has come back, and is going to ransom you." I was delighted when I heard he had come back. The Arabs who had kidnapped me said, "Come to-morrow morning, and we will hand over your slave." But as soon as it was night they packed up their things, all in the night, and woke us up, "Come along, let us set off to-night." They were afraid that if the owners came in the morning there would be a fuss. So we travelled all night, and in the morning reached another village, and waited a little. There was a very large number of us. Well, then we started off, and travelled on, following the coast-line till we came to another place near the shore. There they saw a European boat, so they took the grown-up people and fastened them up in a house, but

me they let alone. I stayed with them, and they gave me a sword to carry, and made me lead the others who were shut up in the house to go and draw water. We remained there a few days only, and then started and travelled on just as before along the coast, till we came to Bagamoyo. (*See* INTROD.) We went down to the shore, and there we sat down, but presently started again, and went to another place, where they hired a small house, and there we stayed a short time.

Presently some man in authority came and said, "Don't go on to-day. There are Europeans about." He brought us some water, two jars full, and said to us, "Wait a bit, and I will take you to a place where there are no Europeans." So we stayed where we were. But what had the man done, but gone and called the Europeans? We were all in the house, and in the night the Europeans came, while we were asleep, with the man I mentioned. The Europeans fired pistols several times, and wounded one Arab, and some ran away, and some were taken prisoners. We (slaves) were very near running away, but somehow we could not make up our minds to, so we simply sat where we were. And the Europeans took us away, and put us all in boats. However, every one of the little girls made their escape. (Note 12.)

We were seized on the land, not on the sea.

V.

STORY OF A MAKUA BOY (1).

AT my home where I was born, I belonged to a family of twelve, and there I lived with them a long time. Then one of my brothers trespassed, and his trespass was this: he was married, and his wife was a bad one, and a drunkard, too, and so, indeed, was her husband. Well, one day my brother went out at night and went to another person's house and knocked at the door. Inside there was a woman, and he went in and stayed with her. This woman had lost her husband, so he said to her, "I will come and marry you." And the woman consented. While it was still night my brother rose up and went away. In the morning the woman told her family, and said, "Kinsmen, I was asleep last night, and so-and-so came and knocked at the door, and I opened it, and he came in and said, 'I want to marry you.'" Her kinsmen said to her, "We do not want to have you married. We want to have compensation." So my brother was seized. All my family were grown up except me; I was still a child. Well, they went on keeping my brother in confinement, till at last my family took me, and gave me in payment to his captors. The payment was made and ended, before my mother knew that I had been taken away. And my mother cried bitterly, but the others made her be quiet. The

people who carried me off sold me to some other people, and then my brothers told my mother that I was really gone for good.

They took me to a place a long way off and sold me. The town was called Usilabani, and there I lived a long time, several years. Then my master sold me to an Arab. The village which I first came from was called Unamiheka, that is my own native village, and the town where I was sold was Usilabani. The chief of my own village was named Mwarika, and the chief of the town where I was sold was called Mwetiya by name.

The Arab who bought me was a very kind man. We made a long journey, spending eight months on the road, going to the Arab's town, called Umanga. On the road we suffered a great many hardships. At last we arrived at the Arab's town. This Arab used to trade with borrowed money, and agents came, who were employed by those who had lent him money. So they took me, and handed me over to these agents, and they took me away to their employers, who had sent them. There were a great many people at the place where we stopped, and they wanted to redeem me, but the agents would not consent. So they let me go, because the agents said, "If we let this boy go, and take goods instead, when we go and tell our employers 'We were given a boy, but he was redeemed,' we shall get into trouble." So they would not consent. It took us quite a journey to reach their town, and while we were on the road they deceived me, and said, "You shall go back to the place you came from," because the man who sold me had been like a father to me, for I was at that time but a little fellow, like M—— (eight or nine years old), and I did not know I was really in slavery, till these people came. I was very sad, because I had left all my companions whom I had come with, and I thought over this, and was very

sorrowful. I kept on thinking and thinking, and fancying, "I shall never get to a quiet, settled place, where there is no more going away and being sold over and over again." I kept on brooding over this, and I could not get my food down; yet some of those people pitied me, but I refused to eat. I used to say I had had enough, because I was very, very sad indeed; and, besides, I had no one to play with.

Well, I became their servant, and had to go and get water and firewood for them. At last we arrived at a place where there were a very great many Arabs; indeed, there was a whole caravan there. When we had arrived, we stayed a very long time, while a number of our fellow-slaves were brought, and then sold and bought on the spot. Every Arab who comes with a gang of slaves sells them at that spot. When I came before the Arabs, they took me and sent me to their house, and we went and got there, that is, to the place where the Arabs lived. (As I said) Every Arab who comes with a slave, sells him at this spot. Here I was happy, because there were many of us, and not as at first, when I was all alone by myself. When we left that place, we came and lived in a town called Mwallaa. Here I was sold to an Arab called Kalawia, but where my companions were sold to I never knew. The meaning of Mwallaa is, a very stony place. This Arab who bought me, when his food was cooked and served up at meal-times, used to call me and another boy, whom I found there, and a girl, and I had to hold a bowl of water, and the other boy a tumbler of water, and the girl a broom. And we stood in front of him while he was eating; and when he had finished eating, I brought him the bowl and he washed his hands, and when he had washed his hands the other boy presented the water in the tumbler, and he drank, and got up, and then the girl swept the floor. That is how we used to do at meals, every

day just the same. And I used to get well beaten, too, because I did not at first know my work.

Well, I ran away, and went a long distance, till I came to a place where there was a very large house, and in it a white man, a sort of European, who wore trousers and coats, just like what Europeans wear. I came to this house, and there my business was to shampoo this man, who was like a European. I was a great favourite in this place, but I once heard people saying, "Let us sell him." "No, better not. His master has Arabs under him." This was what I heard them saying. I don't know whether this European kind of man had said anything to them, but, at any rate, early that same day I left the place I had been living at and ran away. I went on, and came to a house, and there I stayed as I was for several days. One day two people arrived, a man and his wife, friends of the people in whose house I was living, and I was taken off by these strange people, and they deceived me, and said, "Come along, and get some tomatoes, and then you can go with them and give them your master." I had no idea they were going to sell me. When they were selling me, the Arab who bought me asked me saying, "Has this man stolen you, or are you his property?" And I said, "He has stolen me." But the Arab did not believe me at all. Well, I stayed two days at the place where I was sold, and then ran away, and went to the place I had come from.

My master searched three days for me at the place where I was sold. After a time, people came to where my first master lived, and found me pounding grain. When I saw them my heart gave a bound, and beat very fast. Well, I finished my pounding, and left the food ready. Then my first master said to me, "Let us go and buy fish." What do you think? Those people had gone on before to wait for me, because they had been told, "If you lay hands on him,

he is sure to run away." So my first master said to them, "Go and wait a little way in front, and I will play a trick on him, so as to come with him, and hand over to you the boy you want, and you can take him to his master." Well, we came (I think) to a shop, and as we passed I put a question to the owner of the shop we were passing, and he said to me, "Oh! there are plenty of shops for fish." So we went a little further, and then I saw those people standing still. So the man who was with me said, "Take your slave." And they took me. As we went on they frightened me and said, "He will put his spear through you." And then they taunted me and said, "You ran away, did you? Well, what have you got by it?" So I was in a very dismal state, without one bit of comfort. On we went, till we came to the house of the man who had been taunting me all along, and there I stayed a little, and then he took me to another Arab, and said to him, "Take this boy to his master." So he took me to my master. We arrived in the night, and my master took me and put me in his house. When morning dawned, my master sent people, and they went to cut a slave-stick (Note 13), and when it was ready it was put on me. And I had it on for a long time. At last it was taken off.

After I had been there some time, three other boys now in the Mission were brought there, N— M—, W— E— K—, and H— M—, who is now at Mkunayini. It was here that they found me. We were four altogether. After we had remained there a long time, our master sold us all together, and we were all bought together by two Arabs. The Arabs were Arabs from the Comoro Islands. We travelled on, and came to a place where we met several more playmates. It was there we met C— P—.

Again we started, and all went on board a dhow, and on the dhow we suffered a great deal. We were sailing in the

night and the dhow grounded on rocks, and the captain was in great trouble and we were very much frightened. At last the dhow got off the rocks, and then we were happier. We went on and got to the Comoro Islands, landed, and remained there some days. The village was called Mashuani. It was quite full of Comoro people. They dance their dances beautifully, and their fields were well stocked with crops. We remained (as I said) some days, and there came an official from an Englishman living in the district called Umwali. He was sent with orders, "Go and see if there are slaves, and if so, tell the slave-owners to bring them to me." The man came and found us and our masters, and said to our masters, "Come to-morrow; my master wants you." They agreed, and we went to sleep. In the morning, when our meal was over, we went to Umwali, and our masters were summoned and went, and were asked, "Why did you not bring the slaves before?" To this question they gave no answer, and were put in confinement three days. On the fourth day they were set at liberty, and told to go away. They went out sadly, and went away.

We (slaves) remained at Umwali ten days, and on the eleventh we saw a steamship. The steamship stayed four days. On the fifth we went on board the ship, and after a few days we reached Zanzibar. We anchored, but remained three days on the ship. On the fourth day we landed on the shore and went to the consul, and were asked our tribes. After waiting a little while, food was brought us.

In this ship by which we came we were not at all happy, because some people said to us, "You are all going to be eaten." This is why we were unhappy; we did not know they were deceiving us. We were A— A—, and C— P—, and N— M—, and W— E— K—, and myself, and three boys who went to Mkunayini, and there were two boys who have died. Then we were taken to Mkunayini, and four

boys remained at Mkunayini, and we were brought here (*i.e.* to Kiungani): I, and W— E— K—, and N— M—, and C— P—, and (as I said) myself. Here we remained, all of us boys, while two women went to live at Mbweni village and one girl at Mbweni House, and three men went to Mbweni village. This is the whole number of those who came with me, and this is the end of my story. These are my wanderings

It was by God's Providence that I have come here.

This is the end.

VI.

STORY OF A MAKUA BOY (2).

[THE writer of the following story was very young when separated from his home. He describes it as the usual African hut of sticks, mud, and grass, beside a small river in a district where bamboos were plentiful, but the very name of which he forgets. His companions were three brothers and sisters and a troop of children, who met daily to play, fight mimic battles, bathe in the river, and tell stories to each other in turns. Bananas, cassava, millet, and potatoes were abundant. One day, when his father and mother were away in the fields, a band of Malomwe attacked the few scattered houses near his home, killed some of the grown-up people, and carried off the children, who were the real object of the raid. Here the boy's account of himself begins. After his first capture, his father, aided by his friends, tried to ransom him with a new gun, four hoes, some beads, and some iron, but the captors required cloth.]

I WAS caught and carried off from my home by our enemies. When they caught me, they took me away to their country, and there I stayed perhaps twenty days. Then some others of their tribe came and took me, and sold me for

some cloth and blue calico, and a spear. So they carried me away, and we travelled till we came to their country, and I lived there quietly for a whole month. Then we set out again, and the same man was my master. He had not sold me yet. We came to a town called Msheliwa (Note 14), where I met Nt——. My master put me in charge of a friend of his, and went back just as he had come. I remained at Msheliwa two months, and we became a party of four—myself, and Mk——, and Nt——, and Mt——, and we four were all sold together at Msheliwa to one Arab, who bought us all four and was very fond of us.

At last we left Msheliwa, and then began our travels in a dhow. From two o'clock to half-past four we were being embarked, and at last all were finished. Then the dhow hoisted its sail and we sailed all night and all day, and we were two days at sea. The third day we reached Madagascar (Note 15) in the daytime. First we stayed two hours in the dhow, then we all got out on shore. There was a great number of us now, and we had the same Arab for our master, and he was very fond of us. We stayed in Madagascar one month, and then some of us were collected together again, and some were sold on the spot. All that remained were put on board, and sail was set, and we sailed till nearly morning, when the captain, after taking the omens, said, "Let us even turn back; I think there are Europeans right ahead." The others said, "Very good; let us go back." So the captain put the dhow about with all speed, the sail was shifted over, and away we went and sailed all day long, and reached Madagascar at sunset. At first we did not go ashore, but remained where we were in the dhow, but in the night we got out and went to the first dhow in which we had sailed and slept there. In the morning people were asking one another, "What is this for? Why do you come back?" The captain said, "We

have fallen in with Europeans; we were very near being caught by them, but I took the omens, and that was why I turned back." We stayed in Madagascar about twenty days, and then were collected together just as before, and were all put on board; the dhow hoisted sail, and was at sea three days. On the fourth day we came to a town called Mashuani, and were put on shore and arrived at a large house. We got there by daylight, but some of the Arabs remained at Mashuani, while we and our Arab went elsewhere. There were eleven of us there, and we went to this other place and found a house belonging to our Arab, and there we lived in his house; and he separated two of us, me and A——, and we went by ourselves, and the other nine went by themselves. We two had quite a comfortable time of it there.

We stayed in Mashuani a month and a half. One day we had gone to bed, and we heard our master coming and calling us. We answered, and he said, "Come here." So we went half-asleep as we were, and he said to us, "Come along to the other boys." As we were going, I and my companion A—— saw the mast of a ship standing up from the sea, and we asked our master, "What is that in the sea there, which we see, like three trees?" He said, "Come along; to-morrow you will see it well." So we went on, till we came to a large house, and there we slept. In the morning we woke up and found that we were with the other boys. Now, in Mashuani there is a European, who makes treacle from sugar-cane. Well, we looked out to sea and saw a ship lying at anchor in the sea, and we asked people, "Shall we go in that ship, or what?" And they said, "No." But we did not believe them. Presently we saw a boat coming ashore, a very white boat, and we wondered at it greatly, because we had never seen a boat of that kind before. Soon it reached the shore, and a European,

wearing high boots up to his knees, was carried over the water to the beach, and went to the other European who made treacle, and they talked together. Presently we heard, "Get into the boat." So we got in, and the sailors rowed, and very soon we reached the ship. We went on board the ship and stayed there, while the boat went back to the shore, going to fetch the European.

On board the ship we were put in a corner, and were brought very dry biscuit. One sailor made fun of us and said, "These are made of people's bones," and some left off eating. But another sailor came up and said, "The man is only making fun of you." "It's true," said the first man; "don't you listen to him. They have given you these bones of your black brethren on purpose to get you to eat them. Come, eat them up." "You listen to me," said the other; "that fellow is a regular liar." And we said, "We will believe you." Then we went to sleep, and in the morning we woke up, and were brought water and we washed; and they brought us the same dry biscuits, and we ate them, but some ate them with sore doubts, because they heard they were made of human bones. When we had done eating, we waited till midday, and then we were brought rice and meat. By that time we were a long way out at sea. The ship sailed away from Mashuani, and reached Zanzibar one day at noon, but the sailors made fun of us, "We have not got to our journey's end yet." And we asked them, "Then why has the anchor been let down into the water?" "Oh! we are resting a little," said they. So we said, "Very well." We were in that ship a whole month and one week. When we were landed, we went to the consul and waited, and we were brought food and ate. Presently we heard, "Get up and come along." So we left the consul's house, and came to Mkunazini and waited, and some mangoes were brought to us and we ate

them. Then four of the smallest boys were picked out, and the rest of us left Mkunazini and came here to Kiungani. We arrived at five o'clock, and waited in peace and quietness. Then a European came and said, "Go and bathe on the beach." So we went to bathe and came back again, and were given some clothes to put on and a mat.

That is all.

VII.

HISTORY OF A MAKUA BOY (3).

I WAS kidnapped from home in a time of famine. My mother had gone out of the village to try and get some food, and a man came and said to me, "Come along to my house." And I said, "Very well," and went, because his house was near, and I thought I should go home again. When I got to his house, I found women pounding millet. The man gave me a little of the flour, and mixed it with water, and I ate it. But really the man had deceived me; he had already stolen me. He had agreed with another man, who said, "If you will get me a child, I'll pay you well." So he came and deceived me, and so he got me. At the time he took me away, he said to me, "Come along to my house and have some potatoes." So I went, because there was something to eat, and it was a time of famine. Well, I loitered there a little while, and presently the man appeared who had got him to do this, and the man who had deceived me seized hold of me to prevent my running away, for his house was quite close. His house was as it might be here, and his as far as the magazine. That was the distance [*i.e.* about 400 yards.—Ed.]. The new-comer brought a hoe and some blue calico, and then a number of other hoes and a gun. So the man who brought these goods carried me off,

and I became his slave. That was the way I first fell into slavery.

Well, I remained with him a great many days, and after a time he sold me for money to another man. This man was a sort of Arab, but black. He had a great number of slaves, a large house quite full of them inside, till there was no room, it was so full. But me he was very fond of, as if I was his own child, and there we lived. After a time we made a journey of many days, and then stopped for a day. Then all the others went away, and I was left with one woman, who now is living in the village at Mbweni, and one man too. We lived in a small house, and there we slept and there we ate. There we remained many days, so that they dug a piece of ground and crops grew, and they had just begun to eat them, when we moved off again and went to where the others were. We arrived in the evening, a great number, and had our meal. When that was over, we heard that war was coming near and slaves running away, and then it was that Daudi [now dead] arrived. When he and his party arrived, we packed our things and went on till we came to a dhow on the shore. The head of the caravan had died and left it to another man. We embarked, but first I ran away, and they did not see me because it was quite in the evening, and getting dark. Presently I stopped, and thought in my mind, and felt it was best to go back. So I went back, and they put me on board with all haste, for fear I should run away again.

Then we sailed and went away. I was sick the whole time. All we had to eat was millet and dry cassava. I could eat nothing, and got very thin with continual sickness. We were a great many days at sea, and I was too weak to move for any purpose—I could not. At last, one night, the Arabs saw a light, and said, "We shall reach the town directly." But what was it but the light of a ship? We

went on till we got near, and then they shouted, "Lower sail!" And they lowered it. So we were taken. In the morning we saw that it was a black ship, and all of us went on board. But the Arabs were put in confinement, and the Europeans took part of the food in the dhow, and threw the rest into the sea. The food which they took they used to cook every day for the Arabs. The food was very good on board the ship, and every day we had a bath in the morning. We stayed a long time on the ship till we got quite fat, and then we arrived at Zanzibar. We were put on shore, and came to live here at Kiungani, in the time of a European, who died, and has the tall cross over his grave. (Note 16.)

VIII.

HISTORY OF A YAO BOY.

I AM a true real Yao. In my home in Yao-land I was not a slave; no, I was born free. There was my father and my mother, and a brother, who was called Chekasanje. Yao-land, as it appeared to me when I was a little boy, was a beautiful land. There was abundance of food, and a great deal grew quite wild. In case of a famine, what grows wild is a very great help; also when a famine comes on because a war has come upon a town, and the people of the town have run away into the forests and hills. The enemy destroys the food and burns all the houses, and presently goes away. Those who have fled from the town return, and then comes a famine, because all the food stores have been burnt by the enemy. Very soon some leave the place, and go in search of another home where war does not come, for it is the smaller towns in which war makes havoc. And so it was that we removed from our town, and went to find or to build a home in another, near a town called Kumliule—that is the name of the town, and its chief was called Chekandulu. This town, where we built our house, was not visited by any more wars, but the town which we had left far away, the people of that town completely deserted it.

In this town of ours the chiefs were accustomed to

assemble, and settle their affairs. For instance, suppose the people of another town were bound to pay (a fine), they would pay, or if they refused to pay they would fight on the spot. Most of the people were armed with bows. There were only a few guns. Their chief occupation is tilling the soil. But their tillage is very easily managed. If a man has a large plot of ground to till, he brews a large quantity of beer, perhaps eighty or ninety jars-full. First he will give general notice that there is beer to be had at so-and-so's house, as he wants his land hoed. Accordingly people collect there, everyone with his hoe ready to go and work, and at midday they come back and drink beer. After that they go away, everyone to his house.

As to their mode of eating, they do not eat as people do in Zanzibar, everyone at his own house. No, it is not so there. In every village there is a great tree, and by it a place for holding meetings. Each family goes out and takes its meals together. This is the way they do in every family.

A child is never allowed to see a dead body at all. At the time of a funeral children are shut up indoors. While I was in Yaoland, I never saw a body being taken away for burial, and a dead man I never saw at all. Lads just growing up like K—— do not sleep in their mother's houses. Unmarried lads have a house built for them to sleep in, perhaps fourteen in one house. Their occupation is to go and set traps in the forest, and when they catch any game they take it to their mothers, each to his own.

The grown-up people are very fond of playing at ball, and so are the children too. The ball is a bounding ball.

Our town was quite close to a main road. Great numbers of slaves passed along it. We were not in the way of hearing much about Europeans, but we used to hear that there were white men who wore spectacles, and that they

were the people who manufactured cloth. We knew that cloth was made of cotton, but people said it was dyed (red) with human blood.

Many a day my mother used to say to me, "Ah! my child! you will get lost!" or my father would say just the same words as my mother, and I would reply, "Dear father and mother, you say I shall get lost. Where shall I get lost? Where will you go, father, or you, mother, and I not follow you?" After a time we gave up talking thus, and several years passed away. At last one day a man from another town said to me, "Come along with me, and let us go for a walk." And I said nothing to my father or my mother, but went with him. That man was stealing me. I walked on for six hours, simply walking on and on. At last he sold me to some Arab traders. There I saw a great many other slaves; the older ones had slave-sticks on; others, who were young and not grown-up, were tied with ropes, and there were children besides, who were not tied. My home was now far away from me, and all I could do was cry and cry, till my eyes were red with crying and grief, when I thought of what my father and mother had said to me. In my country we knew the name of God, but did not know how to worship him. We call God Mlungu, which means God.

The journey of the caravan was a time of great trouble and difficulties. The Arabs are indeed bad people. If a woman had a little child, and the child kept on crying, an Arab would say to her, "Give me the child, and let me carry it for you." And the woman gives it to him, and when she has given it him, he dashes the child against a stone, and throws it aside dead. Or if he sees a grown-up man or woman unable to walk, he just kills him, and throws him aside. He feels it no loss to kill a man. We were many days on the journey. I did not count all the days. At last we got to Kilwa. There we lived in a house

till some got flesh again. I remember how astonished I was when I saw porridge made of cassava—what kind of food it could be? For in our country we have no cassava porridge, though there is plenty of cassava. Then I noticed that the meat put in the dish smelt very strong. It was a piece of fish (nguru), and in our country there are no fish of that sort. So I thought, "This is human flesh minced up," and I did not eat one bit that day. Then I saw a large cooking-pot full of boiling water, and I thought, "Ah! that's what they use for cooking men in," and I utterly refused to go near that pot. Other Arabs kept coming and buying slaves, and presently I was bought by an Arab, and I lived in Kilwa two years.

Then I went with that Arab to Kilwa Kisuani. Starting in the morning you reach Kilwa Kisuani at five o'clock in the evening if you go on foot. When you come near the town you have to cross over by a dhow. In this place there was not much rice, but a very great deal of millet. Kilwa is a great place, too, for building baghalas (large dhows). Cattle, goats, and sheep are abundant, and fish is very cheap. The town stands on a rather small island. There are many houses. I saw no ships at that time. I stayed there a year and a half, and then went back to Kilwa Kivinje. Many Yaos visit the town, and Gwangwaras and other wild tribes, for it is all open, wild country.

Afterwards my master sold me to another Arab, who was a regular dealer in slaves. With him we went to Bagamoyo, near Kaolo. It is about half a day's journey from Bagamoyo to Kaolo. In Bagamoyo I did not stay long, perhaps two months and a half. Bagamoyo is a very large town. A great many Nyamwezi visit it constantly. They bring ivory, and exchange it for cloth. I saw the house belonging to the French at Bagamoyo. It stands apart by itself, and is not quite close to the town. It lies westward,

and Bagamoyo is to the east of it. Cattle were plentiful at Bagamoyo at that time. After this we went on to a town called Saadani, where a Banyan bought me. The governor of this town was Bwana Heri, a Swahili, not an Arab—a short, light-complexioned man. His house was plastered and painted inside, with a roof of cocoa-nut leaves, and of large size. There are a number of Hindis in the town and some Banyans, but not many Arabs, except from Sheher. Here I lived a long time with this Banyan, five years or more. The Banyan's occupation was buying up ivory, he and his employer. Numbers of Ziguas come to this town, Saadani, to sell ghee, fowls, cattle, semsem, and Indian corn; some even cross over to Zanzibar. Many Nyamwezi come there, too, with their ivory.

This Banyan used to leave me, and go away to Zanzibar, leaving his keys and house and all his things in my charge. Once, when he went to Zanzibar, ten dollars were stolen. When he came back I told him that ten dollars had been stolen, but he only said, "Never mind." After this we went to live at Uvinje. The governor of the place I have quite forgotten. In this town the Banyan built a hut of cocoa-nut leaves, but did not get as far as plastering it, when he left this house to me and wages for labourers, charging me to collect earth and direct the work. He went to Zanzibar to buy doors, lime, and other things. When he came back he found large heaps of earth ready, and was much pleased. It was but a short time that we lived here or at Saadani either. The distance from Saadani to Uvinje is, I think, a walk of two hours and a quarter.

Then came the time when all slaves were registered. (*See* INTROD.) The consul came to the district of Saadani and other districts on the mainland. On the arrival of the consul he registered all slaves belonging to Hindis as free. He did not stay many days at Saadani, but returned quickly

to Zanzibar, telling the Banyan, my master, and a Hindi, named Pira, to start by dhow on the next day but one. The Hindi, too, was owner of two slaves—one a woman named Fayida, the other a boy named Feruzi. When the day named by the consul arrived we went on board a dhow belonging to a Banyan, and came to Zanzibar. My companions went off at once, but where they went I do not know to this day. I was taken to the consul, and answered his questions, and he sent me to a Parsee's house, where I stayed five or six days, near the house containing the consul's lock-up. At last I was brought here (Kiungani) in charge of a man, and I sat down in the corridor where the names are called. It was about half-past ten when I came here. When the boys came out of school and saw me, everyone said, "Where has he come from?" Some said, "Perhaps he has brought a letter." I understood them speaking in Swahili, and now I have forgotten my own language.

All this is the great love and goodness of God, surpassing all things, it is so great.

IX.

HISTORY OF A ZARAMO BOY.

[THE Zaramo country lies near Zanzibar in a south-westerly direction, and the dialect is closely allied to the Swahili. The writer of this story was one of the most promising scholars in the Mission School, and at the cost of much time and labour translated the whole of St. Luke's Gospel into the Zaramo language for the benefit, as he hoped, of his countrymen. Bishop Steere had taken steps for the establishment of a station in that region, which is but little known to Europeans, when his sudden death in 1882 (followed by the yet more sudden death of this boy), brought the design to an end.

The two stories next to this begin in the countries of Sagara and Gindo, lying further inland to the westward.]

AT first I was living with my father and my mother. From the first my relations kept an eye upon me, I think. After my mother's death, I remained with my father perhaps four or five years. Well, my mother's father had borrowed six dollars from some people at Bagamoyo, who bargained that in six years they should come and receive their money. When the six years expired, they came. Now my mother, when she was alive, warned me, saying, "When I die, your

friends will make away with you." I was but a little child, and I thought she was only talking nonsense, but she was quite right. The men from Bagamoyo said to my grandfather, "Give us our money. If you do not, we will seize you, and take you to the governor to be put in prison." "Wait a bit," said he, "and give me time to get your money together. As soon as I get it, I will give it to you." "No," they said, "we cannot wait. Give it us at once." Now I was living with my father after my mother's death. My grandfather came to my father and said, "Give me this child to give to my creditors, and let me ransom him when I get their money." My father said, "I cannot give him to you in that way. I will have nothing to do with it." Afterwards my father said, "Go and hide yourself, for your grandfather is keeping a sharp look-out for you." Well, I thought it was all nonsense, and said, "What? Am I to hide myself in the bushes?" And I said, "I cannot stay in the bushes. It's no matter. If I am caught, I am caught." That very day my grandfather came and took me in his arms and fondled me, till I consented and went. He said to his creditors, "Do not get rid of him. I shall ransom him." They said, "Very good," and we started off the same day. And then I thought how my mother had warned me, and cried bitterly. They said to me, "Don't cry. We will put you in a comfortable home and feed you, till your family ransom you." So I stopped crying.

We travelled from sunrise to sunset and came to Bagamoyo. Presently I fell ill with a kind of abscess, but they nursed me kindly and I got well. I remained there two years. One day I took my basket of mangoes to go and buy some calico and silk in the town, and came suddenly on a relation of my master there. When he saw me, he said to me, "What are you after?" "I want some calico," I replied. "Come along," said he, "and I'll sell your

mangoes for you and get your calico." I said "Very well," and went with him. He took some mangoes, sold them, and got some pice, which he took himself. And me he sold, and I cried very bitterly over it. But when I got to realize that I was really lost, then I stopped crying. Presently on that same day I was sold to another place, and stayed a short time and was sold to an Arab of Pangani. We travelled and came to Pangani, and as soon as we arrived, that very day I was sold again, and there I stayed about six months. Then I was going to be sold away to Pemba, but Jesus carried me away to be His servant, and now I am trying to serve Him. (Note 17.)

This is my story, and now I will write about

THE ZARAMO COUNTRY.

The Zaramo country is a very fine one, with plenty of food and water. There is a very large river there called the Ruvu. No one knows where it rises, and it swarms with fish. It has a tributary called Mbiki, and another called Mkombezi, and a great number of small streams. But the only great river is the Ruvu. A very great many Zaramo people are engaged in fishing, and catch large quantities of fish. Even a child can go and catch a hundred or two. But people are afraid to go into the Ruvu. There are many alligators and hippopotamuses; besides, it is very deep, and if you go to the Ruvu and stand near the brink you will get giddy and fall down. In the rainy season the Ruvu overflows, till it is like the sea at Zanzibar, that is, on the far side, not on the near side, and (then) there is not a tree to be seen. Four months are enough for the water to subside in, and then, the small fry! oh! people cannot carry them away for the great abundance of them.

I recollect myself, when I was old enough to notice things, that some Europeans, I think Frenchmen, came in a

steamboat, and most of the Zaramo people were afraid, but some gave them eggs, and they ate fish too. On the day when they went away, they fired a great many guns, and I ran away in a fright and fell down and hurt my stomach, and I have the scar to this day. I think by this time my relations have come to ransom me, but they have not found me. No doubt they are searching everywhere for me; no doubt, too, my father has cried, when he finds that I, his child, am not there.

The Zaramo country is very large. You may travel for two months and find only Zaramo people. Cassava is plentiful; so are mangoes and peas (baazi) and rice. All kinds of food common in Zanzibar are found in the Zaramo country, but there are only a few oranges here and there. But the evil of that country is, they do not know God very well, and also in time of harvest they make merry and brew a very great deal of beer. And I am sorry—rather sorry, not *very* sorry. And then many of the people of that country were murderers and robbers, but they are not so now. If a man does a murder now, he is burnt. And if you pass by one of their villages, you must pay toll (or you cannot pass). But since the time when I was there, they have become much more peaceable. There are a great many thieves too. There are no cattle in Zaramoland, but there are all kinds of wild beasts, many very large, especially lions. As to the lions—if you build by yourself, lions will give you trouble; but if you build with other people, lions are very much afraid of a place where there are a number of people. Another thing about the Zaramo people. If you find yourself in any danger, give a shout, and even if people are asleep, be sure that that day you will be preserved. But this is not from any power of their own, but of God who gives it them. (Note 18.)

X.

HISTORY OF A SAGARA BOY.

[THIS is one of the most unstudied, even childish, of these stories, but perhaps for this very reason it may seem the more worthy of study, even if it reflected a character less humble, truthful, and faithful to its light, than may be traced in it. For this reason the Editor has abstained from abridging or (except in one unimportant part) rearranging a narrative which contains many tautologies and repetitions, even some confusions,—the interest being largely moral.]

I. A LITTLE ABOUT SAGARALAND.

IN my own home I was but a child, and understood as a child, not as a man. I do not know much about my home, because I have forgotten. But as to the way I became a slave—there was a war, and it came upon our village, and I was taken prisoner in it, and carried away to the Muhumba. There is a tribe called Muhumba, a tribe (of marauders) like the Maviti. I do just recollect my mother at the beginning, and my father, too. As to food—food is plentiful in Sagaraland; there is abundance of maize and millet. Wars are abundant, too. They never cease at all. In some places the Sagara people fight among themselves, and this

means war after war. Sometimes it is the Masai, sometimes the Mkwavi, sometimes the Muhumba, fighting in my country.

II. ABOUT MY VILLAGE.

There is war there every year; nothing but fighting. As I was saying, there is the Masai tribe, and the Muhumba, and the Mkwavi. These are the most warlike tribes in our country. But the Sagara people are brave warriors, too, in their degree. Wars never cease. As to my own village, I have forgotten; I do not remember well; I think I do not clearly recollect. I recollect abundance of sheep, and oxen, and goats, and fowls, in our village. That was one reason of the continual wars.

I recollect my father and my mother, but now I have forgotten about our country—of Sagara—because I lived a long time in Zigualand. I recollect my own country, but now I have quite forgotten details about it. I only recollect them dimly. There is a lake, and abundance of oxen at our village, and plenty of food—maize, and millet, and "uwele," and cucumbers, and pumpkins. Then there is a season of cold. In the morning you would think it had been raining, because of the cold; as you tell us there is cold in England, so, too, there is severe cold there. In the morning people crowd round the fire, they sit over it, and when the sun comes out they bask in it. Then there is a season of want, when people go to other districts to gather food. So it was in the time of which I know; I do not know what happened after my time.

Then, again, there is a district called Lugululand, a very warlike region, and that is my own tribe, for my mother was a Lugulu, and my father a Sagara. That is why I called myself a Lugulu. I cannot disown my tribe. Now I will say something about Lugulu (as it was) when I was a child.

I am told Lugulu is a very fine country, but its customs are not very good. There are people there who never bathe till they kill a man, then they bathe. The people there are very short; most of them are short, but some few are tall. Moreover, it is a very fine country. Food is very plentiful. Millet there is called "zebele," and this kind of grain is very abundant in Zigualand also. The inhabitants are very warlike. This is the tribe to which my mother belonged—thus it is my tribe, too—my mother being a Lugulu, and my father a Sagara. My brother I left behind in our own country. There is a large river in Lugululand, called Lungelengele. It passes through the country of Kami and Zaramo, and so reaches the sea. Such is the river. And this is my account of Lugulu, from which my mother came. She wanted to take me to Lugululand, but I was still a child, and not able to go a journey.

III. ABOUT THINGS IN OUR COUNTRY.

I was by tribe a Sagara, but also a Lugulu, just as some Europeans are Frenchmen, but at Zanzibar all (white men) are called Europeans. So it was with me. Strictly speaking, I was a Lugulu. That was my tribe. My father took a Lugulu wife, so my mother was a Lugulu and my father a Sagara. That is how it was. When I was able to understand a little, my father said to me, "Do you know where you were born?" And he told me, "You were born in Lugululand, where I went to marry your mother." For my father remained many months in Lugululand, and there I was born. I lived in Sagaraland till I began to understand things. I used to tend sheep, and goats, and oxen, and to help cultivate maize, and the kind of millet called "viage," and bananas, and beans ("kundi"), and peas ("baazi"). Food is plentiful there, and there is abundance of (the grain called) "uwele," and potatoes. The people keep sheep and

goats, and eat them, and pigs, too, they eat, and a great deal of cassava. In fact, there is abundance of food there. The sheep and goats and oxen are past counting, and the chief's are kept apart from other people's. I did not go myself to Lugulu, but my parents told me that there are mountains—indeed, a great many mountains—and a great river, called Lungelengele, a very large river.

IV. MY WANDERINGS.

Afterwards I lived in Zigualand, and in Zigualand I stayed a long time. One of my brothers took me out for a walk every day. It was in Zigualand that I was captured, and I was then a growing lad; but in Zigualand, too, I was old enough to have my wits about me. I lived with this brother of mine till war came upon the village in which we lived. I ran away into the woods by myself, but, to my surprise, there were people in the jungle, and they seized me at once. This war was made by the Arabs, and the Arabs sold me at Saadani, on the coast.

My master used always to be saying to me, "Go and draw water," "Go and pound rice," "Go and cook," "Go and wash my clothes." He was always at me in that way, and at last I got out of temper and quarrelled with my master, because he gave me so much work. But I always had plenty of food, and as to eating, I used to eat off the same dish as my master. But this Arab gave me a great deal of work, and at last I said, "Ah! I cannot stay in your house. Sell me to someone else. I really cannot stay here." While I lived there, one day, to my surprise, my brother was in the town searching for me, and when he saw me he said, "Are not you my brother?" And I said, "Yes, I am your brother." "How did you manage to come here?" And I told him all about what had happened to me. My brother cried a great deal because he had not

money to redeem me with. Then I said to him, "Leave off crying. Go home to your people. I am lost." (But my tribe was near; I was not really quite lost.) Then he questioned the Arab, and said, "Where did you get that boy?" The Arab replied, "I went to war, and took that lad prisoner. Well, what do you want?" He said, "It is my brother," and added, "I'll take my brother away." "You will not take him away," answered the Arab. "I went to war and got him, and then you say, 'I'll take him away.' If you want him, buy your brother back." "Very well," said he, "wait till I go back to my relations in Zigua-land, and when I can get the money I will buy back my brother." The Arab said, "Very good. Go and get it. I will not sell your brother." And my brother went away. What had the Arab done but deceive my brother, and he sold me without waiting for me to be redeemed? He sold me to another Arab, and people said, "You have got a good master;" and, indeed, I had got a good master. His work was light and his words were very kind. He was as fond of me as his own child, and I was very fond of this master of mine. But one day I spoiled something of his, the lock of his gun, and he was very angry, and sold me to a black man.

This black man was very fond of me. I think he was even more fond of me than the first one to whom the Arab sold me, and I lived a long time in the house of this black man. I remained with him till I was quite a lad, and then the black man fell sick and died. His friends carried me off, and one said, "Let us sell him and divide the money." So they agreed together to sell me, and sold me to an Arab. Then I said, "Now, I am really lost; I shall never see my father, and I shall never see my mother again." The brother who said he would come and redeem me I never saw; so I was lost.

All the troubles of a slave's life I could not bear at all. Yet my slavery was not so harsh as with other Arabs. I had not (many) troubles. Food I used to get, clothes I used to get, everything I used to get. While I lived with this last Arab who bought me, my slavery was not so harsh as with some of the Arabs whom I was with before. Well, I lived in a town called Ndumi, where I was sold, and I said, "I am lost for good." In Ndumi I lived a long while, and in Ndumi, where the Arab sold me, there was oddly enough a friend of my brother, and I was sold to the house of this friend of my brother, and there I lived a long time. This man was a captain in the service of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was very fond of this captain of his. His name was Captain Mkomwa, and he was a splendid soldier and a very brave man. I remained a long time, till one day my brother came to the house of his friend. He had come from up the country, and was taking rice to the coast to sell. Every day he used to come to the house of his friend. Presently he saw me, but did not ask me any questions, but asked his friend, "Where did you get this boy?" "Oh!" said he, "I bought him from a man." "Well," said he, "he is my brother." The captain rejoined, "You are my friend, so stay with him." So I stayed there, till my brother and his friend had a quarrel, and the captain said, "If your brother does not come to redeem you, I shall sell you again." I was bitterly grieved, thinking, "This man is my brother's friend, and now he says, 'I'll sell you.' What for?" So I stayed, but my brother never came back to the town of Ndumi. At last my master said, "Your brother does not come; what shall I do with you?" I said, "Do just as you like." So I stayed on. My business was to carry my master's gun, and he was an officer, a captain under Seyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, where we are now living. He was a very stern

man, too. His own son was made to work like a slave, and drill his (other) children in military exercises, for he was a very great soldier himself. I believe on one occasion he went out to fight his enemies with (nothing but) his sword, this Captain Mkomwa. Well, I was set to carry his gun.

Such was my life at that town near Saadani. Ndumi is the next town to Saadani, at some little distance, about the distance from Zanzibar town to Dunga (*i. e.* eight or ten miles), if you walk between Ndumi and Saadani. It is not far. So I lived at Ndumi, and never went a day's walk from it, no. The town is but a small one, and there is a mountain near it. Zanzibar you would reach by dhow in a day, or perhaps two. By steamboat you could reach Saadani again very quickly, and once at Saadani you have as good as reached Ndumi.

When my master saw that my brother did not come, he sold me to an Arab of Pangani, and the Arab took me to Pangani. At Pangani I remained a long time. This master of mine was not very fond of me. He had a mistress, and his mistress had two children, a boy and a girl. The Arab was an old man himself, but his mistress was quite young still, and not yet old. My work was rather hard—drawing water, sweeping, and washing a number of things. Washing things is hard work, and I got very cross and irritated, because it was work, work, every day. What was I to do? Every day work, work. Then his mistress said to me, "Let us —" do something that was utterly bad and foolish, but I refused to be so bad, and so I said, "I cannot, young woman; I don't understand you." Then she said, "I will tell your master to sell you if you refuse." But I said, "I cannot." My master had gone into the country. When he came back, she said to him, "This young slave of yours has used bad language to me. I ordered him to do his work, and he refused to do his work."

So my master beat me because I had refused to sin; and I said to him, "I did do my work, master." But he said, "It's a lie; this woman has told me you refused to work." So he beat me, but I comforted myself. Then my master said, "I shall sell you." And I said, "As you please; you are my master; I am a slave; sell me." His mistress kept on urging him, "Sell him; this fellow is a regular idler,"—just because I refused to commit sin. So his mistress tried more and more to get me into trouble, till my master said, "Now, don't be idle, or I will sell you into hard bondage in Pemba." And I said, "Sell me then. Why are you always scolding me? I cannot do more. If you want, sell me. I don't want to be scolded." Then the Arab sought an opportunity of selling me to Pemba. One day some Arabs from Pemba arrived, and at once my master said to me, "Leave your pounding to-day," for I was pounding grain. So he said to me, "Stop pounding." "Very well," I said. This Arab of Pangani was a kind man, but not altogether, because his mistress kept making mischief, and that was why he sold me, because of the trouble made by his mistress because I refused to do what was wrong. I said, "Sell me; I am not afraid of being sold." So he made a bargain with the Arabs of Pemba. I think he said, "Go with these two Arabs, and fetch something of mine; you will come back presently." I knew myself the Arab had sold me, but I comforted myself. I think I remember the Arabs saying, "Don't go back to your master; he has sold you; you are my slave now; to-morrow you will go to Pemba." I thought, "Now I am lost, indeed;" and then I thought, "It does not matter though."

When the Arab had sold me to the Arab of Pemba, I remained at Pangani two days. Then in the night we started for Pemba by the upper road, not in a dhow, first on dry land. On the road there were great hardships, as

we went to Pemba. I suffered very many hardships. We came unexpectedly on some friends of the Arabs in front of us, and so formed one body all together. We travelled on by land till we came to the Digo country. There we encamped, and the Arabs went to get food from the Digo people. After leaving Pangani by the land route, we passed along the shore all the way to the Digo country. Then the Arabs looked for a dhow, and we embarked. The people I came with were as many as sixty in all, whom I came with to Zanzibar. We stood out to sea, and the Europeans captured us, and we came to Zanzibar, first to the "London," then to the consul, then we were brought to Mkunazini, then to Kiungani.

This is my story of what happened to me from the time I left my home to my arrival in Zanzibar. This, I think, is the end of the story of my wanderings. God has preserved me on the mainland in all places to which I went, and has preserved me from my birth to this hour. He has brought me to His religion of truth and life eternal. I have heard His commandments preached day by day, but I do not keep them. The tempter is close at hand, and by my own strength alone I cannot overcome the devil, but by faith and the strength of Jesus Christ our righteous Lord.

These are my words, and this is the end of them.

XI.

HISTORY OF A GINDO BOY.

I WAS born in a region called Situka. My father was a Yao. My father was a kind of chief in the land of Situka. When he died all the people of the town refused to have his sons to rule over them. So they made a great war upon those three sons. They fought for three days, and then all the people who followed them were dispersed. We ran away in the night, and slept among some bamboos, altogether about forty, who still remained. Well, our enemies came by night, and lay in wait for us, and (some of our) people got wind of it, and followed on the tracks of our enemies with guns, but they could not find them, as it was very dark. Again we went on by night to stay in another place, and there they did not follow us any more. Very early in the morning we started off, and walked till we reached a certain country, and there we stayed. Again we moved on, and came near a river called Limangando. Here we settled for a long time, waiting for crops to ripen, for everyone went and tilled a piece of land near this river in the rainy season. After that we went back and stayed at the place where we had first taken refuge. There we remained, and to the east of us there was living a younger member of the family, the head of the family being with us.

A war with the Maviti then began, and the Maviti came

and made a raid on all those lands. We ran away, and went to Situka, but one of us was killed that very day there in Situka. The day following we slept near a place where the Maviti were encamped. There we slept. While it was still night, but getting near morning, some of our party said to us, "Let us go to Tongolo in Situka, and hide ourselves there." But my father (Note 19) said, "No, I will not go to Situka. Perhaps we shall not have time to get there. We shall get killed on the way, and all for nothing—our children, too, and friends. Besides, these women cannot walk." So the others left us, and went away to Situka. We, too, started off, and went our own way alone, a party of thirteen. The cocks were crowing when we started, and we followed a road taking us to another place where we could hide ourselves. In the morning we heard a cry in front of us, "Hee! hee!" "That must be the Maviti," said my father, and then he added, "We must make a cut through the forest, or the Maviti will catch us." On we went, and came to a village, and there were Maviti sitting at the corner of a house. And my father said, "Those are real Maviti." And what do you think? The Maviti had seen us for a long time, and pretended that they had not seen us. We ran away, and came to a small wood, and hid ourselves there. My father took me, and bent down some grass and put me inside it, and said to me, "Don't come out even if the Maviti stick a spear into you." Then he went and hid my mother and my three brothers, and then went and hid himself. And my two uncles and their wives and children and several others hid themselves in the same place. Well, a child cried, "Yow! yow!" The Maviti heard the child's voice, and came and searched about. They found my father first, and then my mother and my brothers and my two uncles and their wives and children. All of them except me were caught, and I was not caught. All the Maviti went away

except one, and he remained on the watch and kept perfectly still, as if there was no one there. This man actually stood upon me, yet he did not know himself that he was standing upon me, and he kept poking and poking with his spear, but I lay perfectly still. When he had waited some time without seeing anyone he went away.

Well, I stayed where I was seven whole days. At the end of the seventh day, late in the evening, I gave a loud cry, and said, "Father." But no one answered. Then I kept on calling, and I heard a voice answering me, "Eh!" Well, I thought it really was my father; but, no! it was not he, it was someone else. The man came and said, "I'm your father. Don't cry, my child." He took me and put me on his back. And I said to him, "You are not my father." And he said to me, "He is in the house. Don't cry." We came to the house, and I asked him again, and he said, "Perhaps he will not come home to-day; perhaps to-morrow you will see him." I remained silent. In the morning I said to him again, "Where is my father?" The people said, "You have no father. He has been killed by the Maviti. We saw him yonder yesterday, a child and your father and mother, and your father is dead." Well, they sold me to some Yaos and Nyassas, and I lived a very long time with the Nyassas and Yaos.

Then there came war again in that region, and they ran away for refuge to Tongolo in Situka—the very place where I was at first. When the Maviti came we went into the forest, which is Situka. There I was found by some older relations in the forest of Situka, and the Maviti came, and were going to attack us. However, they could not fight us, for there in Situka there were a very great number of people. So the Maviti said, "Wait till next time. We will come with axes, and cut down this forest." And they went away. When the war was over an uncle of mine brought salt and

cloth, but (my masters) refused it, and they brought a slave boy, but they utterly refused (to sell me). Then they made me go away till we went and settled with the Maviti. For the Maviti had made a proposal, saying, "Come to our country; come and build houses; we will give you ground and pasture-land for your cattle and goats." My masters were frightened, and we removed to the country of the Maviti, and were given a good piece of land, and settled there. And they became Maviti, and made their shields and spears like those of the Maviti, and went with the Maviti to fight in the wars.

Then I was summoned by my masters to go to the coast, that is, to Kilwa, and on the way I came to the Magingo, and Nindi, and Nyassas, and Makuas, and Yaos, and Mandota. Then my masters sold me to other owners. We came and arrived in Ngindoland, which was where my uncles lived, the name of the younger being Makele, and of the older Andandika. Here they asked me, "Now then, are there any relations of yours here?" "Yes," I replied. "Who is he?" said they. "Tell us. We want to take you to him. Perhaps we shall get a good price." And I said to them, "He is called Andandika." "Oh!" said they, "he is your uncle, is he?" and I said, "Yes." They talked to each other, and then said to me, "The fact is, if we had known it some time ago, we could have taken you there at the time. Now we cannot take you there, for we are on the point of starting." The next day they said, "If he is your uncle we cannot take you to him, for he is a powerful man; and, besides, we are going to make a start this very day, in the evening." Well, in the evening we started, and began our journey to Kilwa. We travelled many days—it may be a month or a month and a half. We arrived at Miombo, and at Miombo we stayed two days. Then we went on, and came to a place and stayed one day, and this was very near

Kilwa. The day following we started in the evening, and slept all night in a wood, for we were afraid, on account of the Maviti, to enter Kilwa by daylight. For the Maviti, when they saw a great many slaves, used to attack the caravan and steal them. That was the reason we could not enter Kilwa by daylight. (*See* INTROD.) So we entered Kilwa by night; everybody was asleep. When it was light, we settled in a house where there were camels working an oil-mill. I was put outside, in the verandah, in order to be sold. A European came and asked me, "Are you a slave?" I said nothing. Then his interpreter questioned them, saying, "What do you say? Is this boy a slave?" And they said, "He is not a slave. He is a child of ours." So the European went away. The men spoke to me, saying, "That white man wants to have you to eat. That's what he always does—eats people." I was terribly scared. The next day they put me inside, and the day after they put me in the market; and a man from Bushireh (?), a shopkeeper, bought me, and I stayed with him three days. Then he sold me, and an Arab bought me. I lived with this Arab just in the same way ten days. Then he put me on board a dhow to go to Zanzibar. All the way from Kilwa to Zanzibar I took no food, only water. I landed at the Custom House, for at that time the Europeans had not begun to seize slaves, except the Europeans in the coast towns. Well, I was taken to the market, and bought by a Hindi silversmith, Chonala. At that time the slave-market was at Mkunazini, and that is where I was sold. Well, I did silversmith's work for a year or less; then the Hindi wanted to go a journey, and sold me to Sherifu, also a Hindi, and the other went on his journey. I lived with this Hindi, Sherifu, till my master went on a journey to Pemba. He left me with another Hindi, and gave him money for my board. And my master went on his journey.

After this the English (consul) gave orders that all slaves should be registered (as free). All the Hindis had their slaves registered. I was not registered, because my master was not at home. Four years passed, and my master returned and took me to the consul, and was asked, "Why are you late? Where were you?" And he said, "I went a journey, and it took four years." So he registered me. When I had been registered, I went to live in the country at a place called Majura, and at other places called Mkadini and Bunji. Then I came back and lived in the town again. Then a second time I went and lived at Majura. The place belonged to the consul's clerk, whose name was Ali bin Salehe. There it was that Peter Jaha came and saw me there at that place, and he and I were of the same tribe. He was a Gindo. Then I went back to the town again, and there was this fellow-tribesman of mine and others whom I had lived with before as slaves of the Hindi. I lived in the town two years.

Then I went on a journey (Note 20) to the Nyamwezi country, I and two others of my tribe, Mabruki and Uledi. During the journey my business was to carry calabashes and an iron cooking-pot and a bag. I travelled till I came to the Nyamwezi country and Unyanyembe. There I stayed several days. Then we went to a place called Ugunda, and in Ugunda we stayed two months. Then we left and went to Simba, (which is) the name of the town and the name of its chief. His town is a very large one. Then we turned back and stayed again in Ugunda.

Well, when I was in Ugunda, a thing occurred to me, and this thing occurred to me in this way, and it was a thing such as no man in Zanzibar ever suggested to me. I said thus. I asked my companions a question, so far as I recollect, like this: "Take a man who has stolen something. If he goes on a long journey, is his theft forgiven? Or suppose

a man commit a sin, does he get forgiveness, or what?" They answered me, "He certainly is not forgiven."

After this I suffered a great deal in my eyes, but got well. Then I suffered in my stomach and nearly died. So they said to me, "You had better go back at once. There are people ahead of us who are cannibals. Go to your relations. Join these men travelling fast, and when you come to your relations give them these three dollars, and stay there till we come back." And they gave me food for the journey. So I left, and we travelled and came to a town called Kwa Kasui. Then we came to Turo, and then to Matomondo. Matomondo is a very large lake. Then we came to Mwinyi Mtwana. When I got there I was unable to go any farther, for my feet hurt me. I was left there and also another boy, for these express-messengers travel very hard. (Note 21) A distance of six days' march they regularly do in a day and a half. That was why I could not keep up with them. They spoke to Mwinyi Mtwana as follows, saying, "Don't give this boy to a man you cannot trust. Give him to someone who can ensure his getting to the coast safely. Mind, he is a boy who has good connections." They gave me food, and left me and my companion there, and went away. Presently a man passed by, and he was the slave of a Hindi. He had women and children travelling in his charge. And Mwinyi Mtwana said to him, "I think you will be able to take these boys with you, too." And he said, "I don't go fast. I go quite slowly, because I have women and children in my caravan. Hand them over to me, and, God willing, I will take them to the coast." Mwinyi Mtwana said, "Mind you don't lose them on the road." So they took us to go to the coast. On we journeyed, and passed the Gogo country and the forest of Chunyu and Mpwapwa and Mamboia, and so came to Sagara and Zigualand. In Zigualand I fell in with Peter Jaha. Well, Peter Jaha took me to Saadani. The

man in whose charge I travelled from Mwinyi Mtwana's said, "I cannot consent to let this boy go, because Mwinyi Mtwana told me on no account to let him go." Peter said, "Let us go to Bwana Heri and have the matter settled in court." So they went. Bwana Heri said, "Let this boy be given to the man who represents his relations." So Peter took me, and we got into a dhow and came to Zanzibar and landed. And Peter said, "Come with me, and do not go to your relations." I went with him, and we came to Mkunazini, and we saw the Bishop (Steere), and he said, "Go with him to Mbweni, and bring him back to-morrow." We went to Mbweni, and I stayed at Mbweni ten days. Then he took me, and we came to Mkunazini. The Bishop came out and said, "Whose slave is this boy? Who is his master?" I said to him, "I was Sherifu's slave. My master was a Hindi. He registered me a long time ago." Then he said, "Take him to live at Kiungani." Masundi the bailiff came and took me to Kiungani. This is the way in which I got to Kiungani. After a time my friend whom I left on the mainland came and said to me, "How did you come to join the Europeans?" And I said to him, "A friend of mine named Peter, he brought me to the Europeans."

XII.

HISTORY OF A GANDA BOY.

[THIS very striking story has already been characterized in the Introduction. A few words may be added here. Apart from its moral interest, three points appear in sufficient detail to arrest attention: the working of a purely African government, despotic and strong, in its relation to its neighbours and its subjects; the advance of Islam, both by the Nile, and also overland from Zanzibar, into the heart of equatorial Africa, and the barrier English Christians are already raising even against its remotest outposts; and lastly, the perils and difficulties still attending a journey by native or foreigner even on the best known and most beaten track from the capital of the East coast to the central regions of the Lakes.

Mtesa, king of Ganda (or, as it is more commonly written Uganda, *i.e.*, Gandaland), has figured largely in the pages of explorers since the days of Speke, and died only recently, about October, 1884. His reign is chronicled sufficiently to mark it as a real beginning, not only of our knowledge of the country, but of its history. Bloody and barbarous as it was, Mtesa, with Mirambo, Ketchwayo, and the rulers of Dahomey and Ashantee, marks a real and (it would seem) natural first step upward in the scale of civilization. Even a Zebehr was, in General Gordon's judgment, far better than no king, or (which is the same thing) a multitude of petty

chiefs. Oriental history indicates the same course, at a like cost, of moral progress among the Asiatic races, in its annals of the vast monarchies of the ancient world. In such kingdoms as Mtesa's, peace and a measure of freedom is the rule among its subjects, though organized warfare and wholesale pillage is equally the rule in respect of all its neighbours. Respect for, or at least subjection to law, is secured and general, though that law is little but the will of a fellow-man, and its sanction promiscuous massacre. People are compelled to respect each other's rights, act as members of a community, abstain from petty feuds and robberies, though the compelling force is a power which knows no rights as against its own caprice. In such kingdoms, satisfactory relations with powers external to it are not impossible. Instead of the wearing struggle of endless bargaining with each successive petty chief, governments have someone with whom to deal. Missionary and trader, if they obtain it at all, obtain a passport which opens a field practically unlimited to be won for Christ or turned into gold. Mr. Stanley's report of his interviews with King Mtesa led the Church Missionary Society at once to take steps for sending missionaries to his capital. If only as a check to the active propaganda of Islam in Central Africa, the labours of their agents have clearly not been thrown away. The pages of the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" and "Gleaner" yield a remarkable commentary on the horrors of this simple story. The advice which it contains to travellers will appear to many both shrewd and sound. Though a well equipped and carefully organized caravan has little to fear on a journey to the Lakes, there are moral qualities which go farther towards success than either experience or superior force. Above all, it must be recognized that in Africa no land is no man's land, and that the rights of its occupants to tax and delay must be met and dealt with, not ignored.]

THIS is my story from my childhood until now. My father lived in a town called Chetume, and in Chetume I was born, and there I remained many months. Then they took me from the house where I first lived, and conveyed me to another house, quite at the end of the town. There I remained till one night they left me in the house at night and went off to drink beer. Then a lion came and entered the house, and I was sitting there inside, and a number of goats were there inside, and a number of fowls were there inside too. When the lion came inside the house, I did not know that it was a lion, and I kept perfectly quiet and did not make the least noise. Well, the lion seized two goats and one fowl, but I kept more quiet than ever, and even held my breath for fear he should hear me. But the fowl made a very great noise, and the lion was frightened by it, and me he did not see, but went out hastily because the fowl made such a very great noise. But he did not let the fowl go; it was carried away by the lion in spite of all its noise. Two goats he carried off too, with the fowl, and I was left. Well, when my nurse came back, all the servants of the household came back with her, and first they knocked at the door, but I did not answer but remained quite quiet, and they thought that perhaps I was asleep. But no! I was not asleep at all. I had moved from the place where I usually lay, and was lying in another place. Then, as all the people came in, one of them tripped over me and exclaimed, "Goodness! Who's this, I say?" She felt me and recognized who I was. But first she started, and called out, "Look what a little fool this child is! What did you leave your own sleeping-place and come here for? You saw it was dark and I was coming, and you never said, 'Here I am, don't step on me?' Why do you not speak, my child?" I never answered her a single word. When they had settled down, I said to my own nurse, "A

wild beast has been in here and seized a fowl and goats. I heard the fowl crying. I don't know if it was carried away too." When the nurse heard what I said, she spoke to the others and said, "I say, you just listen. A wild beast has been in this house, and carried off fowls and goats." "Tell the truth, can't you?" "This child told me so this very minute. Go and look at the fowls' roost." So they went and looked, and a fowl was gone, and goats too were gone. Then they were all very sorry indeed for me, just as if I had been carried off as well by the beast. And my nurse said, "If this child was carried off by a lion, I should never come back to this house again." And the others said, "Nor we either." In the morning they told my father all about it, and he was very angry, and my nurse and all the servants were flogged, and the whole household was put in confinement.

My father had a brother. They were sons of the same father and mother. And this brother of my father was a very great man. He was a chief and had a town called Balatila. That same day they followed the lion, but found him in an awkward place, and the lion ran away and they did not catch him, but returned home. The next day the lion came back and seized a goat in the town. Then people followed him, and came on him in a convenient spot where there was a large thicket, and there were two lions in the thicket. The people quietly surrounded the thicket, every man with his net in his hand ready. When all the men with nets were quite ready, each at his station, two men went forward and entered the thicket to drive out the lions from the thicket. They drove them out, and the lions came out and found the huntsmen ready with their nets. Well, the lions were bagged. One fought fiercely, wounding a number of people, while they kept wounding him with spears. He ran off, for they could not hold him by sheer strength. One was captured,

but the other ran off, and died the next day, for he was wounded mortally.

Then my other father, my own father's brother, when they told him all about it, how I had been left alone in the house, and a lion was very near eating me (only I was saved by the power of Almighty God), he spoke to my father and said, "I should like this child for my own." So my other father, Mabingo, chief of the town Balatila—the chief, Mabingo, I say, carried me away and took me to his town. I remained in this town, Balatila, for many months, and began to get my strength a little, and I wanted to go on a journey with my father. Moreover, I observed the different towns of the country, and I heard people saying, "Now this year we shall go with the chief and do the king's building." This surprised me and I said to myself, "Then there must be another chief." And I spoke to people about it. When they heard what I said, they all laughed and answered me, saying, "We shall all go on this journey. Come yourself, and see the king of the country," because I asked them questions. I thought perhaps there was no other king in the world, but only my father, the chief Mabingo, and no other king at all.

"Now, then, we are going to start," said my father. "Let us go on our travels, and see the towns of the country and the chiefs of the towns." When I heard these words, I was delighted, because I wanted to travel and see famous towns myself, and the chiefs of them. So we started, and my father, the chief Mabingo of the town Balatila, was going to do the king's building. So we went, and first we came to the king's mother. And I looked about and wondered greatly at the (wonderful) way in which they had built the town of the king's mother. Leaving this place, we came to where the king lived, and I saw another wonder, how they had constructed this royal town, and I wondered more and more.

These kings have their customs. When a king dies and

his son reigns in his stead, all the new king's brothers are seized and burnt. Once on the throne, a king cannot bear to set eyes on a brother—only a sister, her he can recognize, but no other. Well, when we arrived at the town at the time I am speaking of, the king of the town appeared and came to his seat of state. First came six men, each held by the hand by another man beside him, and in a moment those six were executed, every one in the presence of the king. The men who held the others by the hand were the executioners. When I saw them being executed, I was terribly frightened. When those six were finished, they brought a single man, and he was executed at the same spot. Then the king spoke to my father—I mean Mabingo, my father's brother. Said the king, "Mabingo, go and take charge of my 'children.'" And he gave him a number of soldiers to go and keep guard over his "brothers." The king had said, "Mabingo, do not give my 'children' food, unless I give you leave." So said the king. Why? Because he wished them to perish by hunger. That was why he forbade Mabingo to give them food. There were a great many of his "children," old and young, all together as many as two hundred and seventeen.

Well, Mabingo carried them all away and took them to a town called Bajwe, and round it they built a very high stockade, and outside they dug a deep trench surrounding the stockade, and outside that there was a close line of soldiers. When (the victims) wanted to escape, they were able to climb the stockade, but fell into the trench, and in the morning were taken out and put back inside the palisade. And many of them cried for want of food, and Mabingo had pity upon them, and gave them a little food. (As to these people, there was not a man in our tribe who was able to speak as they spoke, their voices were so beautiful. They had a wonderful way of speaking. I used to go every day

to listen to the words they were saying, not their meaning, but because the sound of them was so exceedingly beautiful. Everyone used to delight in the sound of them.) Then when Mabingo had given them food, the soldiers went and told of him to the king. So the king summoned Mabingo and I followed behind him, and we all went together and came to the king. The king said to the soldiers, "Now then, tie Mabingo." And he was tied with his hands behind him and sent to prison. When I saw him tied with many cords and then carried off to be put in prison, I thought he was as good as dead. And I cried a little. Then soldiers were sent to go and bring all his property and to destroy his entire town, so that nothing whatever should remain of it. I myself was saved by a brother of his at the king's court, who knew me, and came and took me by the hand and conveyed me to his house. But in the place from which he first took me, I had not myself the sense to leave the place and go somewhere else, because I was quite small and did not know the place at all. That night in which Mabingo was arrested, people could not cut themselves wood for fires nor go to draw water. Everyone stopped at home. There was no walking abroad, because numbers of people were being arrested for two days. At last the king's ministers all gathered together and went and fell down at the king's feet, begging him to stop the arrests. On the third day, the executioners were mustered and he asked them, "How many people have you got?" They said, "Two hundred and nine." And the king gave orders that these should be executed together with Mabingo, and that no more arrests should be made. So Mabingo was executed at a place called Namgongo. There is an enormous frog there, very much larger than a tortoise. The executioners are accustomed to go twice and kneel down before the frog and talk a lot of utter rubbish and lies to him, crowding closely round. If the frog utters a croak,

as if to say, "His Majesty (dubale) sanctions a general execution," then all are executed. If he does not utter the croak, then the execution is adjourned until such date as he shall choose to croak.

I lived with the relation who carried me off that day, and stayed a long time with him. Then I passed into another position. It is a custom of the king that each of his ministers should bring him one of his young children and give him to the king, and they become pages in the king's town. But they come to no good end. They are continually being put to death, and others are sent in their places. There is no sending a slave. It must be your child, or at least a relation. One day I heard people saying, "All the children in the (king's) town have been killed, and there are no more. Send him others." Then I heard my uncle calling me, and he said to me, "My child, you see there is no small child in this house, but only you." So he carried me off, and took me to the king's town, and they received me. I found some other pages there who had not been put to death yet, and I lived there and was taught my duties, and my companions whom I came with all were taught their duties as pages. Well, I was ordered to go and take a dish of bananas (to the king), and I fell down with the bananas in his presence, and the king called me, but a great many people interceded for me, and I (only) received twenty strokes with a rod. Some time after, one of my fellow-pages got up and went to shut the door. As he came back, he happened to make a noise somehow. He was put to death the same day. Then I did something wrong another day, and was pardoned. [He failed to do an errand to a distant village, fearing lions on the road, and received fifty-two strokes with a rod.—ED.] Everybody said to me, "If you do anything wrong again, you will be put to death, because he has let you off twice." We servants all had our headservants. The king only spoke

to the headservants of the household, and when they made their reports to him, there was never any demur made over them. These headservants were very fond of me. And they were very sorry indeed for me, because they were fond of me. And they said, "This poor boy, let us get up a scheme amongst us. He is very near his end now. Look, there is not one left of the whole lot of pages. They have all been put to death." It was a man named Bijugo who started the idea, and he said, "What shall we say before our master, so as to get this boy out of the house?" And then he said, "Let us deceive him and say to our master, 'Among these young pages of the palace there is one boy, So-and-so, who is beginning to be a little touched in the head. We have heard him saying things which show he is mad. We have even refused his service. We decline to let him come again to sleep in the house,'—so fond were they of me. When the king heard this report, I was promptly turned out of his town, Duboga, and I went to the uncle who had sent me to the king, and he sent another boy in my place.

After that I did not return again to that town, but stayed with my uncle and was educated in the Arab fashion. And my tutor went to the Europeans and was taught the European's religion. After a time he left off his Arab teaching (his name was Sembela), and said, "I have heard the teaching of the Europeans, and if it is true, it is far superior to that of the Arabs. Listen! We have heard them say that Mohammed is dead and his grave is at Mecca, and he has not come to life again to this day. Then we have heard that Jesus Christ has come to life again and ascended into Heaven and has not returned as yet, but is seated with His Father in Heaven." Then Sembela said, "We had better follow Him who is alive, and leave him who is dead," and he added, "It is nonsense being educated in the Arab way, and taught to follow Mohammed who is dead and done for. Let us go

and be taught by the Europeans." So he went to the Europeans to be taught, and every day he used to come and report to us what he had heard there. And he said, "Really, I have decided that we will go with the Europeans." Accordingly we went a journey with a European, six of us altogether. We travelled for eight days and arrived at a place called Bululi, where there is a town occupied by Egyptians. We stayed there four days. But our parents followed us, and their soldiers forced us to go back, and the European went back too. Mkasa and H. W. Duta were put in confinement, because they were highest in rank, to prevent their ruining us. We wanted to go another journey, and they forbade us, because (they said) "The Europeans will sell you on the road." That was the reason we were forbidden. Then they saw we wanted not to stay with our parents. When they saw we wanted not to stay with our parents, they dispersed us and everyone was sent to his own place, so as to prevent our going on a journey.

Well, the king ordered his soldiers to go and make a raid on Shoga land, and my father told me to join in the war in Shoga land. I was given bullets and gunpowder and started. Other raids were made upon Nyovoland, and Sembela and Mkasa also were told to join in the raid made upon Nyovoland. Then other raids were made upon the Sagara country, and Kairingi, and they went to Sagara country, so that there were three of the party left, Johari, and Duta, and Buketi. When we had actually gone to the wars, then these three started on a journey and were not able to wait for us. We were detained a long time in the wars, remaining four months. I was very nearly killed in the wars. I fired my gun, but it did not go off. The enemy pressed on us very closely, and two of my companions were killed. Then others came up and reinforced us, and so I was rescued. At last the war came to an end, and we went home.

I found that some of my companions had already started on their journey with the Europeans, while others had not yet come back from the wars. As for me, I noticed people starting on journeys, following the same road as they had followed, and I said, "I want to travel." I was asked, "Where do you want to travel to? Zanzibar? Who will you travel with? Are there any people starting? Very fine! Off you go on your travels! You'll die, I daresay, and never be heard of again. We have told you not to go, and you refuse to stay at home. Well, if you won't stay at home, don't. There's nobody to say you shall not travel." So I started off, and began my journey by myself, following my companions who had already gone with the European. After one day's walking I reached the Lake (Victoria) Nyanza, and there I found some friends of mine in the caravan of an Arab named Hasiri bin Sululu. Voyages on the Nyanza are made in canoes, for dhows are scarce. These canoes are very large. Some can hold fifty men, some forty, some sixty. My friends asked me, "Where are you going?" I said to them, "I am going after the European who started the other day. But I do not know if the Arab would consent to let me join his caravan." "Oh! yes, he will," said my friends; "go and speak to him." It happened that Hasiri bin Sululu knew me quite well. So I went to where Hasiri bin Sululu was accustomed to sit, and when I got there I found him receiving people. He invited me to come near and welcomed me, welcomed me warmly, and I sat down. He asked after my welfare. "How are you? Are you my guest, or are you sent on the king's service? Where are you going?" At first I was afraid to tell him that I was following a European. Perhaps he would forbid me to follow his caravan. So I said, "I want to travel with you, sir, and go and see my brother at Uyui," mentioning Uyui because there were Europeans living there. Well, Hasiri bin Sululu gave his consent

to my joining his caravan. We travelled on the lake for twelve days, and reached the other side at a place called Sukuma; the chief's name was Kaduma. A number of Arabs lived there and Europeans too. The European I was following had been building a house at Sukuma, but he was soon seized with illness and left it unfinished, and continued his journey. I found that he had set out about ten days before. Then I tried to arrange a plan with people who knew the road, because I saw that the Arab was thinking of making a long stay at Sukuma. I waited one day, and on the next Hasiri bin Sululu called me and said to me, "I want to send you to Zanzibar to fetch me some barter goods. I have run short of food now. For yourself, I will give you an order for three dollars, and one roll of white and one of blue cloth." I took his offer, and he gave me three of his slaves as escort, and I had besides one of my own companions with me. So we started, a party of five, provided with seven lengths of cloth for the journey, which were furnished by Hasiri bin Sululu.

We left Sukuma and began our overland journey, conveying the Arab's orders to a Banyan merchant, and all our expenses were to come from the Banyan—he was to provide for the whole journey. First we came to a country called Udui, the people being called Wadui. When the Wadui saw us, they came to make us pay toll. We were only a party of five, and we had nothing to give them, but they said, "If you do not pay toll, you cannot pass here." So we took out some beads and gave them some. And they said, "All right. Pass on." And we passed on, but soon came upon another band of the same tribe, and they said, "We require you to pay toll here, and then you can pass on unmolested. If you refuse to pay, you can neither go on nor go back." They spoke very insolently, and were very much more insolent than the first set. Well, I had a double-barrelled gun, and they

kept pressing us closely, and we were only five. Then one of the Wadui came forward and was going to stab me in the thigh with his spear, because I had a turban on my head, and the man tried first to knock it off with his spear. In a moment I was seized with a fit of passion; something seized upon my heart with a paroxysm of fury. I held my gun ready and was going to fire it and kill him dead on the spot, even if I was killed myself in the fit of fury which had seized me. But my companions said, "What does a boy like you want to take away people's lives and property for?" So I was quiet. Then the savage came at me and was going to strip off my loin-cloth, and a lot of others came crowding round us. Well, I thought that my hour had come, and I said to myself, "Shall I tell my party that I am going to kill this fellow? I think they are going to rob me of my gun, because I am a boy and not as strong as they, only strong enough just to carry a gun." Then that something came back to me again and seized upon my heart—a something which stirred up a furious passion in me to make me kill that man. I felt as if I had already killed him, and as if I was already dead myself, killed for killing him. I felt them closing in upon us and me in the middle of them all, and I held my gun ready waiting for the man who wanted to come and strip off my loin-cloth, ready to kill him outright. As to dying myself, I never thought of it; it seemed to me mere sport, because of that something which drove all thought of death out of my mind, so long as I took that man's life. But I know now that it was really Satan who seized upon my soul, and was persuading me to take his life and lose my own. When my party saw it all, they looked at me and saw my face had a dreadful look; the veins stood out all over my forehead as they had never done before, and my face was as red as blood, and I could not speak, and they knew that a devil had really entered into me. Then every man took

his own loin-cloth, and the savages received three loin-cloths in place of that one of mine. They accepted the three loin-cloths and said, "All right. Pass on, friends. Good bye." So we went on. And my companions said to me, "Why were you going to take people's lives for nothing? We saw you were going to shoot that fellow. What did you get in a passion for? And you a traveller on the march. Is that the way to behave when you are travelling? However, you are only a boy; you are just a beginner in travelling. But remember, if a man takes to travelling, he must leave his temper at home. When you come to a strange town, don't be saucy to the people. Walk up quietly and make a pleasant remark to the people of the town. That is what great travellers do. If you want to be a traveller, leave your temper at home, have nothing whatever to do with it. Do as great travellers do. If the people of the country say 'Stop,' stop. If they say 'Go back,' go back. If they ask, 'Where are you going? Where do you come from?' tell them your whole story from beginning to end. This is what great travellers do." And they said to me, "If you are going to take to travelling, do as travellers do. Don't get angry in a strange town. Keep your anger for the forests, for fighting your enemies who lay wait for you in the forests."

So we went on and came to a place where there was a forest called Manyonga. As soon as ever we reached this forest we fell in with some of the people of the forest, who forthwith fired a gun at us, but it did not hit. We put down our loads and went at them with our guns like men, and pursued them and they ran away. Then we went back and took our loads again. Presently we came to another forest, and there we found there were numbers of men lying in wait—people who made their livelihood by murder and wholesale robbery. When we saw them, we were afraid and went into the bushes, and hid ourselves in the bushes till

night. Then we came out and travelled by night only, till we reached a safer country, called Unyanyembe. It is a place where Arabs have settled, and there are French living there, but no Englishman. I stopped two days, and then started again and made a very long march till I came to a place called Tura. At Tura I laid in a stock of food, because there is a town there, but no towns afterwards, only forest. We began our journey, and entered this great forest. It takes six days to cross it, and there is not a single town on the road. The forest is called Mgundamkali. We entered Mgundamkali and travelled night and day, till we were tired out, and seeing a thicket we made our way into the thicket and lay down. Suddenly, before we had been long lying down, a herd of elephants appeared and surrounded the thicket and began eating the grass in the thicket. We were all inside the thicket, and not a man among us all was able to fire his gun, because the bitter cold had seized our hands, and not a man of us all was able to fire his gun. There we were inside the thicket, and we became almost senseless from the terrible fright we felt there inside the thicket. The elephants went on grazing in the thicket, when one of them trumpeted, and then all of them started off and went away. But we did not get any sleep after it; we only rested. Then we too started off and travelled night and day, and presently our earthenware cooking-pot got broken. At night we came on a band of men lying in wait for travellers, but they were asleep, and we passed by them softly so as not to wake them up. We went on in darkness and very weary, and then we saw a very large thicket, quite a wood in fact, and we made our way into it and lay down. Well, when we had got well into it, an old lion appeared and was going to spring on us. We could not fire at him because we were afraid of the band of robbers. If they heard the report of a gun, they would come in pursuit of us; so we forbade firing at the lion. The

lion kept prowling round time after time, and one of us said, "What are we to do? Suppose we separate, each man going to a different post, with his gun ready, while one lights a fire? If we see the lion going to spring on anyone, let us fire at him, and as soon as we have fired, make off as fast as we can." So we separated, every man going to a different post, with his gun in his hand ready, and I lighted a fire, keeping my gun in my hand. Well, the fire blazed up, and the lion saw the blaze of the fire and made off. Then we had a short rest, but there was no cooking-pot. We had to eat millet uncooked, like donkeys. Again we started and travelled night and day for three days, with nothing to eat but uncooked millet. Cooking there was none. Our faces, too, changed. They became completely altered; we had become like wild beasts of the forest. So passed these three days, and on the fourth we arrived at a town called Tongo; the chief's name was Kilunda. When we reached Tongo I felt as if we had reached Zanzibar, and there we had food to eat.

Then we came to another district, called Daboru, which now belongs to a Swahili and a Frenchman. There is a town there belonging to him, but the country had formerly had different owners, who were exceedingly insolent in exacting enormous tolls. This Swahili, however, subdued them; his name was Mwinyi Mtwana, and now there are Frenchmen living at Daboru too. Mwinyi Mtwana takes tolls from Arabs and Europeans alike. Leaving this, I came to another country called Ugogo. I went on and came to another chief named Mnywanjaga (Mwenganzaga?) We had first some bhang, and that was all we had for our food, and some tobacco. When we came to a place we used to take out a little bhang and buy what food we wanted, or a little tobacco just to get food enough for a meal. When we came to Mnywanjaga's town, people very soon came out of the town and ran to us and made us stop. We stopped, and they asked

us where we came from, and where we were going, and we explained it all from first to last. However, they robbed us of our bhang and our tobacco, and then let us go, saying, "Now then, be off with you." And we had no food, for the bhang which I and my companions had carried was all we had for food. We travelled on till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then came on an Arab caravan. One of the Arabs knew the other men of my party, and they went and explained to him all about us. He was very sorry for us, for he was a kind-hearted men, and he gave us three lengths of cloth. Then we left him, and went on, and entered a forest. Oh! that forest! It was indeed a terrible business, that forest called Chunyu. I was quite well when I went into Chunyu forest, but after I had walked nine hours in Chunyu, I was suddenly taken ill, and could not walk at all. My legs gave way; and my arms and all my joints were weak and loose, and all my strength left me, after that nine hours' walking. My load was taken away from me, they wanted even to rob me of my gun; that is, the men who had joined on to the slaves of Hasiri bin Sululu. For it was their master's habit, if a man was taken ill, just to cast him off completely, without giving him food or water, or medicine Accordingly I was cast off in Chunyu, and they wanted my gun, but my friend, who came from the same country as myself, he ordered them not to take my gun, and he did his best to nurse me. The other men saw him nursing me, and said to him, "Leave the fellow alone. Don't nurse him. Come along. If he dies, there is an end of him. If you nurse him, his sickness will come back on you too, and you'll die the pair of you, he and you." But *he* was quite ready to die with me. When they said, "We will seize you, tie your hands behind you, and carry you off, if you don't leave him to die by himself. If you want to die together, very good," then my friend drew back with his gun, and said, "Come

on, lay hold of me, if we are all going to die together here in the forest." Then they said, "You know nothing about travelling. If a man is taken ill, just let him die. If you wait for him, the whole lot of you will die together." But he replied, "I had rather take care of him. You can go on. If we must die, well, be it so. But to leave him alone, and he alive and not dead at all, I won't do it till he is actually dead; then I don't mind leaving him, for that is our custom at home. There's not a man of us who will desert a friend of his if he is taken ill. Perhaps if he dies then he might leave him." So there I was, left in the forest, and that friend of mine took care of me, and would not desert me. It was three o'clock when I was seized with illness, but at five it left me, and I was able to go on. So I and my companion went on together, following the rest of our party. In the night we came upon them, halting for rest at a place called Kisoko (Kisokwe?) in Maringamkali. And we too sat down and rested, for we were very much tired.

In the morning we went on, and after a march of five hours, reached Mpwapwa, where there is an English settlement. And there I found the European I was following, at Mpwapwa, and another European with him, and I told them all about what had happened to me in the forest. And they were very sorry for me. I did not want myself to go to Zanzibar. I wanted to stay there with my other friends. But H. W. Duta, and Johari, and Buketi, and Marijani would not let me stay there. They said, "It is nonsense staying here. Zanzibar is quite near now. You are as good as there. Go on at once, and get your money. Don't lose it for nothing. You have as good as got there now. You had much better go and get it. Listen. We too are going to Zanzibar directly. The Englishman has said, 'We leave here in seven days.' And your Englishman will

find you in Zanzibar. So I stayed at Mpwapwa two days. Then I started, and, after a very long march of perhaps seventeen days, reached Bagamoyo. I took my order to the Banyan to get my money, and the Banyan took out two dollars, and gave them me." I asked him, "Is that all I am to have?" And he said, "That is the whole sum written in this order." I protested, and he said, "Take these orders to Zanzibar. Perhaps these contain your order for the larger sum." A dhow was provided for the voyage, and after a voyage of seven hours I arrived there. When I saw the ships I wondered greatly at the way they were constructed. Then I landed on the shore, and was astonished at the way in which the houses were built, and wondered very much at their being all of stone. I took the orders to the Banyan, and received two rolls of cloth from the Banyan. I asked him about my dollar, and he replied, "No. It is not so written in this order." I was very angry indeed, because the journey had been a very difficult and dangerous one. I waited in order to rest and then go after my companions, but very soon they appeared, and the Englishman with them. Then I was indeed very very glad. They landed and we stayed two days. Then the Englishman said, "I want to take you and H. W. Duta to Mombasa to be taught to read." We replied, "Then who will come to take us back to our homes?" And he said, "I will write a letter to Mr. C. S——, and he will take you back to your parents." But H. W. Duta refused, and so did I, to go to Mombasa. So he took his own four children, one a girl and three boys, who had been presented to him by the king. These three boys he sent to Mombasa, and the girl went with him to England. Then H. W. Duta was taken to the Mission at Mkunazini, and I was left. After waiting many months, at last I followed my friend to Künua Mguu. And this, I think, is about the end of my story.

I am living here now to pray to Almighty God, whose providence has been over me in these dangers, which befell me on the way. God knew that I should do His work a little, and so He saved me in all these dangers which befell me on the way, and never forgot me for a moment. And so now I love to do my Saviour's work, trying not to forget so to work, as to think of Him continually from day to day.

First I was a lost wanderer. I lived like a poor miserable man, like a blind man, not seeing even a glimpse of the path in which people walk. While I so lived I saw one going his way and asked him, "Can I go the same way as you go, easily?" He answered me and said, "This way is very easy, and a very good way too. It is not difficult, but a way to follow with joy and laughter. Further, if you do not go this way, there is no other way like it. You are lost, lost, lost utterly." So I too followed the path which he was following. And lo! it was a way of delusion, and not easy to follow, a way of many troubles too, and many sorrows and tears. I went a little further, and began to see the whole path full of pits. I saw that it was hard to pass, and thorns closed it in on either side, till there seemed no room between. And then there was darkness on that path and no light, only journeying on in trouble, and sorrow, and tears. But as I went along this path, I lifted my head high up, and saw in another quarter a gleam of light. And I followed that light, and left that path of pitfalls, and thorns, and darkness, and followed the path of light. When I came to that path, I found people walking along the path, walking in joy and peace and calm, everyone. Troubles there were none. Then I joined them on this path, this path of joy and laughter, none forbidding me, and I was taught to know how to walk as they walked along this path. This path is the one I have followed to this day. I have been redeemed

from the way which had no light. Those who followed it were utterly deluded.

This is the end of my story.

Founding of the Kingdom of Ganda.

The Ganda country is now the largest of all the countries on the mainland (of Africa). At first it was almost no country at all, for then there was but a single town, and that town a very small one, with less than a hundred inhabitants. The chief's name was Buganda, and the name of his town Mbale. It was hemmed in by many countries —on the east by the countries of Kunga and Songa, on the north by Kedi and Nyoro, on the south by Lama and Sese, on the west by Buda and Sagara. The chiefs of all these countries hemmed in the country of Ganda, but the town of the chief of Ganda land contained people who were great warriors, though few in number.

Now, there arose a certain man in Buganda's town, named Kibuka, who was very great in war. This Kibuka began by winning victories over the Nyoro land single-handed. His method of fighting was this. He himself remained invisible; when he went out to war, he passed through the air above like a cloud. Those with whom he fought never saw him, while he discharged arrows at them, and many were killed and many carried off prisoners. Now, these prisoners of war watched his proceedings, and saw him mount into the air enveloped in a cloud. One of these prisoners managed to escape, and went and told his fellow-countrymen, "The man who defeats us is not a creature of the earth, but of the air. If you see a cloud lowering near you, fire volleys of arrows at it, and you will hit him. And so they did. One day Kibuka appeared, coming to fight them

from above in a cloud, When his enemies saw the cloud they fired heavy volleys of arrows at it. The arrows hit Kibuka, but the people of Nyoro did not know that they had hit him. On being struck by the arrows, he turned back, and arrived near their town, Mbale, and lodged in a tree. The name of this tree was Msambiya. He did not go inside the town. Indeed, he was not able to get down (from the tree), but died where he was, up in the tree. A woman named Nagalemede saw him up in the tree dead. So she went and called people from the town, and said to them, "I have found a man up in a tree, covered with blood and dead." They went and found that it was their own man Kibuka, killed by the people of Nyoro. So they carried him to their town, Mbale, and buried him.

But his death left the chief Buganda in possession of a large country, and also with subjects all feeling the same spirit when he was dead. They were filled with the same spirit as the dead warrior, a warlike spirit, making them invincible when they went forth to war. But there was one thing in which they erred as to the deceased Kibuka. They made his grave an object of worship. When Kibuka was dead a succession of chiefs held sway in later years, and conquered many countries—Kunga and Soga and Bukedi and Nyoro and Badu and Kalagwe and Sagara. The land of Sagara, however, they only subdued in part. The people do not pay tribute, and a raid is made upon them every year because they have refused to pay it. Then there is Sese, and several other countries, and all these are called Ganda, though they keep their own chiefs. But all these countries have been seized by force, and therefore all are now included in the term Ganda.

The late king of Ganda employed a man of great talents, named Nende, possessing the same kind of talents as the Kibuka, whose death has been related, viz., talents for war.

The king sent him eastward to guard the road to Soga. If the people of Ganda want to make a raid on a country to the eastward it is the famous chief Nende who heads the expedition. The people themselves call him Dubale. Again the king employed Kawaga as guard of the northern road. Kibuka was on the western side, and Namkasa on the south. These are the chiefs who guard the frontiers, all men of like talents, and the king treats them with great affection, because they are the guardians of his country. If men like these are wanting in that country the country is helpless. They guard it effectually. If the people want to go and make a raid on a country—east, north, south, or west—the indispensable first step is to take counsel with one of them. Unless a man takes counsel with them it is impossible for him to go. He must gather them together first, and ask them, saying, "I want to make a raid on such a country."

XIII.

HISTORY OF A NYORO BOY.

[THIS story represents a journey of at least 1,000 miles. It starts in the Nyoro country, on the eastern border of the Albert Nyanza, which was employed by General Gordon's Italian lieutenant Gessi, and marks the frontier of the true negro races of the Soudan and the Bantus. Captured by the Gandas in one of their annual raids, and sold to slave-dealers, the child seems to have walked the whole distance from his own home down the western side of the Victoria Nyanza, the accuracy of his memory and observation being attested by the names which appear in the Royal Geographical Society's map of the region, to the great meeting-point of roads and rendezvous of traders, Unyanyembe. Here he marks clearly the character of the place in relation to districts far beyond, and then follows the same track substantially as History XII. to Zanzibar.]

WHEN I was in my own country I was about two years old, and there I lived, and that is all I did. The Nyoro country is a country of many mountains and many rivers running from the mountains. One mountain is higher than the rest. It is called Magongaha, and to the top is (I think) the distance of Chukwani from Kiungani (*i.e.*, a walk of about four

miles). One large river is the Kakindu, and another the Mtogo, and the rest are smaller. I was living in a village called Ukonda, and afterwards I lived at Mnuka. The food used in Nyoro is as follows:—millet and potatoes in great abundance, also bananas are very plentiful, and from bananas is made a liquor like wine. Then there are ground nuts and many other kinds of food.

There is one very remarkable thing, which is this. There are some very large rocks, and these rocks stand by themselves in open country, not in grass or brushwood, but in bare open country, and moreover in the mountains there are very spacious caverns. The people are accustomed to fly for refuge to the top of these rocks. I myself once took refuge on them during the time I was living there. Twice there were wars. In the first one I was saved in a cave, and in the second on a rock. The caverns were not large enough for cattle, only for people, and goats, and sheep. The cattle were driven off to a great distance. When the people heard a rumour of distant war, they began at once to drive off their cattle to a great distance, several days' journey. Nyoro is a very mountainous country, and the people till the soil diligently. Among their clearings are many trees, which have no names in Swahili (not being found on the coast), one being called "mtubba." Some of the people keep large herds of cattle, others have sheep, and others goats. It was in the third war that I was captured (Note 22.) I was in a cavern, with my father and mother and two brothers—one big, one little, and myself the smallest of the three. Well, I knew nothing about the meaning of war, so I went out of the cavern, just for fun as it were, and while I was outside I was seized and carried off. I do not remember anything more, for I was but a little boy when I left my home. After my capture I was taken along the road, leading to the Ganda country, and I

noticed things on the road. I noticed many beautiful trees, and a number of very small lakes, and a very stony place like a wilderness, and many herds of animals grazing on the mountains at a distance. I saw, too, great troops of elephants. These elephants come from the region of the Albert Nyanza, and they have a way of following up the Ganda raiders.

Thus I was carried away to Ganda. I came to Ganda when I was about three years old, and I lived on the border of the Ganda country. On the border of Ganda there are great tracts of country laid waste, and towns laid waste. These wasted towns were laid waste by the elephants, which come from the Lake Albert Nyanza, following the tracks of the raiding parties, which go out from time to time to fight. The border of Ganda is a fine country too, with hills and mountains, and a great many streams. There is one large river called Mtagana, which elephants are fond of bathing in. I lived there till I grew up a little, though only three years old (at first). Well, I was taken away from that place at a general muster of people, whose services were required by the king. I proceeded to a place, where there was a high hill called Gambalagala. Leaving that place I was conveyed to the town of the king of Ganda (Note 23.) There I was demanded to be offered up as a sacrifice, but I left the place, and a debt was paid with me, and so I lived in the country between.

Food in Ganda consists of bananas, potatoes, maize, ground nuts, beans, and many kinds of fruit, beside other things. While in that country I went a journey with my master, and came to a large river called Katonga, and then to a second large river called Namajuzi. This last river was the largest river of all, its width being the distance from Mbweni to the Sultan's palace in Zanzibar (*i.e.*, about three miles).

The names of the chief towns of the king of Ganda are as follows:—first Ulaura, the second Kaoka, the third Msamsala, the fourth Mguju, the fifth Kiyamja, the sixth Mnyendo, the seventh Ugonzi, the eighth Kasaka, the ninth Mtemla, the tenth Kiyumba, the eleventh Ugwela, the twelfth Ukayata, and there are many more whose names I do not know, and a very great number of villages besides. The towns are all built in groves of bananas. You see no houses, only bananas. This is how you recognize a town; when you see a grove of bananas you know that there lies a town in the midst of them.

The names of the countries ruled over by the king of Ganda are these:—Wera, Changabbo, Uziba, and Kiumbilo, also Sese, an island in the Victoria Nyanza, and also Bwela. Those are the countries. Then the names of the towns in which I lived as a slave are:—first, the town (or "challo," which means town, in the Ganda language) of a chief called Msoga, but the name of the town I do not know. It was a very beautiful spot, but the villages near it were all laid waste by elephants. Next I lived in the capital of the king of Ganda, then thirdly in the town of Yaura. Thence it was that I started on a journey with my masters to the river Namajuzi. My fourth home was Kasaka, my fifth Ulaura, the sixth Mnyendo, the seventh Mpugwe, the eighth Kalamna. Then I came to Kiumbilo. After we had arrived at Kiumbilo my masters heard that there was an Arab in Kiswele, so they took me there and sold me for some cloth.

There is one more thing about Ganda. There is a forest very remarkable for its size and length, containing animals of every kind. The length of this forest from end to end is a journey of two months. This is the end of my account of Ganda.

I remained in Kiswele as the slave of the Arab, and then

went to the country of Nyambo with the Arab. This, too, is a fine country. The people keep cattle and till the soil, and the chief is Rumanyika. His territory is a very fine one. It is very hilly, and bananas are as plentiful as in Ganda. The people generally resemble the Gandas, but they are still more closely like the Nyoros, both their language and character, and their women are very handsome on the whole. After leaving Nyambo we came to (the land of) another chief, a land containing a large river, and the people fish a great deal in the river. The name of the chief I did not learn. His country is a very fine one, with a great abundance of white millet. The people occupy themselves with fishing and tilling the ground. This country too is very hilly.

Proceeding from this place, we came to the Sumbua country, which also is a beautiful land, with mountains and a few rivers and many large and tall trees, the height from root to top of a single tree being over forty cubits. This tree is called the "myombo." The people till the ground by their villages, and are fond of living in villages strongly stockaded. They are brave, and have many villages with stockades and many chiefs. But the land was very peaceful; there was no war. Leaving this place we came to Mirambo (Note 24), but I can tell nothing about him, for we passed as quickly as ever we could, and arrived at Unyanyembe. Unyanyembe is a country of small hills of no great size, with many tracts of forest to the northward. But it is a fine country. The people cultivate diligently, and the land is productive. There are a large number of Arabs, forming a very prosperous settlement. The chief Arab was Kisesa. The Arabs travel in all directions, some reaching Ujiji, and crossing over (Lake Tanganyika), and penetrating to the countries of Nyema, Bemba, and Ryamalungu, and also Ruba, in quest of slaves and ivory, which they collect

together at Unyanyembe. I left this place with a party of Arabs travelling to Zanzibar, and we passed through the forest of Mgundamali, a five days' journey, and arrived in the Gogo country. This, too, is a fine country, with some mountains, but still a fine country, producing abundance of millet, maize, ground nuts, and much besides. The people keep cattle, sheep, goats, &c. There are wastes, too, in the country, very large trees, too, called Buyu (baobab) in great abundance. The people are fond of the fruit, both mixed with porridge and in other forms. Of mountains there are but very few.

After leaving Gogo we passed the forest of Chunyu. This forest is full of hills, some high, some low. When we left Chunyu we reached Mpwapwa, where there is an English Mission, in a beautiful place, with many hills and very fine trees. The soil, too, produces all kinds of food, and the people cultivate, and some keep sheep and cattle and goats. After leaving Mpwapwa there is the Sagara country, and near it a large river called Mkondogo, watering the whole of the Sagara country, and passing beyond it. The whole country is a fine one, and the people till the soil, beside other occupations. Moreover, it is very mountainous.

I do not clearly recollect much more. We left Sagara, and came to the Kame country. After Kame the Zigua country, of which also I know nothing except that where the chief lives there is a very high mountain, whose top is the clouds. After Zigua came the Zaramo country, of which I know nothing, and after Zaramo Bagamoyo. This is a fine country, with many fertile plantations and a large population of Arabs, Hindis, and Swahilis. The French, too, are very flourishing. There they cut channels for water.

This, too, happened to me.

When I was a slave in the Ganda country I was very well treated, but under my last master in Ganda I was treated badly. My business was to tend my master's goats, and this went on till one day I went to tend the goats, and a leopard came and carried off a large goat. I did not know that the goat had been seized, and when it was evening I drove all the rest of the goats home, and then went searching for the missing one among the fields, but did not find it. Then I went back to the village, but I did not go back to my master's house—I went to another house. My master was out in the country, but when he heard of it he came, but did not find me, and searched for me in anger because of the goat, because I had not told him that the goat was lost. He found me in the other house, and took me and gave me a great beating, till blood flowed from my nose and mouth. I remained for the night in that other house. In the morning they went to the forest and found the remains of the goat, and brought them to the village, and some of them took the flesh that was left and ate it. And I was going to ask about it, but my master had a spear in his hand, and threw the spear, intending to kill me, but I avoided it, and it went into a banana tree just behind me.

Again, I was on a journey, and my master made me carry a heavy load, which was too much for me. Well, one day as we were going I felt my load very heavy, and I fell down with my load in the mud. When he saw the load all muddy he got in a passion, and gave me a great beating. He even took his spear to kill me, but his companions said, "Oh, nonsense!" so he let me off. And a third time I was keeping goats as before, and one day I took some goats belonging to his kinsman as well as his own, because their owner had no one to tend them. My master saw these other goats, and gave me a great beating, till I became in-

sensible. He beat me on my leg, cutting the flesh till the bone was laid bare, and there was a great wound. But I was nursed, and got well.

After I got well I was sold to some Arabs in Kiswele. The man who bought me was not a real Arab, but a Swahili. There I lived in slavery, but was well treated at first. When we left Kiswele, and went to the country of Nyambo, I was badly treated, and made to carry a great many things. I carried my master's mats from Kiswele to Nyambo, an eight days' march. We stayed for a time, and then left, and I was very well treated then, and many others were treated well too, but some badly. From the time we left Nyambo to Sumbua I was sometimes treated well and sometimes badly, and it was the same with the others. But master and slave all fared alike as to food.

After this we were travelling one day, and that day we made a longer march than on any other day in our journey. That day a great many people's strength gave way, and mine too, for I had a heavy load on my head, and then it was that he gave me a worse beating than on any other day in our travels. He beat me because I could not keep up, and was going to kill me, but his companions said it was no good, so he let me off. That day we walked from two o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening, through a forest which is near the chief of the Maviti, and in the morning we got into another country. From that time I was treated pretty well, but some of the slaves were near dying from sickness and small-pox, and three did die, one man and two women, and a little baby, too, because its mother was dead. We went on to Unyanyembe, and I was sold by my master to another man, and there I was treated ten times as well as before, and was set to take care of my master's child. I lived in great comfort, but soon I was sold to an Arab, and then, too, I was treated well till I got to

Bagamoyo. After reaching Bagamoyo I was sold again, and there I was set to keep shop and sell my master's wares. There, too, I found a friend, Salimu, and two girls, (so we were) four altogether. We were sold, and came to Winde, and there our numbers increased, and we were six. And we went to Saadani, and then to Buyuni and Kipumbi, and then Kikwajuni. On arriving at Pangani we again increased in numbers, and were eleven. We stayed a long time at Pangani. After leaving Pangani we came to a place called Gulio, where a great market is held, and after Gulio we came to Tanga, and we slaves were largely added to, till there were fifty-two—many more women than men, perhaps thirty grown women, many young, and only a few with children, about six. Then there were about four boys, and seven Arabs.

That very night we embarked in a dhow with five Arabs, two remaining on shore. We embarked in a dhow with five Arabs and sailed. The first day we had bananas to eat, the second day unripe mangoes, and the third day the same as the second, both the third and the fourth. Those three days there was rain with bursts of sunshine on the sea, but water to drink there was not a drop. On the fourth of these days the sea was very rough, but we went on till four o'clock, and then we came near Pemba. Then the Arabs began to consult together, whether to land the slaves in the country or at the custom-house. Some said, "Let us land them at the custom-house." So they put about, and we made for the custom-house. Night fell, but we went on. It was a pitch-dark night, and as we went we saw a light belonging to one of the boats of H.M.S. "London." The Arabs thought it was a fire on the shore, for the boat was close to the shore. We were passing as it were to the left, and leaving the boat on the right. Presently we heard, "Lower sail," and the sailors on the dhow replied, and the

captain said to the Arabs, "We had better lower." They answered and said "Nonsense!" The Europeans got angry, and repeated four times, "Lower sail." After that they fired a gun, and when they fired the gun the Arabs began to get into a fright, and bustled about in the dhow, cutting the ropes of the dhow, so as to shift the sail to catch the wind. But wind there was none. There had been wind at first, but when they ordered us to lower sails there was a complete calm, and after that not a breath of wind. One Arab when he saw the boat close by threw himself into the sea, and made for the shore, for the shore was quite near. Then the boat came up very fast, and one European officer, who was their leader, boarded the dhow, cut the sail down, and took the anchor and threw it into the water. After this others came on board, and an interpreter came on board too. We lay down till morning, and then were changed about until we came to the "London." In the morning, at nine o'clock, we were landed on the shore at the consulate, and were asked every one his name and tribe. After the consul (we went to) Mkunazini, and from Mkunazini to Kiungani. That is the end of me.

Part II.

AFRICAN TALES.

Part II.

AFRICAN TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE personal narratives in Part I. are the best introduction to the miscellaneous stories, chronicles, and fables of Part II. of this volume. They supply or suggest everything necessary for a just estimate of their origin and value, and explain difficulties arising from the mixed character of their contents. No one will expect from a haphazard aggregation of young African waifs and strays a complete or harmonious or representative collection of the stories current in the Dark Continent. No one will expect them to be free from admixture from other sources—elements contributed by each new turn in the varied experiences of the narrator, as he passed from tribe to tribe of his own countrymen, then to Arabs, and finally to Europeans. But, on the other hand, no one need expect disguise or mere fabrication. The stories are told simply and without art to the best of each boy's recollection, served by a sympathetic fancy. Traces

of Arab and European influence exist in many—of Semite and Aryan, of the "Tents of Shem" and the "God of Japheth" in the Semitic camp—but are clear enough to be distinguishable, while the bulk remains plainly African, both in substance and form.

As to African folk-lore in general, it may be sufficient to refer to the collections made by the late Dr. Bleek of Cape Town, of "Hottentot Fables and Tales" by Bishop Callaway of Zulu, and by Bishop Steere of Swahili stories, and (to turn to a very different, but hardly less valuable source of information on the subject) Mr. Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" and companion volumes, already referred to in the Preface.

The thirty-one here edited are arranged in three main divisions, according to the locality from which they are drawn, viz., Stories I.-XIII. from the country of Ganda to the north of Lake Victoria Nyanza; Stories XIV.-XXIII. from the region of Lake Nyassa, the country of the Bisas, Bembas, Makuas, and Yaos, and finally, Stories XXIV.-XXXI. from the coast itself, and the tribes in constant contact with its capital, Zanzibar. Such are the Gindos, Zaramos, Ziguas, Shambaras, and others. Any classification by contents would be artificial, and perhaps misleading. The first division contains two groups, viz., Stories I.-VII., written by a Ganda lad (see Part I., History XII.), and VIII.-XIII. by a Nyoro boy, taken captive, when quite a child, by the people of Ganda (see Part I., History XIII.) In the first group two stories (Nos. III. and IV.) belong entirely to the class of so-called Beast-Fable. No. II. seems half chronicle, half romance. The rest range from the purely historical, so far as such are possible under the conditions, to narrative founded on fact, or merely possible. The narrator is often definite as to persons and places, and assured the Editor that in several cases they were within his personal knowledge.

Thus Singo (Story I.) he describes as two days' journey, perhaps thirty or forty miles, from the capital, in a north-westerly direction, Bulemenzi as about the same distance to the north. He had seen the grave of Kawekwa's son at Jinga, heard the story of Msamya and his sheep (No. V.), from his son Magala, and was acquainted with the sons of the burglar Dubowa (No. VII.). Of course imagination plays its part in all, but this is very different from conscious distortion of fact. "Dry light" is a modern refinement, not to say fiction. The second group is all Beast-Fable, mostly of a childish kind. One story at least, No. XIII., "The Rabbit and the Elephant (3)" is a mere variant of the first story with that title (No. III.).

The ten succeeding stories, Nos. XIV.-XXIII., profess to be drawn from the Bisa and Makua countries, lying west and east of Lake Nyassa,—countries less remote from the coast than Ganda, and accordingly one or two stories contain incidents and colouring implying at least a second-hand acquaintance with coast-life and the influence of the ubiquitous Arab caravan. But there seems no reason why most of them should not be regarded as fair specimens of stories current in those districts.

The last group of eight stories, Nos. XXIV.-XXXI., was furnished exclusively from districts closely connected by locality or trade with Zanzibar. They illustrate not only the characteristic mixture of native and Arab elements which makes the typical Swahili, but also the marked effect of Zanzibar scenes and sounds on the imagination of those to whom the great city comes as a very revelation, the embodiment of the highest flight of human advancement. Its ships, its cannon, its stone warehouses and palaces, its clock-tower, its Sultan as the ideal of Arab luxury and refinement,—all these, magnified and multiplied beyond all bounds, figure in these stories, and not less significant is

the ever-recurring contrast of riches and poverty, the gulf between them, and their rapid interchange.

A few explanatory remarks are prefixed to some of the stories.

I.

KAWEKWA AND TEGUAKI.

(HOW) KAWEKWA AND TEGUAKI WENT TO CONSULT A MEDICINE-MAN, NAMED NAMGANGA, LIVING AT A PLACE CALLED MASABA.

A CERTAIN man went from the king to a medicine-man, and asked him to give him war-medicine. The medicine-man said to him, "Are you a man of valour?" The man answered, "Yes, I am a man of valour." The medicine-man said to him, "If you are a man of valour, come along with me." And they went along the road. When they were alone and no one near, the medicine-man said, "I will give you two spears and a shield. Go into the forest in front of you, and if you meet another man, do not be afraid of him. If you are afraid of him you will be killed." When he had given him these directions the man went into the forest with his spears and shield. He went into the forest with his shield and spears, and met a man like himself, and threw a spear at him, but did not strike him full, and the man from the forest struck the man who had asked for war-medicine and killed him. So everyone was afraid of (asking for) Namganga's war-medicine.

Presently another man set out. He lived at a place called Singo, and was one of the king's men, but he was not sent

by the king. His name was Kawekwa. He came to Namganga, and said, "I want war-medicine." "Are you sure," replied Namganga, "that my medicine is not too strong for you?" "Yes," answered Kawekwa, "I am sure your medicine is not too strong for me." Namganga said to him, "If it is not too strong for you, come here, and let me tell you all about it." So he went, and he explained it all to him, and gave him the spears and shield, and said to him, "Now, then, go into that forest in front of you, and if you come across a man like yourself do not run away from him. If you are afraid of him he will kill you." The man replied, "Very good." Namganga said to him, "Go." And Kawekwa went, and arrived at the place he had told him of, and found the man of whom he had told him. Kawekwa at once seized his spear, and he threw it at the other man and killed him. When he had killed him he went back to Namganga in great triumph, and said to him, "I have killed the man." "Very good," replied Namganga; "I want my fee, and I will give you the medicine you want. I want a goat and a white fowl and a shawl and ninety cowries." When he had paid Namganga his fee, then Namganga gave him his medicine, and he made him a bag for it, and gave it Kawekwa. And he said to him, "Go. If a spear hit you, it shall not pierce you. If a bullet hit you, it shall not hurt you." And so it was. He went to war and fought most valiantly, and afterwards he went by himself and conquered a number of towns single-handed.

Then another man appeared. The place he came from was called Bulemenzi. He, too, was one of the king's men, but he was not sent by the king. His name was Teguaki. He, too, went to Namganga to ask for war-medicine. Namganga said to him, "Do *you* want medicine from me?" "Yes," he replied, "I want medicine from you." "You want medicine from me. Well, what is your name?"

"Teguaki." "Is not my medicine too strong for you?" "It is not too strong for me." "Speak the truth." "I do." So they went to the place, and he told him all about it, just as he had told the first man, Kawekwa, and gave him the spears and shield, and off he went. And he did just exactly the same as Kawekwa had done, and when he had killed his man he returned to Namganga's house. Namganga said to him, "I want my fee." He replied, "What do you receive for your fee?" Namganga said to him just what he had said to the first man, and he brought him his fee. And Namganga gave him his medicine, and made him a bag for it, and gave it to Teguaki, and said to him exactly what he had said to the first man, Kawekwa. And he went to war, and fought and conquered his enemies most valiantly. Then he went by himself and conquered a number of towns single-handed, and a very valiant man he was. Every man was loud in his praises, and his fame reached the first man, Kawekwa. His neighbours said to him, "There is a man in our country here who is as great a hero as yourself." Kawekwa answered, "Where is this fellow?" They said, "He lives at Bulemenzi." Kawekwa stoutly contradicted them. "There is no one so valiant as I." They replied, "There is a man as good as you." He was very angry, and went after his rival.

He went to the place they told him of, and arrived at Bulemenzi, and asked, "Where is Teguaki's house?" They showed him the house. "Yonder, a very high one; that is his house." Well, he went to it, and found Teguaki's wife, but did not find her husband—he was gone to the wars. Teguaki's goats, Kawekwa slaughtered them all. And Teguaki came back from the wars, and found his comfortable home quite quiet, but all his goats gone and his bananas cut down. And he called his wife, and his wife said to him, "I cannot speak about what has happened.

Ask your neighbours." (The neighbours said) "A man set out to come in search of you, to fight you, because you are so very much praised. That is why he cut down your bananas and killed your goats—just to make you very angry and come after him. He said his name was Kawekwa, and that he lived at Singo. There is a very high hill called Kishozi; when you come to this hill you will see his house plainly, for it is a very high one." Teguaki had not yet gone inside his house, and when he heard this account he did not go into his house at all, and he did not eat, and he was very full of wrath. "Moreover Kawekwa said, if you do not come after him, he will come and carry you off to go and draw water for his wife."

Well, Teguaki went after his rival Kawekwa, and came to the hill and saw Kawekwa's house, and went down the hill and reached the house, and found his wife there, and asked her, "Whose house is this?" She replied, "Kawekwa's." "Where is he?" His wife answered, "He is gone to the wars." He said to her, "Come here." The woman came to him, and Teguaki cut off both her ears, and said to her, "When your husband comes tell him, 'It was Teguaki who cut off my ears like this, and if you do not go after him he will come again and cut off yours.'"

Afterwards Kawekwa came back from the wars, and before he reached his house they told him, "Your wife has had her ears cut off by Teguaki." When he heard that, he did not go to his house, because his wife had had her ears cut off. He said, "How can I look at my wife?" Then he went after Teguaki, and came to a small hill near his destination, and blew his war-pipe. Teguaki's wife said to him, "That is the war-pipe of your friend, the man whose wife's ears you cut off." So he took out his own pipe, and blew it in answer to him. When Kawekwa heard him answer he was delighted because of finding his rival. He

drew near, and Teguaki brought out ashes and cinders and sent them to him, for such is the custom when they are going to fight—they first rub themselves over with ashes and cinders, so as not to be recognizable. Then Kawekwa said to Teguaki, "Make haste, and come on. Don't think that I have come a long way, and fancy that I am fatigued as yet." He replied, "Wait for me. I am having a meal first." He took out his spears and shield, and sent them outside. When he had done eating, he went out of his house and blew his war-pipe, and the other answered him. Then he went at him, and there they met. First Kawekwa threw a spear, but his enemy avoided it, and it broke in two. Then Teguaki threw a spear, and Kawekwa avoided it, and it broke in two. Then both threw at the same moment, and each man tried to parry with his shield, but they fell down both of them and died.

Their brethren came to mourn for them, and some dug a grave. Kawekwa had one son, named Wakiuguru, and he came to mourn for him. But before he arrived, or the grave was finished, they both came to life again. When they had made friends, they called the child Wakiuguru, and he came. And (Kawekwa) said to him, "This is my son, Wakiuguru. When I die, he is master of my house." When he had uttered these words, they both died. When they were dead, the boy was master of the house of his father, Kawekwa.

And Wakiuguru turned out exactly like his father for bravery, and was greatly beloved by the king for his bravery. And the king said, "I want you to go and subdue Busoga. Do you need any soldiers?" He said, "I do not want your soldiers; I will go all by myself." The king said, "Go, then," and he went. He went and subdued the country called Soga. He subdued it all by himself. When he had subdued it he came back. When he had come back the

king loved him very much for his bravery, and gave him a number of slaves, and gave him also a place called Jinga. And they went and built him his town, and he went and lived in his town. Then he started from his town, and defeated the people of Soga—every month he used to make a raid of this kind. Well, one day when he had come back from a war he was attacked by a sickness, and after two days he died. They went and told the king, "Wakiuguru is dead." And the king was very sorry, for he had loved him very much, and he sent a number of slaves to go and sweep his grave at Jinga.

II.

BEASTS AND MEN.

IN old times people were very valiant. A single man went out from a town and into a forest to catch a buffalo, and brought back the buffalo alive to the town. Again, when people here [in Gandaland] heard that there were other towns near, a single man went out with his club, and went to conquer a whole town with just one club and nothing more. Well, one day, when people knew nothing about it, a fierce beast called Nabinene, of huge size, came and went into all the towns, and devoured all the people. Now, there was a certain woman living in the town She (ran away into the high grass and) fell down, and the grass bent down over the woman (her name was Nakhimu) and covered her over, so that the beast did not see her at all. When it had done devouring people, cattle, and every thing, all together—not a single thing was left—when the woman saw that the beast had gone quite away, she rose up again from where she lay in the grass, and opened her eyes and looked all round, and there was nothing. She stayed where she was in all her wretchedness for a month, and bore a child, a boy, and called him Mlekwa, which means bereft of father and brothers and sisters.

After a time the child grew up, and his mother said to him, " My child, you see here you have no father or brothers

or sisters or relations, but only me, your mother." Then Mlekwa said to his mother, "Why have I no father or brothers or sisters?" His mother said to him, "Your father and brothers and sisters were eaten by a beast. It was a beast, yet not a beast but a man, yet not a man." Then her son replied, "Where does that beast live?" Nakhimu answered, "I do not know where it lives." The boy said to her, "Mother, dear!" "Yes, my child." "I want arrows. I want a sword. I want spears." His mother did as he wished, and gave her son his weapons, and he went away into the forest to search for the beast which had devoured his father.

As he went he fell in with an old buffalo, and shot it dead with a single arrow, and dragged it home, singing, "Chimazi chamala banake nake lelo kilesi kinalaba runaku ruwalelo," which means, "The beast which ate my father and my brethren, to-day I have got it." When he arrived at home his mother said to him, "That is not the beast." Again the boy went into the forest, and fell in with a great many wild beasts, and chose out an elephant because of its great size, and struck it with a spear. The elephant lifted up his trunk to seize him, and he struck at it with his sword, and cut off its trunk and killed it. Now, the boy had the strength of a hundred men, and he dragged the elephant a distance of three hours' march, singing the same song as before. He arrived at his home, and his mother said, "Ah! my child, this beast is not the beast. Only do not name that beast. If you do but smell it you will faint away." The boy knew the name, but said, "Very good. Make me nine cakes and parch me some ground nuts, and put them in a bag. Make me a pouch, too, to hold water." She made them, and gave them to her son. When she had given them to her son she said to him, "Mlekwa, my child, where do you intend to go?" Her son replied, "I do not

know where I shall go." His mother said, "Good-bye, my child." "Good-bye, mother." And the lad went off into the forest.

For two months he travelled on and on, and at last fell in with a woman with only one breast in the forest. The lad was very much afraid, and pondered, and horrible thoughts came across him, and he said to himself, "What shall I do to her? She it is who ate my father and brothers and sisters." As he was pondering thus the woman turned round and saw the youth, and bade him welcome to her house. The lad went with her and sat down, and she prepared him food and gave it him, and he ate it and liked it very much, and stayed there a long time. At last the woman with one breast said to him, "Young man, where do you come from, and where are you going?" The young man answered and said, "I do not know where I come from or where I am going." Then the woman said to him, "Tell me what you are thinking of in your heart." "What I am thinking about," said the youth, "is this. I have no father or brothers or sisters." The woman replied and said to him, "Why have you no father or brothers or sisters? What are you in search of?" The lad answered, "I don't know what I am in search of." "Come here," she said to him. The lad went to her. "Move to this side," said she. The lad moved to the spot she indicated. Then the woman said to him, "Mount on my shoulder." When he had mounted the woman with one breast grew and grew till she was like a ship's mast, and she showed him all the country round. "Look for a road to follow. The lad replied, "I don't know where to go." Then the woman said to him, "Look yonder on the right hand. What do you see?" "I see nothing," he answered; "only the forest waving." Then she said, "Where you see the forest waving, there lies the path you must follow." The lad answered, "I understand."

She said to him, "Go to the spot where the forest is waving, and first, if you find flies feeding on maize and they greet you, make no answer. Next, if you find dogs drinking water and they greet you, make no answer. Then if you find cattle and they greet you, make no answer." The lad answered, "I understand." The woman said to him, "If you follow these directions which I have given you you will accomplish whatever you may desire." "Indeed!" answered the lad. "Now then, go," said she. "But remember, do not be afraid at a great noise." "Very good," the lad replied, and started off. First he found some flies feeding on maize, and they greeted him. He made no answer. Then he went on, and found dogs drinking water, and they greeted him. He made no answer. They bid him welcome. Not a word did he reply. They asked him, "Where do you come from?" and finally laughed at him—"What a fool! He has not got a word to say." Then he went on and found oxen ploughing, and they gave him great shouts of welcome—"Good morning, brother!" He was dumb. Then they all thronged about him, and bade him welcome. Not a single word did he reply. Some said, "Let the fool alone." And they said one to another, "Where has he come from?" Then he went on, and found people with lots of honey and beer, and they bade him welcome. He went to them, and they greeted him and he them, and he sat down, and was given beer and honey, and liked the good cheer. Presently he asked them, "Where is Nabinene?" When he uttered that name they all rose to their feet, and some of them asked each other, "Where has this fellow come from?" The older men said to the younger, "Go and lay hold of him." So they went. When they came to the spot where he was he burnt them everyone up, and the older men to boot. There was there one son of Nabinene. The young man knew him. When he had

done burning up all his first assailants he laid hold of Nabinene's son and held him fast, and he cried out lustily. His father, the monster, Nabinene, heard his son's cry, and sent his slave-women. "Go and see what he is crying about." They went, and he burnt them up too. Then Nabinene heard him crying yet louder, and he sent his chief officers. They went, and the son of Nakhimu burnt them all up, too. Then Nabinene heard him crying louder and louder still, and Nabinene noticed that his messengers had brought him no answer, and grew very angry because the people whom he had sent brought him no answer. So he, too, got up and went out because of his son, to see what he was crying about. When the son of Nakhimu saw the father of the young man he had seized coming he made himself ready, and as soon as he got near he cut his son in two, and as he rushed upon him he saw he had already killed his son. Then the monster raised his head, and the breath streamed out of his mouth, and drew the man who had killed his son, and drew him right into his mouth. When he had got him into his mouth the man's sword cut his mouth, and he spat him out. And then he saw it was nothing, and got him again into his mouth, and this time his dagger scratched his tongue, and he spat him out again. And then in a terrible fury he got him a third time into his mouth, and he cut him with his sword, and he spat him out again. When he had spat him out this last time he had not the strength to get him in again, and the lad lifted up his hand and gave him a sword-cut on the ear, and he fell to the earth and died. Just at this moment the woman with one breast, who had given him all this strength, appeared, and said to him, "Young man, out with your sword here, and cut off his little toe—this one—and your father and brothers and sisters and your relations will come out from this toe." The young man did so. He cut off the monster's little toe, and out came a

very great many things—his brothers and sisters and his father and his relations and his chief—all of them came out of that toe. When they had come out they rejoiced greatly, and all went joyfully back to their own land. The lad's mother heard many drums beating, and wondered greatly, for she was all alone. And they went and arrived in their own land, and they did not recognise that it was their land, because it was all overgrown with bushes. It was the lad who told them "This is your country." His mother, too, did not recognise her son, but the young man knew his mother.

They lived happily in the country, and tilled the land, and all agreed to have the young man for their chief. But he said, "No." When he had said that they gave him a very large present, and he took the present, and all lived peaceably in their own country.

The youth had several brothers. After a time their chief died, and another chief succeeded him, who did not know much about the youth and his brothers. In the time of the former chief his brothers were freed from all work, but when this new chief was in power he called the young man's brothers, "Come and build for me." So they went. When they came back from the chief they told him, "We have come from the chief. He has summoned us to build for him." The young man said to them, "If you are summoned a second time do not go. Say, 'No.'" And they did as he told them. Then the chief sent his soldiers. "Go and bring those men; make them come and build for me." Again they refused. The chief sent a second time "Bring them at once." They told the soldiers, "No, we are not going to work to-day." The chief got very angry, and said to his soldiers, "Go and take them to prison." The young man, their brother, went to the chief, and said "Chief, what is the reason for which you have put those

young men in prison?" The chief replied, "Why do these young men refuse to build for me?" When he had uttered these words he made the youth very angry, and the youth rose up and went away. There were a number of the older men present, and they found great fault with the chief. The youth rose up and went to the prison, and there he found the gaolers, and said to them, "I want my brothers. Are they in this prison?" And they tried to deceive him. "No, your brothers are not in here." But he went into the prison, and released his brothers, and went away. The gaolers went to the chief, and said, "That young man has been to the prison to carry off his brothers." The chief said to his soldiers, "You go and seize him. If he resists kill him." There were a number of the older men present, and they said to the chief, "Let that young man alone." But the chief paid no attention to their words. Then some of the older men went to tell the young man, "The chief is going to kill you." He got ready, and burnt up all the soldiers. Then the older men saw that the chief was getting ready for war, to go and fight that young man, and all the older men took the side of the youth, and the chief was left alone with his soldiers. He went against the young man, and came on him at a beautiful spot called Msike. That is the name of the place at which they fought. The youth killed all the soldiers of the chief. There was not one left. The chief himself was seized, and his hands tied behind him. All the older men collected together and derided him, and said, "Why did you treat this young man so badly, when it was he who saved both us and you? Why, if this young man had not saved your own father's life, how would you have ever got all your power? Even you see now that this young man is our second father, ours and yours. He is our God." Then all the people, when they saw what the chief had done—all the people gathered

together, and all the older men appeared before that youth, and they said to him, "Do what you like with that chief. We have all agreed to have you for our chief. We will have no other chief but you, and only you." The young man said to his brothers, "Take this chief and let him be put in prison for the rest of his life." His brothers did as he directed them. The youth refused to be chief, but all the older men and all his brothers also refused. "We will have no other chief but you." Then he chose out one of the older men, and said to them, "This is your chief." They all said, "No!" Then his mother came and said to her son, "The office of chief is yours. Keep it." The young man paid heed to his mother's words, and ruled over his kingdom. All the people rejoiced greatly, and he was a good guardian of his people.

III.

THE RABBIT AND THE ELEPHANT (1).

A RABBIT stepped out of his house, and went to rob an elephant's millet-field. Some children saw him, and went and told of him to the elephant. "We caught a rabbit robbing your millet-field." The elephant said nothing, except, "Let him alone." One day the rabbit stepped out of his house and went for a stroll, and fell in with some elephants drinking beer, and they invited him to join them. One of them came forward, and said to the rabbit, "I have a couple of pitchers full of beer, and I want you to do a bit of a job for me, only half a day's work." "Half a day's work!" answered the rabbit. "That's nothing. Come along and show it me." "Just now," replied the elephant, "I have something to do. Never mind. Come at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." "All right," said the rabbit. "My beer is all ready, remember," added the elephant; "so do not fail on any account to come to-morrow and do my little job." When the bargain had been fairly struck the elephant went to his field, and took some birdlime and made a snare there in the millet, surrounding the whole plot, and leaving only one way in. The next morning at eight o'clock the rabbit set out from his house, and went to the elephant and said, "Here I am. I want my job." "Wait a minute," said the elephant, and went into his plot of millet, and

spread a piece of matting in the millet. Then he came back, and said, "Now then you go first, and I follow. There is only this one path, and I am coming too." And he took his sword, and followed behind the rabbit. When the rabbit came to where the matting was spread, he sat down, because the elephant directed him, "When you come to a piece of matting stop, and I will tell you which part I am going to reap." So the elephant came up behind him, and found him on the matting, rolling and stretching himself, and he turned upon him and began shouting, and saying, "There's that thief of a rabbit! there's that thief of a rabbit! there he goes!" "It's all up with me," said the rabbit, and tried to run away, but the birdlime held him fast,—he could not run a yard. Up came the elephant, and stamped and stamped upon him, and chopped him into mincemeat, and scattered his remains in all directions. When the elephant had done killing him, he went back to his house and said to his friends, "I have got that thief of a rabbit to-day." "Well done," said they. "Now we shall dine in some comfort." At eight o'clock that night there came a wind, and the bones of the rabbit and the flesh all met and joined together, and there was the rabbit all alive and well again. The rabbit got up and went home to his house. His wife asked him, "Where have you been to-day, —morning to evening, and all night too?" The rabbit concealed from his wife what had happened to him, and said to her, "I stayed rather late at a friend's house over there. He was spinning a long yarn to me about his adventures in the Further Sea." (Note 25.)

Well, after a time he got up, and went out for a ramble, and fell in with the elephants. They quite failed to recognise him, thinking, "That rabbit we have killed beyond a doubt. This is probably another." He found them occupied with music and dancing. At first he stopped where he was, till

they invited him to join their dance. He said, "I do not know the figures." "Oh! come and try," they replied. So the rabbit got up, and struck into the ring, and danced. They saw the rabbit's style of dancing, and left off dancing themselves, and watched the rabbit's dance, for he danced uncommonly well. They applauded the rabbit loudly for his dancing, the fact being that the rabbit's bones were somewhat loose at the joints. So the rabbit went on dancing, and his bones jingled inside him, and the elephants were in raptures, and thought he had bells inside. Presently the chief elephant came forward, and said to him, "Mr. Rabbit, I should like you to teach me that dance." "Oh," said the rabbit, "if you want to know this dance of mine, you can learn it in no time." The company then dispersed. Presently the old elephant called the rabbit, and said to him, "Should you mind coming to my house?" "I should like to," said the rabbit. "Come along then," said the elephant. So they went and arrived at the house of the old elephant. And the elephant said to the rabbit, "I want to know this dance of yours. Only teach me this dance of yours, and I will give you whatever you like." "Oh," said the rabbit, "if you want to know this dance of mine, you can get to know it better than I do myself?" "Really," said the elephant, "really, Mr. Rabbit?" "Yes, really and truly," answered the rabbit. Then the elephant said, "Come, teach me then." "Bring me your sword," said the rabbit. He brought him his sword, and gave it to the rabbit. The rabbit examined it, and saw that it was not particularly sharp, and said, "This sword is not very sharp. Wait and let me take it home, and sharpen it up nicely, so that it may not hurt you. Then early in the morning I will come back, and give you a lesson." "Very well," replied the elephant, and the rabbit went to his house, and spent the whole night long, sharpening the sword. He never

slept a wink. In the morning off he went, and came to the elephant, and said to him, "Now then, get ready. Here I am." "Very good," answered the elephant. "I am ready too." The rabbit said to the elephant, "Come and look for a suitable spot. I don't want a crowd,—just our two selves and no more." The elephant went into his inner room, and called the rabbit, "Come here, this is a nice place." So the rabbit went in and said to him, "Now then, lie down. As you are so uncommonly big, no doubt you can bear a good deal. But don't be afraid. If you are afraid, you have no chance of learning an elegant style of dancing." When the elephant had lain down, the rabbit slashed away parts of his legs, slashed them clean away, and said to him, "Now you will get well, and after that you will have learnt an uncommonly elegant style of dancing." Then the rabbit carried away the flesh he had cut off, and said to the elephant, "I am just going to put this flesh in the larder, so that it may keep free from maggots. I'll put it in a nice cool place, and will come back again. Only wait for me to bring you my medicine too." So the rabbit went off with the meat, and came to his house, and said to his wife, "Make haste, and cook me a bit of my meat." And his wife made haste, and did so.

After a time the elephant saw that the rabbit did not come back, and he sent the rat, "Go and tell him that his friend lies in danger of his life." The rabbit answered, "Oh, that is all nonsense. He will get well directly. Besides, I'm hungry. I have eaten nothing since the morning. I will tell them to bring us some food, and then we shall feel better, and able to go and save our friend." "Very well," said the rat, "only make haste." So the rabbit said to his wife, "Now then, look sharp and dish up." And his wife brought food with all speed. The rat noticed that there was a great deal of meat in their food, and asked

him, "Where did you get all this meat?" "Oh!" said the rabbit, "my stock of meat,—there's no telling the quantity I have got of it. If you like I will make you a present of some." "Thank you," said the rat, and when they had done eating, the rabbit remarked, "Come, let us first to my larder. It is quite easy to get there, and you can take your meat." So they went off, and came to a place, where there was a small passage like a pipe running right through a small dense thicket, and then the rabbit said to the rat, "Here, just put your head into this passage." The rat put his head into the passage. The rabbit went round to the other end, and with his sling he sent a stone along the passage, and killed the rat, carried him off, went and flayed him at once, and said to his wife, "Make haste and cook it." And his wife did as her husband told her.

Next, the elephant sent the deer, because his first messenger brought him no answer. And the deer went off to the rabbit's house, and found him at home, and asked him, "Well, how are you?" And then the deer said exactly what the rat had said to him. And the rabbit, he did to the deer exactly as he had done to the rat. They went to the passage, and the rabbit said to the deer just what he had said to the rat, and the deer was killed, and he carried him off, and did with him just what he had done with the rat, and gave his wife the same directions as he had given her before.

Meanwhile the elephant was near dying, and the third messenger he sent was the leopard, because his first messengers brought him no answers. Now the leopard was a very sagacious beast. So the leopard went to the rabbit's house, and found him at home, and asked him, "Well, how are you?" And the leopard said just the same as the others had said, just the same words. And the rabbit replied to him, just as he had replied to the others, and they went and came

to the place where the passage was, and he gave him just the same directions as he had given the others before him. Well, when he had finished his directions, he went about his own part of the business, but when the leopard saw that the rabbit had gone round to the other end, he moved from the end of the passage where the rabbit told him to stay, because the leopard is not accustomed to seize his prey with his teeth, but with his claws. So the rabbit slung a stone down the passage to kill the leopard, and the leopard saw that it was not meat. But he pretended he was dead, and the rabbit came and carried him off. When he was carrying him off, the leopard struck his claw into the rabbit's head, and the rabbit threw him down and ran away, and the leopard after him. The rabbit ran on and on, and came to a river, and took mud, and smeared it all over his body, and stood in the road. Soon the leopard appeared, and found him in the road, and thought perhaps this was another, and not the one he was after, so he asked him, "You have not seen another rabbit, have you, a rabbit not all over mud?" "No," he answered, "I have not seen him. I came here in search of a leopard. I have bagged nine, and I still want one to make up ten. Some of my party are over yonder, and others—did you not see just where you are coming from? However, I will have pity on you. If it had been anyone else, he would not have told you. When the leopard heard these words, that leopard took to his heels. When the rabbit saw the leopard in full flight, he shouted after him, "There's a leopard! There he goes! Tally-ho! Come along there!" The leopard ran faster and faster, thinking perhaps there were lots of them. while there was only one really. So he went and came to the elephant, and found him already dead.

The rabbit, who put the leopard to flight, was the same rabbit, who killed the elephant on account of the millet.

IV.

THE BEASTS AND THE RABBIT.

VERY great number of animals collected together. But drinking water failed them, and some died of thirst—only a portion remained alive. One night they heard a sound of water, and all took counsel together, and tracked the sound of the water to the place it came out of. They arrived at a great valley, which was the place from which the sound proceeded, and they searched for the water, but could not find it. So they went home again, and waited there. Again the sound of water struck on their ears in their abode, and again they tracked the sound, and went to the place it came from. They went on and on, and came to the precise spot from which the sound came, and searched for the water, and searched and searched, but never found a single drop. So again they went back home, and waited there. At last all the older animals met together, and said, "Come, let us go to the spot from which the sound of the water comes, and dig there; perhaps we shall get water." They all responded, "By all means. Come, let us go." So they all collected together, and went on and on, till they arrived at the place from which the sound of the water came. Then they dug and dug—some dying of thirst, some digging on. At last all were weary, and laid down their

spades, everyone of them. Well, when they had all laid down their spades, then the rabbit had his opportunity, and got up to work, and he, too, began digging. When they saw him take hold of his spade to go and try his luck, to see if he could manage it by digging, the other animals got up and came and thrust the rabbit away, and some of them slapped him. There was a great uproar, and the overlooker heard it, and came and stopped the quarrelling, saying, "Now then, all of you, sit down quietly." So they sat down, and he asked everyone the cause of the uproar. The rabbit rose up, and came forward to the overlooker, and said, "I have done nothing wrong, and I have not abused a single one of them. All my fault is, I see all my fellow-animals hate me. Well, I got up to come here, just to have my try, too, and see if I could manage; and just for this the poor rabbit gets thrashed, sir." Then the other animals replied, "All very well, but this rabbit here—well, it's true we shoved him away, and it's true we slapped him, but as to his not abusing us, that was because we let him off so easily. The fact is, he wants to come, too, and dig. Well, we said, 'You shan't,' and told him we were all friends together, we were, and had serious business in hand. And you see, rabbit, how dreadfully we are all put about, and then there is no equality between you and us—we are all twenty times as strong as you are. Why is it we are beaten by the job? And if so, what in the world is the use of you?" "If you had just left me alone," replied the rabbit, "I would have dug as well as a poor rabbit can." Then the overlooker answered them, and said, "You have done wrong in refusing the rabbit's assistance. Let him alone, and he shall dig as well as he can." So they attended to the overlooker's words, and let the rabbit alone, and he dug, while they said to him, "Now then, rabbit, go along and dig." Accordingly the rabbit got up to go and dig, and

when they saw him getting up to go and dig, they all laughed at him to a man. Even the overlooker laughed at him, too, because he was very, very small, like a baby. He went to the place and dug, and in a twinkling by his magic water appeared, and a lot of it ran to waste. Then all those animals who were despising him before, now all believed in him, and accepted him as king over them all, because of his water. And the rabbit became king over them all.

And King Rabbit said to his subjects, "This water of ours, it has given us much trouble to get it, and it requires someone to watch it, or it may be stolen." The hyæna came forward, and said, "Here am I, the hyæna, ready to be watchman." "Very well," said they, "be watchman." So he watched while all the rest went off in search of food, and the hyæna was left alone. When they had all gone away, a bird very much larger than an elephant appeared, and came upon the hyæna. When the hyæna saw the bird he was afraid, for it was of enormous size. The bird saw the hyæna, and asked him, "You hyæna there, what are you about there?" The hyæna answered, "I am keeping watch over my water here." Then the bird answered the hyæna, "Tell me which you like best. Am I to drink the water and leave you alone, or swallow you and leave your water alone?" The hyæna replied, "Drink the water, sir—only leave me alone." So the bird drank up all the water, leaving the pit empty, and the bird went off and did nothing to the hyæna. When the other animals came back, and their king, the rabbit, they found the water all gone, not a drop left. They questioned the hyæna, and he replied, "I really have not the face to mention before you all that I have felt to-day." They said to the hyæna, "Coward, hyæna! coward!" And some boxed his ears, so disappointed were they about their water.

Then the elephant came forward, and said, "Here am I,

the elephant. I should like to keep watch over your water." "Very well," said they, "do so." So the elephant kept watch while all the rest went in search of food, leaving the elephant alone. When they had gone the bird appeared again, and when the elephant saw the bird he was afraid, because of its enormous size. It came to the well, and found the elephant there, and the bird said to the elephant, "What are you about there?" The elephant answered, "I am keeping watch over this water of mine." Then the bird said to the elephant just what it had said to the hyæna, and the elephant answered the bird, and said, "Pray drink the water, sir—only let me go." "Good," replied the bird, and drank up all the water, leaving the pit empty, and went off, and the elephant was left crying, because he had been a very great braggart—that was the reason he cried. Presently the other animals all came back, and their king, the rabbit, and went to the well to drink. When they came to the well they found no water. They said to the elephant, "Where is the water?" The elephant replied, "I am your humble servant. Whatever you like to do to me, come and do it. But that bird—I confess I cannot refuse it water." "Why," replied they, "cannot you refuse him water?" He only answered, "I am quite incapable of refusing it." They said to him, "What in the world did you go to do? Do you mean you are no match for a bird?"

The lion came forward, and said, "Here am I, the lion. I should like to keep watch over our water, and see that it is not lost. All these fellows let it get lost, but if *I* keep watch over it, what can this—what d'ye call it?—bird do? Let him just catch a glimpse of me there at the well, and he won't dare to come near. If he do but get scent of me, he will be off before I can set eyes on him, and you will find all the water there, and not a drop gone." "By all means," said they, "go and keep watch." So he went and kept

watch. Then all the animals went off in search of food, and left the lion by himself. And the lion took up his position at the well without making any delay. The very same bird appeared. The lion saw the bird coming, and the lion was afraid, because of the very terrible sound it made. The bird came to the well and found the lion, and said to him just what it had said to the others, but the lion was far more terrified than all the rest, and saw it drinking the water, and took to his heels and went after the other animals, where they had gone in search of food. They saw him coming at full speed, and said to him, "Well? What news?" The answer he made was the coward's lie, pure and simple—"I have killed the bird." "Tell us the truth," said they. He answered, "It is true. I have killed him." "How have you managed to kill him?" they rejoined. "He struck me with his wings," said he, "and I struck my claws into him several times, and threw him down, and he died. There he lies by the well, dead. And I came with all speed to call you to come and see him." When they had heard the lion's story, all said, "The lion is the plucky one. He never says, 'Die.' Look now, this bird beat them all, but *he* got him." Off they all went joyfully to see the bird, and came to the well, and there they find neither water nor bird. And they said to the lion, "Where is the bird you told us you had killed? And where is the water?" "Possibly," replied the lion, "he has come to life again, and having come to life again, has drunk the water, and made off." They answered the lion, and said to him, "You are a liar, and no mistake. You ran away, and he drank the water, and you came and deceived us, and said, 'I have killed him outright.' If you killed him, where is he now?"

King Rabbit was angry, and made himself nine shields, one of them a mass of bird-lime. Then he said to his

subjects, "Go in search of food. I myself will keep watch over my water." His subjects went in search of food, and the rabbit was left by himself. As they went, they said to each other, "To-day we shall find the rabbit dead." The rabbit remained at his station by the well with his nine shields and his sword. The same bird appeared again, and found the rabbit there. The bird treated the rabbit with contempt at first, and asked him, "Where are my friends who own this water?" "This water is mine," replied the rabbit; "it has no other owner." Then the bird answered, "It is not you. I know the owners." "If it has other owners," replied the rabbit, "just come and drink, will you? Should you not like to drink?" The bird bent down to drink at the well. The rabbit rushed on him and struck him with his sword. Then the bird tried to peck him. The rabbit put up his shield to guard himself, and the bird tore the shield in two. Then he put up another, and the bird tore that in two, and so on with all eight, he tore them all in two, and the rabbit took out his ninth shield, the shield of bird-lime. The bird tried to cleave it too, and his beak stuck fast in it. The rabbit dealt him blow after blow with his sword, till at least he killed him. When he had killed him, he set him upright by a tree, just as if he was alive, and the rabbit lay down at his feet,—his object being thoroughly to break in his new subjects. When his subjects returned and saw the bird erect, and the rabbit at his feet, they said, "The rabbit has met his end to-day." Some ran away, others cried in terror at the bird, and not one of them had the courage to take the bird to task. When the rabbit saw them running away he came out from between the bird's feet, he said, "Stop there. Do not run away." On hearing his voice, they all turned round and saw the rabbit on his feet. Some said, "Perhaps the rabbit has come to life again. Perhaps he is calling us, that the

bird may catch us all." He saw them all standing still, and said to them, "Do not be afraid of the bird. I have killed him." He touched the bird, and they saw it falling down to the ground. Then they all shouted again and again for joy, and all put complete trust in the rabbit, saying, "The rabbit is king of this world. If it were not for the rabbit, and because he killed him, that bird would have been master of everyone."

V.

THE MAN AND THE SHEEP.

[SOME African stories are vulgar, and in its chief incident this is so. Its omission might imply that there were none such to be found. Horace could describe his witch-frightening expedient to a Roman audience, and raise a laugh (*Sat.* i. 8). A similar process applied to sheep-slaughtering in Gandaland has to be slightly disguised for English ears. After all, its vulgarity may seem more than half atoned for by the exquisitely comic pathos of the sheep's appeal, first to good manners, and then to its master's self-interest, culminating in martyrdom to a refinement of sensibility which might have done credit to a nobler and more gifted animal. Moreover, the narrator assured me that he received the account direct from the lips of the son of its hero. The story may therefore illustrate Ganda fertility of actual resource, not of fanciful invention. Certainly the voice of conscience was clear enough to a Ganda lad to have some very practical consequences.]

THERE was a man named Msamya, and he was a rich man, and he went to the market, and saw a sheep for sale, bought it, and went home with it to his house. This man, Msamya, who bought the sheep was by trade a tailor, and he had a son

named Magala. Early in the morning he said to his son Magala, "I am going to my work. At eight o'clock take out this sheep to graze in the pasture." When the hour came the lad was late,—he did not know that it had struck eight o'clock. (Note 26.) The sheep spoke and called to him, "Magala, Magala, Magala." "Here I am," he replied. The sheep spoke and said to him, "When Msamya went to his work, what did he say to you?" Magala answered and said, "He told me, 'When it strikes eight o'clock, take the sheep to graze in the pasture.'" "Why did you not take me?" said the sheep. The boy took it to the pasture. When he had done taking it there, the boy ran off and went after his father to the place where he worked, and said to his father, "That sheep can speak." Msamya caught up a bit of wood which he used in his work, and struck him with it, and said, "Oh! oh! my boy, where have you found a sheep that can speak?" The boy ran away. The next day he said to his son, "When you see it is ten o'clock, take this sheep here to yonder baobab-tree." The hour came, but the boy did not know it. So the sheep called him, "Magala, Magala, Magala." "Here I am," he replied. The sheep spoke and said to him, "When Msamya went to work, what did he say to you?" The boy answered and said, "He said to me, 'When you hear the clock strike ten, take this sheep and lead it to the baobab-tree.'" So the boy took the sheep and led it to where the baobab-tree stood. When he had done taking it, the boy ran off, and went after his father to the place where he was working, and said to him, "Father, you will not believe when I tell you, but the sheep speaks, really and truly." "Very well, my boy, if it speaks I will come myself and see if it does speak, really and truly." The day following he gave his son the same directions, but he came himself and kept watch at the door to hear if the sheep would speak. And he said to his

son, "Be late on purpose, that I may hear if it speaks." And so it all happened. Msamya stood outside the door, and Magala played about outside. Presently the sheep called "Magala." And Magala said to his father, "Do you hear, father? You thought I was telling a lie." His father replied, "I have heard, my child. It is a marvellous thing. Come, set off and take it to the pasture yonder."

Well, Msamya went off to consult the medicine-men, and the medicine-men said to him, "Take your son, and go and cut two heavy logs, one for you and one for your son. When you find the sheep asleep, first do you throw your log down on it, and then let your son come and do the same. You will kill it in a moment." He followed this advice. They went together, the man and his son, and cut two very large logs, one for each of them. They came and found the sheep asleep out of doors, the sun being hot. Msamya threw down his log upon it, but the sheep slipped aside and said, "Msamya, look, you nearly killed me. But of course you did not see me, and it's very hot, and you must be tired." As the sheep was saying this, Magala came up and threw down his log upon him, but the sheep avoided this too, and said, "Ah! Do you want to kill me? Look! your father threw down his log, and almost killed me. And you, look! you have thrown down yours and almost killed me." Magala answered and said, "It was not on purpose. Why, you see yourself how hot it is, and we have come a very long way with these logs, and in all this heat. That's why we threw them down on you. We did not see you clearly, because we were so tired." The sheep answered and said, "It is of no consequence, and I saw myself that you were tired."

Then Msamya went to another medicine-man, and this medicine-man said to him, "Go and dig a large pit. In it put spears and all kinds of dangerous things; put them in-

side it, and at the top cover it over with grass. When it is finished, go and say to your sheep, 'Come, let us go for a stroll.' Go in front yourself, and let the sheep follow behind you. When you arrive at the pit, cross over the corner of it, and stand on the further side, straight in front, and call your sheep, 'Come, make haste and come along.' Then, if it comes, it will fall into the pit. When it has fallen in, fill in the earth as fast as you can, and it will die in a moment." So Msamya went and dug the pit, and put all kinds of dangerous things in it, and at the top he finished it off cleverly with grass. When the pit was ready, he went and called his sheep and said to it, "Let us go a walk together to-day, I and my sheep." Msamya went in front, his sheep followed behind, and he arrived at the pit. Msamya himself crossed over the corner, and stood on the further side just opposite, and said to his sheep, "Come, make haste and come along." When the sheep came to the pit, it saw that there was danger, and took a jump across to the other side, where Msamya was standing. And the sheep said to Msamya, "Oh! Msamya, come and look. Some villain has laid a trap for us." "Who can it be," said Msamya, "who laid the trap for us? And we are not people of wealth; we are only poor people." "I do not know either," answered the sheep; "possibly, people are envious because you have got possession of me, and want to kill us both at one blow." "Very likely," replied Msamya. And then he said to the sheep, "Let us even go home again, or we may have some more adventures." So Msamya returned home to his house, utterly speechless with grief at having been outdone by the sheep.

Next he went to a third medicine-man. This man said to Msamya, "Go and build a hut of cocoa-nut leaves, and sleep in it four days. The fifth day remove all your things; do not forget a single thing inside, but do not bar the door.

Then take your sheep, and fasten it inside, and set fire to the hut, only not forgetting to leave nothing in it. Then the sheep will die." Msamya went and built the hut, and when that was done, slept in it four nights. On the fifth he removed all his things from the hut, and fastened the sheep inside, but Magala forgot his spear, and left it and a piece of cloth in the hut. Then they set fire to the hut. When the sheep saw the hut was burning, it cut the cord with which it was tied, took the spear and piece of cloth, and brought them to Msamya, "Look! your son has forgotten his spear and cloth. If it were not for me they would have been burnt." But when Msamya saw the sheep coming out from inside, he got very angry. The sheep said, "Why are you angry. Tell me." "Why I am angry," said Msamya, "is that somebody has burnt my hut for me." "Who has burnt your hut for you?" said the sheep. "I don't know," answered Msamya, "who it is that burnt it." But really Msamya was very angry, because of his hut, and because he was outdone by the sheep.

Then Msamya went to a fourth medicine-man. This medicine-man gave him straightforward advice, and said, "Go and kill a goat; take the flesh and put it somewhere to get a little putrid, say for three days. Then take and cook it, and make a very full meal on it, and drink the gravy at the same time. When you wake up in the morning, call your sheep and take it for a ramble along a cliff. Go in front yourself, and let the sheep follow behind you. When you come to the cliff, see that the sheep is following close behind you. Then give a hiccough. It will die in a moment." Msamya went home, killed his goat, and did as he was told, made a full meal on it, and drank the gravy till he was ready to burst, and then went to sleep. In the morning he woke up and said, "To-day, I will go a ramble with my sheep." So he called out, "Come, my sheep, let us go for a

ramble." The sheep came and followed him. Msamya went before, and the sheep followed behind him, and they went till they arrived at a very high cliff. Msamya gave a hiccough. The sheep listened and thought, "No! It's nothing!" Then it spoke and said, "Oh! Msamya, why did you do that?" "It is just a sort of relief," replied Msamya, "to us men,—just a relief to me." "Well," replied the sheep, "now, don't you do it again. I cannot stand it a second time." "Very well," said Msamya. They went a little farther, and Msamya did the same again. "Msamya! Msamya!" said the sheep, "what did I say to you just now?" "Just a relief to me," answered Msamya, "but I forgot." Then the sheep said, "Msamya! Msamya! If you do that a third time, you lose a sheep for good. True, the mutton may just be worth eating." "I am penitent now," said Msamya. Again they went on a little farther, and Msamya did the same again. Well, this was too much for the sheep. It tried to stop its ears, but in a moment was seized with giddiness, and fell over the cliff, and died then and there. When Msamya turned round he saw its legs twitching, and Msamya took to his heels, and did not stop till he got to his house. He was in a terrible fright. When he reached his house his wife asked him, "Well? What news?" but he was quite speechless. Then all the people came and questioned him, but not a word did he say. They brought him food, but he could not eat, but went to his house, and sat there all by himself, for he was dreadfully afraid, thinking, "Perhaps that sheep will come to life again, and come after me." However, early next morning, he woke up and went to the cliff, and looked over the rock, and saw that the sheep was dead beyond a doubt,—one side had been eaten by hyænas. Every hyæna which ate a piece of that sheep was sick on the spot. Well, when Msamya saw that the sheep was really and truly dead, he went home in

a transport of delight, and sounded his horn and his drum, and all his relations assembled together, and he made them a feast, which it took four happy days to eat.

Neither he nor his relations to a man ever let a sheep enter their house again to this hour. That day was enough to convert them all.

VI.

THE KING AND WABULEKOKO.

THE king was in his town, and Wabulekoko was in the country. There in the country he did very many marvellous feats, and all the people were loud in their admiration of Wabulekoko. For every day he used to mount up high into the clouds till he passed completely out of sight. This he did every day. People wondered greatly, and said, "Who is able to do as this man does? No one." So they went and told King Bin Suna about him, and said before the king, "Sir, we have come to make a report to you. There is a man living out in the country, named Wabulekoko, and besides doing all kinds of things which we do not comprehend, when he walks abroad he mounts up high into the air till he passes completely out of sight." When they had finished saying this, the king said to those sitting near him, "No mortal man is able to mount up in the air. I should like to see this man myself." He did not believe their words in the least. So he called one of his guards privately, and sent him privately with orders, "Go at once and inspect this man whom they are talking about here now, and see whether he really flies up into the air, and perhaps I shall believe it, too. But do not say, 'I have been sent,' and if anyone asks you, 'Where are you going? Let me come with you,' do not allow him. Go by yourself." So the soldier went,

and arrived at the place where Wabulekoko was. On the day the soldier arrived he found that he had not yet come down, and he waited for him. Wabulekoko returned, but as he returned it was impossible to see where he returned from. The soldier was incredulous, and waited to see him fly up in the air. Again Wabulekoko mounted up in the air, and when the soldier saw how he went up he, too, became a thorough believer. Then he waited for his return. When he returned the soldier did not see where he passed in returning—he saw him already on the ground. The soldier went back to the king and made his report. The king remarked, "This is a thoroughly bad sort of man. That I am quite sure of." And the king was afraid, and said, "He will kill my subjects, and his own parents into the bargain. He is a villain of the worst kind." So the king summoned his guards, and despatched them with orders, "Go and bring Wabulekoko." The soldiers went off to take Wabulekoko.

Now, the king has a very large house, in which he holds his court. And the king talked with the visitors with whom he was sitting, and said to them, "Come and dig a pit here inside my state-room. When you have finished digging it, inside put spears and all kinds of dangerous weapons, and cover it all over very carefully." The king had said further, "When this fellow, Wabulekoko, comes, let us invite him in here, just where the pit is, so that when he is just going to sit down he may fall in. It will kill him, for the pit is a very dangerous one." In time the soldiers brought Wabulekoko. All the people stood up; some went forward to greet him, making a guest of him in order to put an end to him. Now, he was a very quick-witted man. He walked up to the state-room. They invited him to go inside. He went in, and was asked to sit down at the fatal spot. But he stood still, and said, "You invite me to go on, but this

is a very nice place outside; there are great perils underneath. I am quite unable to sit down there. If I am not speaking the truth, do one of yourselves come forward and go and sit there. If he is not killed—at any rate, I think I should be killed." Then the king said, "Very well. If you decline to sit there no more need be said. But there is one question we want to ask you. We have heard that you perform a wonderful feat in the place you come from." Wabulekoko answered and said, "What is the wonderful feat I perform? I do not understand." "We want you to perform it for us," said the king, "as we wish to see it." Wabulekoko refused to show it them. Then the king called his soldiers secretly, and despatched them with orders, "Go at once to the road by which he passes, and dig a pit like this one here. In it put spears, and cover it over carefully." They went secretly, and dug and did exactly as the king had ordered them, and also prepared raw ox-hides, to cover up the hole quickly when he fell in.

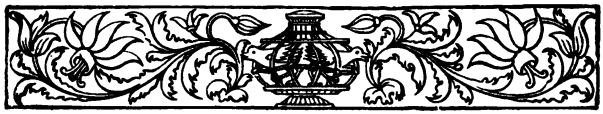
When the king's reception was over Wabulekoko departed to go home, knowing nothing of what would befall him on the way, and, passing quickly on, he fell into the pit. In another moment Wabulekoko was out of that fatal pit again. No one saw him when Wabulekoko came out of the pit, yet the place where the pit was, was a place where there were very many people. There was no room to get a glimpse of the pit because of the number of people, and they covered it up as fast as possible, and thought Wabulekoko was inside. Some went and reported to the king, and said, "Wabulekoko is really dead now." Wabulekoko heard them saying this, "Wabulekoko is dead," and he appeared before them on the spot and said, "Here I am. I am not dead." When they saw him they saw that it was he, and some ran away for fear of him, and then remained the officers only. Wabulekoko asked them, "What is there in that hole which you are

covering up?" An officer said, "There is nothing in it. The fact is, I saw that when you returned from the reception you were almost sure to have fallen in. Well, the king heard of this, and he sent me, saying, 'Go and fill up that dangerous hole, and arrest all who are concerned in that hole. They shall all be put to death,' because of your being the king's guest." The officer was simply telling lies in order to deceive him. Then Wabulekoko said, "You want to kill me, but you cannot kill me." They reported to the king, saying, "We have no power against that man." The king replied to his people, "Well? Are you beaten?" They answered, and said, "It is simply impossible to master that man." The king answered and said, "By no means. I will be his master."

Then the king called a guard, and ordered him to go and summon Wabulekoko a second time. The guard brought Wabulekoko, and he came to the king. The king was very stern, and said to Wabulekoko, "I wish you to exhibit your performance to me. Mount up in the air, and let us see it. If you refuse, you will be put to death at once." Wabulekoko answered the king, "You have spoken well to-day. If that is my destiny, well, it is accomplished. You are king; by all means put me to death. As for myself, I do not know how to mount up in the air. Put me to death if you like." When he had said these words, the king became very furious because of these words. In his fury the king was actually going to cut down Wabulekoko with the sword he had in his hand, and lay him dead on the spot. But his councillors forbade him to kill him. The king said, "Ho! guards, tie up Wabulekoko." Wabulekoko had his hands tied behind him, and was marched off to prison. In the night a cloud of sand appeared above the prison. The prison had a roof of cocoa-nut leaves built over it. Then stones began to fall on the prison, and the warders of the

prison all ran away, and left Wabulekoko all alone. In the morning they went to the king, and reported what had happened, saying, "Wabulekoko was in prison, where we had confined him, and in the night stones came and beat upon the prison, and we ran away. Moreover, the prisoner's fetters were loosed, and in the morning there were no fetters to be found in the place." "Put other fetters on him," said the king. The guards went and put other fetters on him. When the new fetters had been put on him, that same day there appeared a very terrible storm-cloud, and the rain was a rain of stones, and fire fell on all the king's houses, and burnt them everyone. And the king himself had a very narrow escape of being burnt to death.

That same day all the medicine-men assembled together before the king, and prepared their medicines, but all the whole crowd of medicine-men were quite powerless. Wabulekoko was proof against them all. And they said to the king, "We are beaten. But we perceive that this man will never cause such a disaster again. Let us release Wabulekoko, and allow him to depart." The king refused, and said, "I myself will kill Wabulekoko." The councillors and medicine-men refused to let him kill him, because if he was allowed to kill him, men would be sure to die on account of it. The king went to bed, and dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he had killed Wabulekoko, and that all the king's children had died because Wabulekoko was killed. That was the reason why the king's children died. He woke up in the morning, and ordered a guard to go to the prison, and bring Wabulekoko. He went and brought him. The king said to him, "You are a wizard." "I am not a wizard," he replied. "Get you gone, wizard, from my presence," said the king. "Why did you summon me here?" answered he. He said, "I have done with you now."



VII.

A STORY OF A THIEF.

THE name of the thief was Dubowa. He had seven children, and three friends. All alike were habitual thieves. The names of his seven children were Namwanja, Zilale, Zinatakila, Makwabi, Kishaka, Kiugu, and Changwe. These are the names of Dubowa's children. And his three friends were, the first Balilete, the second Kabuga, and the third Walusasa.

One day Dubowa set out from his house, he and his children, and went to steal from the house of a medicine-man who had a great deal of property. Now no single thing whatever, great or small, is ever stolen from the house of that medicine-man, not a single farthing is stolen from that house, because he is a medicine-man of great talent. When Dubowa arrived at the house of this medicine-man, he found the door open, for the owner does not fasten his door at nights, because he is a very great medicine-man. When Dubowa saw that the door was open, he spoke to his children, "This door is open, but it is not our method to go in at the door,—our method is to break through the wall, and so get inside." And so they did. They let the door alone, and went and broke through at another place, and so got inside the house. These thieves possess a medicine

which produces sleep. So, when they had got inside, the people of the house were sound asleep, and they carried away everything there was inside. Meanwhile their father's part was to walk up and down inside the house. As he was walking up and down he came upon a calabash full of beer, and took it to the fireside, and sat down by the fire and drank his beer, while his children were engaged in carrying away the things in the house. At last he got drunk, their father Dubowa. When they had finished carrying away the things in the house they called their father Dubowa, "Dubowa, come along; let us be off. The things are all gone." "Just wait a bit for me," said Dubowa. They came again and called him, "Dubowa, come; let us go. We shall be late." "Fires are nice," said Dubowa; "wait a bit for me." Then Namwanja came, he was the eldest son, and said to him, "Father, come along; let us be off. You see it is nearly dawn already. We shall be late." His father replied and said, "My son, I have told you fires are nice. Did you not hear? If you really want your father, just wait and let me warm myself, and get up my strength for a good walk." Presently there came another of his sons and called his father, "Father, come along; let us be off." When the son said this, his father shouted at him, and said, "You brat, I have known you from a child. You have no manners now, you young villain. I have told you fires are nice. Did you not hear?" And then their father went on talking nonsense, because the beer he had drunk was really a medicine made by the man to whom the house belonged. Then his eldest son, Namwanja, appeared again, and talked to his brothers, and said to them, "Perhaps the beer which our father has drunk is really medicine made by the man to whom the house belongs. Suppose we, too, try to make him take some medicine. It may be he will get sober enough to come out of the house." So they concocted the medicine, and brought it

to their father to get him to drink their medicine. When their father saw the medicine, he poured it all away, and beat some of his children, and then their father kept shouting at them, and his sons wanted to lay hold of him and carry him away, and he shouted at them again and again, and actually fought with his sons. At last the people of the house woke up, because of all the shouting. When the people of the house woke up, they found the house empty, and not a single thing inside, not a single gun, nor sword, nor spear. Some went up on the roof, and shouted a great many times, till their neighbours heard and came to help them. They found the thieves not yet gone off, but wrangling with their father. They fought with them, and the thieves were beaten, and one of the brothers named Kishaka was killed, and the father was taken prisoner. The rest ran away.

When they got home, they moved to a fresh place every day, because their father had been taken prisoner. They were afraid. "Perhaps he will bring the people who took him prisoner. Perhaps we too shall be killed." So they went to another place. The father was put to death at the place where he was seized, and the six remaining sons were scattered in different places. Those who were not too bad became better men.

Now there were two of the sons and one of their friends. The two sons were, the first Zinatakila, and the second Changwe, and their friend was Walusasa. At the place to which they removed there was a chief who had a sheep of which he was very fond, and the sheep was an uncommonly large one. The young men saw this sheep, and when the shepherds went to take the sheep to pasture, they followed behind them and stole the sheep. When they had stolen the sheep, they said, "This is the chief's sheep, of which he is very fond. What are we to do with it now? If we take it home

alive, someone will see us. Better take it right into the forest, kill it and carry off the flesh. If people see the blood in the forest, they will think that perhaps a wild beast has eaten it." The shepherds searched for the sheep, but could find no trace of it, and they reported the fact to the chief who owned it, and the chief was very angry, because he was fond of his sheep. And the chief summoned the huntsmen, and said to them, "Go and search for my sheep. If a wild beast has eaten it, a lion, or a bear, or a leopard, search for the place where he ate it." The huntsmen went to search for the sheep. They searched for it, and found the place where it had been slaughtered, and their dogs scented the path which the thieves had followed till they came to the thieves' house. Then the huntsmen returned, and reported to the chief, and said, "We have found the persons who stole your sheep." The chief despatched soldiers to go and arrest the thieves, and they went and arrived at the place, and found the thieves there. Two soldiers went into the house of the thieves to arrest them, and both were killed. Then there was a terrible fight, and one of the thieves, Changwe, killed two more soldiers, and then was killed himself. Then his brother Zinatakila came out and killed one man, and ran away. After him, Walusasa killed two soldiers, and ran away, and his wife with him.

The reason why Changwe was killed is that when his father was put to death he did not reform, and so he was killed.

VIII.

THE LEOPARD AND THE RABBIT.

THERE was once a leopard, and he was hungry, and went in quest of food, but could not find any. At last he came to a clump of bushes, and found a rabbit lying asleep. But the rabbit was not really asleep, only the leopard thought he was asleep, and crept up to him softly, wanting to seize him. He made a spring, and pounced upon—nothing. The rabbit was gone. Off went the leopard in close pursuit, and the rabbit came to a patch of thick grass, popped into it, and disappeared inside. The leopard came up, thinking he was in the grass, and searched and searched about without finding any trace of him. Then he lifted up his eyes to look in front, and saw him, and again went in pursuit. The rabbit ran very fast, and doubled back again, while the leopard went straight on, thinking the rabbit was before him. Then he turned round as the rabbit did, and went back, and caught sight of him, and went in pursuit again. The rabbit bolted into a thicket, and the leopard searched about in the thicket. Then the leopard turned the matter over in his mind, and said, "I might do a deal better than go on hunting this rascal about." So he gave it up.

That is the reason why to this day a leopard never manages to catch a rabbit—because he is so stupid.

IX.

THE DOG AND THE APE.

THERE was once a dog which used to go every day into the forest to search for food. One day he went as usual into the forest. When he had got into the forest he saw a narrow path, and there he found a young ape, and seized it. The young ape cried out, and its mother heard her young one crying, and came up at full speed, leaping wildly from side to side. When she got to the spot she saw her young one had been seized, and gathering up her strength for the battle, she seized the dog's tail and tugged it, and dashed the dog first to one side, then to the other, till at last she conquered, and the dog died, but the young ape was dead too. Only the mother herself was left lamenting, and there she stayed and grieved.

X.

THE LIONESS AND THE COW.

THERE was a lioness and a cow, and each had a young one. During the daytime the cow used to go one way and the lioness another to search for food, and the two young ones were left at home. In the house there was a hole scooped for water, and those two young ones used to play together in the hole.

One day they went to play, and the calf kicked the cub, and it died. When it was dead the cow came home and found it dead, and asked the calf, "Who killed the cub?" "I did," said the calf. "Come along," said the cow; "let us run away." Off they went, and went to all kinds of animals, but none could undertake to save them. At last they came to a coney (?: in the Ganda language, "kasanke"), and the coney asked them, "Where are you going?" And the cow said, "We are running away from the lioness. We have killed her cub." "Come in here," said the coney, "and I will save you." So she went, the cow and her calf. The coney asked the cow, "Have you any milk?" "Yes," said she. "Come here," said the coney, and it milked the cow, and put the milk in a saucepan. Then it said, "Have you any blood?" "Yes," she replied. The coney took an arrow, and pricked her a little, and blood flowed, and that,

too, it put in a saucepan. Then it put in a banana flower (Note 27) too, and placed it ready. When the lioness came, she asked the coney, "Have you seen slaves of mine about?" It answered and said, "I don't know. Who are you speaking to?" "You," replied the lioness, and added, "That's the fourth time I have asked you. Are you deaf, or what? Hand over my slaves." "I have your slaves," said the coney; "I won't hand them over. Just wait a minute." The coney took the saucepan of blood, and struck the lioness on the breast with it, and said, "Look! I have broken your heart." The lioness looked, and saw the blood and the banana flower, and said to herself, "Not a doubt of it." Then the coney stooped down, and took the saucepan of milk, and struck the lioness on the head with it, and said, "Look! I have smashed your skull." The lioness took her paw and scratched her head, and saw the milk, and said, "Not a doubt of it. He has smashed my skull. Look at my brains." And the lioness took to her heels.

XI.

THE LION, THE DOVE, AND THE WILD ASS.

THERE was a very large tree, and under the tree some large bushes, and in the bushes a wild ass used to rest himself, and up in the tree there was a dove. One day a lion came under the tree. When he came he found the dove on the ground by the tree. When the lion came up, the dove asked him, "Well? How do you do?" "Quite well," answered the lion, "but I am hungry." "What say you?" replied the dove; "should you like a dinner?" "Yes, I should," said the lion. "Go away," said the dove, "and when you hear me calling, you come and you'll find a dinner." The lion went away. The ass happened not to be there, but when he came, the dove said to him, "You have heard the news, I suppose?" "No," answered the ass. "Well," said the dove, "the lion is on the look-out for you, and wants to make a meal of you." The ass bethought him of running away, and making a home elsewhere. The dove said to him, "I will protect you. When you hear me call, run. The lion is coming." So the dove called the lion, and said, "Come and have dinner." When the lion arrived, the dove showed him where the ass was, and when the lion got near the place the dove cried out, "Look out! Friend Flat-face is coming." When the ass heard that, he took to his heels, and the lion came back.

When the lion came back the dove came and said to him, "Well, how do you feel? Did I get you a dinner?" "Yes," said the lion, "you did, but it has bolted." And the lion went off. Presently the ass appeared, and the dove said, "Well, how do you feel? Did I protect you?" "Yes," said the ass, "you certainly did save me from the jaws of the lion."

The next day the ass lay down to sleep. The dove saw him, and called the lion to come and have dinner. When he came, the dove showed him the place where the ass was lying. The moment the lion got near the ass, the dove called to the ass, "Look out! Look out! See! Flat-face is coming!" Up jumped the ass, and made off. The lion went back to the dove in a rage, and came and said to him, "You are a double-faced rogue." And they abused each other. Thus the lion called the dove a rogue, but the ass called him a good fellow.

XII.

THE LIONESS, THE RABBIT, AND THE DOG.

THERE was once a lioness, which had four cubs. A rabbit and a dog acted as nurses. Now the rabbit was far more fond of eating than the dog was. The nursing arrangement was, each to have the care of two of the cubs.

One day the rabbit took a bone, and was going outside the house to eat it, and said to the dog before going out, "If you hear a crunching of bones, shut the door." "Very well," said the dog. So the rabbit went off to eat, and put the bone in his mouth, and crunched it so vigorously, that a bit of it flew against the house. The rabbit dropped the bone he was eating, and shouted and said to the dog, "Shut the door." And he shut the door. And the rabbit left off eating, and went back to the house. The next day he went outside to eat, and it happened just as on the first day. And the day following also he went out to eat, and a splinter flew right inside the house, and the rabbit shouted out to tell the dog, "Shut the door," but the dog never heard, for he had gone to sleep. Now that splinter of bone struck one of the lioness's cubs, one of the two cubs which were under the charge of the rabbit. When the rabbit went to look, he found one cub dead. The rabbit said to himself, "What shall I do?" But he did not speak a word.

When the lioness came home she said to the nurses, "Bring my children to be suckled." The dog brought his, but the rabbit brought one only. The lioness asked him "Where is the other?" The rabbit said to himself, "What shall I do to escape being killed by the lioness? I'll ask if I may open the door for a minute. Perhaps if I can do that, I shall get a chance of running away." So he said to her, "Might I open the door a moment?" "Certainly," said the lioness. So the rabbit opened it, and stepped out. As soon as he had gone out, the dog told everything about him. The lioness was very angry, and went out to look for the rabbit, and saw him, and went in pursuit. The rabbit went off at full speed, and came to a river, and poured water all over himself, and sat down on a hillock. Up came the lioness, and said to the wet rabbit, "Have you seen a dry rabbit?" "No," replied the rabbit, "I am just sitting here. I had some friends with me. We were ordered by the king this morning to kill him some of his game. We have killed six buffaloes, and four giraffes, and two elephants, and three lions, and if you want me to kill you, just walk up." When the lioness heard this she was dreadfully frightened, and bolted as fast as she could, and the old rabbit, he went his own way too.

XIII.

THE RABBIT AND THE ELEPHANT (2).

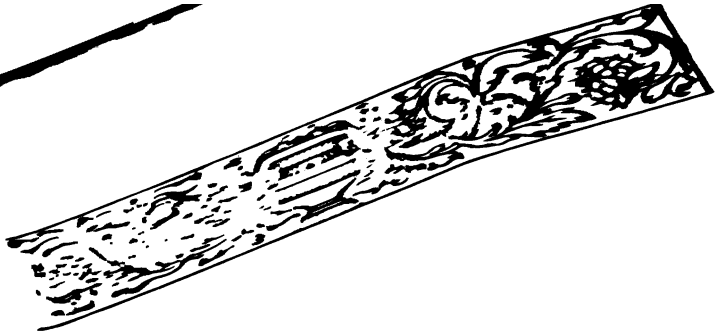
ONCE upon a time there was a rabbit and an elephant, and they struck up a friendship. The rabbit loved the elephant, and the elephant loved the rabbit. One day they were rambling along a narrow lane, and they heard a noise of people dancing, and the rabbit said to his friend, "Suppose we go and join the dance?" "Agreed," said the elephant. So off they went. On arriving they found people dancing, and joined in and danced too. The way they danced was this —the rabbit turned somersaults, while the elephant danced hornpipes. Presently the rabbit, rogue as he was, said to the people who gave the dance, "My friends, look at me and my companion, and say which dances most elegantly." "You, rabbit," said they; "you are the one which dances best." On this the rabbit said to the elephant, "My dear fellow, the reason you do not dance with grace is simply this. You are quite too fat. Come and let me cut some of the fat off." The elephant agreed, and the rabbit took his knife, and made use of it, and then said to him, "When we have done dancing, I'll give you back your fat." While the dance still went on, the rabbit slipped away, and went off to his house. Now, his house stood at the foot of a very high hill, and on the hill were a great number of huge stones.

At last the dance came to an end, and the elephant looked about everywhere for his friend, but could not see a trace of him, so he went away.

He waited one day, and on the next he called a buffalo, and said to him, "I want to send you to the rabbit to fetch the fat." "Certainly," replied he; "I am at your service." "Very well then, go," said the elephant. And he went. On coming near the house, he put on an exceedingly fierce aspect. Soon the rabbit came out, and said to him, "Why these black looks, my guest? However, pray step in." The buffalo took a seat, while the rabbit cooked him some food, with part of the elephant's fat as a relish. "I say," said the buffalo. "Well," replied the rabbit. "This meat is uncommonly toothsome. Where did you get it?" "Let us finish eating," said the rabbit, "and then come and let me show you my larder close by at the back of the house. You would not believe how easy it is to get it. And then you have those horns of yours. Why, the game will come and impale themselves on your horns. You will bag dozens." When they had ended their meal, the buffalo said to him, "I want to start back this moment. Give me, please, the elephant's fat, and I will go." "Certainly," said he; "let us be off." So they went, and came to a place where there was a hole. The rabbit said to the buffalo, "Put your head in this hole." The buffalo did so, and the rabbit climbed the hill, chose a huge boulder, and threw it down. Meanwhile the buffalo lay quieter than ever, with his head in the hole, thinking, "The game is coming with a tremendous rush." But it was the boulder coming. On and on it came, till it struck the buffalo on the head, and crushed it to atoms. The rabbit saw he was dead, and came and took the stone, and threw it far away. Then he took the buffalo and flayed him, and threw away the hide, and took the flesh, and carried it home to his house.

Meanwhile the elephant waited and waited, and thought that the buffalo was a very long time on his errand, so he sent another messenger, and he was treated exactly like the first. Then he sent another, and so on, till he nearly came to the end of all the animals, and then he sent a leopard. Now when the leopard arrived, the rabbit invited him in, and when he had finished eating they went to the hill, and the rabbit said to him, "Put your head in the hole." And he did so. Then the rabbit went, just as he always did, and threw the stone. The leopard heard the stone thunpering along, and took his head out of the hole, and the stone fell into it. Afterwards he took the stone, and laid it on his own head very gently. That done, he remained perfectly still. The rabbit came and looked at him, and thought he was probably dead. So he removed the stone, and said to himself, "He has a fine skin. It's a shame to throw it away." So he took him out of the hole, and said, "I will carry him to my house." He took grass and tied the leopard, and took more grass and made a pad for his head, and hoisted the leopard on to it. The leopard put out a claw and gave the rabbit a kind of pinch on the head. "Ah!" said the rabbit, "I have got a thorn in my pad. Let us see." He threw the leopard down, and looked, but found no thorn. Then he threw away the grass-pad and made another, took the leopard and hoisted him up again, and went on. Then the leopard gave him another pinch, as at first, and he threw him down again as before, and said, "Ah! nowadays grass has thorns in it, and no mistake." And he found he had positively got sores on his head. Then he saw a wolf passing, and called him, and said, "Lend me a hand, and I will give you a share of the meat." "Very good," said the wolf, and added, "Hoist it on my head." So he hoisted the load on to the wolf's head, and he went on. The leopard put out his claw, and pinched

him on the head. The wolf said to the rabbit, "My friend, what have you put in this pad?" but the rabbit never told him that he had found it just the same, but said not a word. He only said, "I don't know." Then the leopard cut the grass-ropes they had tied him with, and seized the wolf and ate him up, while the rabbit ran away.



XI.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

There were once three people, and they were brothers one to the other. The eldest of them said, "I want to go and get some help." And the second said the same, and so did the third, the younger brother. Two of them had each a wife, but the younger had no wife. So they started, and at the time when they came near a river, and the two elder brothers and the younger brother wanted to build at the same time as his brothers, but they were very, very bad men, and they drove him away. However, the younger brother, by dint of cunning, and he went and built a hut for himself. When he had finished his hut, he saw a grasshopper. For a fowl belonging to his brothers came and ate up the grasshopper belonging to him. When he came back to his hut he uncovered the cooking-pot, and found nothing in it. And he said to them, "Who is it who has eaten my grasshopper?" They said, "Our fowl ate it." "There!" said he, "first you cast me off, and now your fowl has eaten what belonged to me." And he added, "Give me my grasshopper. If you won't, give me a fowl." So someone said, "Come, give him his fowl, or he will be always bothering us." So he was given a fowl, and went away. Then

his brothers left that place, and came to another, and built a hut, as they had done before, and drove him away. And he went and built at another spot, and there he was with his fowl. And he shut it up as he had done the grasshopper, and then his brothers' dog came and ate up his fowl. Then he kept saying to them, "Give me the dog." And they gave it him. He made it fast, as he had done before, and a lion came and killed it. Then he went, and they gave him the lion, and he went away. They were still three months' journey from the place where cloth was sold. Well, they slept just as usual, he and his lion. Then the lion had a fight with an ox, and the lion was killed. And he went to his brothers, and they gave him the ox. Then they had almost got as far as the town, and this younger brother had got a good deal of property.

Then they went on, and at last came to the place, and the brother who had the ox found his services were wanted by the king. So he got ships and slaves and everything that a king can give. And those four, the brothers and their wives, they were in the service of their brother, and those four, when they came to that place, they did not get ships or clothes or a single slave, while he got a great many. When the time came for them to go back home, those four were going to have travelled on foot, but their brother said, "Come and get on board a ship." So they went on board, and when they had got some distance on their journey they wanted their brother to be their leader and chief, but only for the journey, until they should reach their villages. But their brother refused, and said, "Why did you at the first cast me off, and not give me fire? I was eating nothing but uncooked food, and now you are wanting to make me chief. I entirely refuse." Then they entreated him, and because of all that matter of casting him off on the journey, they even wanted to repay him with money. But he re-

fused to take recompense, for for a long time past he had been wanting to forgive his brothers. One reason (for acting as they did) was that they thought, "He will go and tell of us to our mother." Presently he said to them, "I forgive you because you are my brothers." But when they arrived at their village their mother dreamed a dream about her (younger) son. However, they arrived, and asked how everyone was, and everyone said, "Quite well, thank you, and what news do you bring?"

XV.

THE BIRD AND THE KING.

THERE was once a bird, and it laid a thousand eggs. And there were some people with dogs, and they went out hunting, and saw the eggs, and took one egg and examined it, and took it to the king. And the king said, "Go and tell the bird that the king wants to buy one of your eggs." And the bird said, "I have no power (to sell), only God who gave them to me to watch over here." But the king said, "Go and fight till you get them." The soldiers went till they came to the bird, but did not find it there, and they said, "Let us even carry off these eggs." And they carried them off. But when they had nearly reached the town the bird said, "These people are a sad bad lot. I was given these things by God to watch over, and now they have taken away God's own eggs." And the bird knew that they were the people who had carried them off. So the bird went till it came to the king's palace, and the bird said, "I want my eggs which you took away from the wilderness." The people said, "We will not give them you. If you want to fight, here we are." "As you please," said the bird. "I will fight for what is mine." Well, the bird attacked all those crowds of people, and the people were conquered, and the bird ruled over the land.

And God heard of it, and he made that town a great river of the sea, and a great tree in the midst of the river, and the bird built on it a very large nest, and brought its eggs there, and there it kept watch over them in its tree for ever and ever.

XVI.

MAN AND WIFE.

THERE was once a man and his wife. Their land was visited by a very severe famine, and they had no salt, and they were reduced to eating mushrooms. One day the husband went to look for something to eat, and he went and brought some food, and his wife cooked it. But her husband said to her, "I want you to put my food on the ground for me." His wife said, "I will not put it on the ground for you. You may kill me first, if you like." Well, the next day their children said, "Why does our father talk like this? What is there on the ground here?" And their mother cooked some food, and the children gathered round her, and one of the children took just a little of the food (set apart for their father), and noticed it was seasoned. So they went to their mother to tell her, and she said, "There, now! Your father has hidden some salt away." One day their father went to look for something to eat, and they dug in the ground, and found salt and hid it. When he came home they put his food for him in the usual place. He tasted it, and noticed it had no seasoning, and said to his wife, "Why is the food so bad to-day?" And his wife said, "Why do you always eat your meals without saying a word?" And he killed his wife with a sword. (Note 27*.)

XVII.

THE HYÆNA AND THE RABBIT.

IN days of yore the hyæna came and said to the rabbit, "Be my friend." The rabbit accepted his friendship, and in a time of famine the hyæna said to him, "What are we to do now? And hunger's pangs upon us!" "I don't know," said the rabbit. "Well," said the hyæna, "let us go and take a walk." "By all means," replied the rabbit. Then the hyæna said to the rabbit, "When we come to people's fields, and you see something to eat, do not take anything that is quite ripe and ready for eating. You had better not." "Very well," replied the rabbit, and the hyæna added, "As for me, I shall do exactly the same." But in his own heart the rabbit said, "He is playing me a trick," which was quite true. The hyæna had said what was false in order to deceive the rabbit, and make a meal by himself on the best of the food, and the rabbit knew, "He is playing a trick on me."

Well, they started off, each man with his bag for provisions, and came to someone's field. And the hyæna said, "Remember what I said to you just now." And he added, "If you do not listen to me you will be seized by the owner of the field." "I heard what you said," answered the rabbit. They went into the field, and found a quantity of

potatoes. "Stop here," said the hyæna; "just take the leaves from the top, and I will go yonder and do the same." When he was well out of the way the rabbit was left and dug potatoes, and the hyæna, he had gone off, but he did not go to take the leaves of the potatoes. When he had dug some potatoes, he took the leaves and put them at the top and the potatoes underneath. And the rabbit tried the very same dodge. The hyæna came and found him, and said to him, "Come along." So they went on till they came near a river, and the hyæna said, "Let every man open his bag;" and he added, "I will open mine." So he uncovered the leaves at the top. And the rabbit caught sight of the potatoes, and said (to himself), "Ah! my friend here! That's the sort of trick he plays!" But the rabbit did not utter a word. Then the hyæna took all the potatoes out of his bag, and when he had done he said to the rabbit, "Now then, my friend, out with yours, and let me see them." The rabbit took out the leaves, and the hyæna saw the potatoes, and began to get in a fret. However, the rabbit took out all his, and the rabbit said, "Now let us each eat our own." And the rabbit began to eat his own. But the hyæna got in a very bad humour with the rabbit, on which the rabbit took them all off and ate them, and all the hyæna's potatoes he ate up too.

Presently the hyæna said to the rabbit, "Come along." So they went on and came to a forest, and the hyæna said, "When we come to a town, if I say I have a stomach-ache, go and get this medicine." "Very well," said the rabbit. When they had gone a little farther the rabbit thought, "I must get a chance of going and getting the medicine." So the rabbit went and got the medicine, and returned in a very short time indeed. The hyæna asked him, "Why run so fast?" "There was a lion after me," said the rabbit. Then the hyæna said to the rabbit, "Let us run away."

And the rabbit said to the hyæna, "Oh, the lion has gone off this long time." "Let us have a rest then," said the hyæna. Then they went on again, and the hyæna said to the rabbit, "I say, my good fellow, don't you hear what I am saying to you? Let us rest a bit." So they sat down for a bit. Then they went on and came to a town, and a friend of the hyæna came and welcomed him, and spread a mat for him, and the rabbit and the hyæna sat on a large piece of matting, and food was prepared. The hyæna said, "I have a stomach-ache," and added to the rabbit, "Go and get that medicine." The rabbit just ran round the back of the house and got the medicine out of his bag, and brought it, and found the hyæna just beginning his meal. The rabbit gave him the medicine, and the hyæna took it and left the porridge, and told him to eat. So the rabbit ate it all up, and a very good meal the rabbit made, and the hyæna was in a very bad humour, because he had sent off the rabbit to fetch medicine, and the rabbit took only a moment to get it.

They remained till one day they were invited to a house, and it was a house in which goats were shut up at night. They slept in it, and in the middle of the night, while the hyæna was asleep, the rabbit woke up and caught a goat, and killed it and flayed it and gathered up the inwards and skin, and went and found the hyæna asleep, and tied them to him. When he had done, he got up and went and took the goat off the hyæna, and went with it to the river, and washed it, all in the dead of night, and conveyed it into the forest, and spread it on a bush, and went back to the river, and had a good bathe, and after that he rubbed himself with oil and went back and went to sleep. When he woke up in the morning he saw the hyæna and said, "Ah! you will get a thrashing to-day; you have stolen a goat." "Indeed it's not I," said the hyæna. "It is," said the rabbit.

"It is not," said the other. They waited, and the owners of the house came and let out the goats and counted them, and found the number short, and questioned them, "Where are the goats gone to?" The hyæna had not come out of doors; he was still on his bed. So they came and asked the rabbit, "Where is your companion?" "My friend is asleep," he replied. And the rabbit went and woke him up. The hyæna came, and was questioned. "Did you not see who stole the goat?" "No, I did not," said he. "How did you get this blood on you?" asked they. "Perhaps it was my companion here," he said. "Oh, no, not I!" said the rabbit. The hyæna had nothing to say. "Well, you have both stolen it," said the people. The rabbit was asked, "What kind of rope shall we tie you with?" "Banana rope," said the rabbit. The hyæna was asked, "What kind of rope do you wish us to tie you with?" "Straps," said the hyæna. He was tied accordingly, and the rabbit was tied with banana rope. When they were both made fast, the rabbit said, "Put me in the road." He was put in the road. Then the rabbit devised a trick for making his escape, but the hyæna told of him, and said, "The rabbit is trying to escape." The people asked the rabbit, "What is it you are saying?" "The hyæna is a liar," said the rabbit; "I never said a word." Then he added, "All I said was, 'We want a fowl to-day with our rice.'" So a fowl was killed for them. When they had finished eating it the rabbit said to the hyæna, "Come, let me untie your straps, and we'll make off." The hyæna raised a shout, "Here's a runaway! here's a runaway!" The people came and asked him, "What is the matter?" "Nothing at all," said he, and added, "We were saying we were hungry to-day." They were brought food and ate it. Presently the rabbit cut his banana-rope and made off. The people came and asked the hyæna, "Where is the

rabbit?" He replied, "I don't know where he has gone. The fact is," he said to them, "I was asleep." They took the hyæna and went and killed him.

This is the end of my story. If it is good, I hope it may please people. If bad, it may please myself.

XVIII.

THE WOMEN AND THE STONE.

ONCE upon a time there was a river, and in the river was a small stone, and this stone was the abode of a fairy, and everyone who passed the river, if he struck against the stone, held his peace.

One day four women started to go to the other side for a ramble. They went and arrived at the river. When they got there they proceeded to cross over. They went into the water, and the first who went into the water struck against the stone, but she never said a word. And so with the second and the third. But the last, when she touched the stone, abused it. They passed on, and went off for a ramble among their relations. When it was time to go back they came to the very same spot, and found the stone was standing up in its place, and they had not a word to say to it. And they said to their companion, "Look, you have done wrong. What shall we do now? We cannot go on, and it is all your fault." However, the three tried praying, and all three passed over and went on, and the fourth was left behind by herself. When they got home they were asked, "Where is your companion?" And they said, "She went with us, and when we came to the river our companion stumbled and was provoked, and abused the stone she had stumbled over."

The father and mother got very furious indeed, and they bought guns and cloth, and a great deal besides, and placed them on the stone. And her father said, "Who will mount up on this stone and go to the other side and fetch my child? I will give him all these things I have here." The squirrel stepped forward and said, "Here am I." They said to him, "Can you do it?" "I can," he said. They said to him, "Do it then." Off he went, and found her crying and wandering about distractedly, and said to her, "Come." And she came. When she had come, he took her up and went with her up to the very top, and remained four days at the top. On the fifth day he came down and gave them their child, and they gave him his reward. And he went off. And they, too, went off with their daughter.

That is the end.

XIX.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE RABBIT (3).

THERE was once an elephant, and he made a brew of beer, and said, "I should like to have a dance for my friends, but at my drinking-bout I will have none who have not horns. I want all who have horns, but no one else." So one day he collected together "all my friends who have horns, but no one else." And they all assembled. And he asked his friends, "Whom shall we appoint policeman to keep the door for us?" They all said, "Perhaps the hyæna would do." Someone was sent to go and find the hyæna. He was soon found, he and a very little cub of his, and they were brought to the elephant. And the elephant said, "I want you to be our policeman, and just keep the door for us." "Oh, certainly," said he. "Very well. Agreed."

The arrangements were made for the dance. It was a dance called "Njipa." First they conversed, and presently beer was brought, a jar and a half full, and they drank. When they had done drinking they fell to dancing, and the song to which they danced was this:—"Njipa, mwiwale zale? Uwanywo hatupiyakao mwanyi pwanabwa ng'oo"—which means, "This dance, where did you hear of it? And we are by no means at home yet, oh, no!" That is what it meant. Well, while they were dancing away and highly de-

lighted because the dance was a very good one, suddenly they saw a very handsome young person coming with antlers like a stag. They called the stag, and asked him, "Is this a relation of yours or not?" The stag replied, "I do not know. Possibly it is a relation of mine." The elephant said at once, "Give this young person a place and let him dance. It is all right, he has horns." A place in the dance was given him at once. But he would not dance in the sun, for he was afraid his horns would come off, for he was only a rabbit really, and had no horns at all. So they danced till they began to be tired. Presently they went to have another pull at the beer, just by way of refreshment. When they had refreshed themselves, then at once they fell to dancing again. And then the rabbit got in a sunny place, and in a moment both his horns melted off, and one horn flew off and hit the elephant near the nose. "Collar that fellow there!" exclaimed the elephant to the hyæna. "Where?" answered the hyæna. "I have not got sight of him yet." The rabbit had not got out, he had hid himself near where the hyæna was. The very moment the hyæna went out of the door, the rabbit bolted out too. When the hyæna saw him he went after him at full speed. Suddenly the rabbit dived into a hole. The hyæna and his young cub dug away with a will, but could not get at him. Presently the hyæna said, "Wait here; I will go and get fire." "Very well," said the cub. As soon as he was well on his way back, the rabbit came up from inside and knocked at the door. Just then the cub took out the wisp of grass and threw it away, and stuffed another in the hole. In a twinkling out came the rabbit with the wisp of grass. As soon as he was safe outside he asked the cub, "Where has your father gone?" "He has gone to get fire," answered the cub. "What is the fire for?" he inquired. "To smoke the rabbit out," said he; "he's here inside." "Oh!" said the rabbit. "It is

no good stuffing grass in. He will get out. Take out the grass and put your paw in, and keep singing like this, 'Too-oo tee-ay-làr, too-oo tee-ay-làr.'" And he added, "Now then, begin. And go on till you see your father coming. Then stuff the grass in. Do you understand, you little cub?" "Oh! yes," said the cub. The rabbit was off in a moment, and the cub never saw where the rabbit went to. And the cub attended to what the rabbit had said to him, and did exactly as he was told. And as soon as he saw his father coming he stuffed the grass into the hole. Presently his father came up and asked his cub, "Is the rabbit in there?" "Yes, father, he is there." So they lighted a fire and put it in the hole and puffed away at it till the hole was quite full of smoke. Then they fell to digging again. They dug and dug till they came to the end, and not a thing did they find inside it after all. The father promptly asked his child, "Why is the rabbit not in there inside the hole? Where has he gone to? I know you have let him out." The young one answered at once and said, "I did see a rabbit. He came up behind me, and said to me, 'What are you waiting for here?' and I replied, 'I am waiting for a rabbit. It is here in this hole.' And he said to me, 'If you are waiting for a rabbit it is no good stuffing grass in the hole. He will be out and away in a moment.' And I answered, 'Well, what am I to stop the hole with?' 'With your paws,' said he. 'Besides keep singing songs like this, "Too-oo, tee-ay-làr, too-oo tee-ay-làr"'"—which means "stopping up and letting out," that is its meaning. When his father heard this he was very angry, for he was afraid the elephant would kill him. Well, his father hunted for the rabbit, but could not find him, for he had gone clean away. Then the hyæna and his cub went back to the elephant, and found them all dancing away just as before. And the dance was in full swing, too. The

hyæna went up to the elephant, and said to him, "I have not caught the rabbit." "What rabbit?" said the elephant, hastily. "The one you told me to collar," said the hyæna. "I never told you any such thing," said the elephant. The fact was, the elephant denied it because the dance was quite too delightful; the dancing and the singing were quite exquisite. So the hyæna went back to his post and kept the door again as before, he and his cub with him.

The company continued to dance, and drank up the beer. The beer was not quite so good at first, but now there were the dregs at the bottom, and they were particularly nice—nicer than all the rest together. Then they made up another dance, and presently they saw a young person with the horns of a buffalo, and very fine horns indeed they were. They welcomed him at once in high good-humour, and the rabbit (for it was the rabbit again) joined in the dance without more ado. At first, however, he took great care not to get into the sun, for he was afraid his horns would melt off at once. So he danced in the shade. Presently the elephant called out, "Stop dancing. Now let us finish off what is left of our beer." They lost no time in gathering together, and very soon the beer was brought, and they drank till they had finished it all up, and the rabbit with them. When they had done drinking they stood up to dance, and danced away vigorously, and the dance got into a famous swing. And the rabbit got into the sun, because he was so taken up with the dancing. And in a moment, while the rabbit was dancing, both his horns melted right off, and flew up and hit the buffalo. And the rabbit made a rush for the hyæna, who was keeping guard at the door, and the hyæna entirely failed to collar the rabbit. And the rabbit bolted into a cemetery, and the hyæna tried to hunt him down, but could not catch him, for in the cemetery there were a great many footmarks, so he did not know which

was the track of the rabbit. And the hyæna went back and said to the elephant, "I could not catch him, for he ran into the cemetery, and I do not know the track which he made, for there are a great many footmarks there." "Well," said the elephant, "what are we to do? He has contrived to drink our beer, and he has joined in our dance, and got off scot-free. And he has hurt us, too, with those beastly horns of his." However, the company danced and enjoyed themselves, and then they took leave of each other, and everyone went away highly delighted. So the dance came to an end. As for the rabbit, he took care not to appear a third time.

XX.

THE RAT AND THE MOLE.

ONE day there came a rat and said to a mole, "I should very much like to go a walk with you. We have not had a good walk for a long time." "By all means," said the mole. "I, too, should much like a walk." As they were going the mole became a little tired, and said to the rat, "My good fellow, I am tired; I want to rest here in the shade." "Very well," said the rat; "the fact is, I, too, am greatly in need of rest." While they were sitting there the rat heard a sound of fire approaching, and said to the mole, "Mole, if fire comes, how are you going to escape?" "Oh!" said he, I really don't know, but I shall do what I can. I shall escape in this way—dig a hole, and in I go. That's my way of escaping." "The way I shall escape," replied the rat, is this—get the other side of a hill." "Very good," said the mole; "an excellent plan. You know how to take care of yourself, that's clear." While they were talking in this way suddenly the fire came in view, the flames leaping high, and they at once began to make their escape, the mole singing his song of "Dig a hole and in you go," and the rat his, "Round behind the hill we go." While they were trying to make their escape the fire increased, and raged most fiercely. When the mole saw that the fire had got near he went into

a hole, and the fire passed by. But the rat could not run very fast, because he was very tired. And the fire burnt with great fury, and killed the rat on the side of the hill. The mole came out of the hole and viewed the fire, and saw that it had not yet quite cooled down, so he went back into his hole and waited a bit. Then presently he said, "Perhaps now it has cooled down," and he came out as before, and looked and saw it had quite cooled down. Then he went along the same path as he had come by before, and arrived at the very place where they had rested, and said, "Now I am off to search for my friend, for the fire is all over now." So he began wandering about the hills, and besides kept calling out, "Rat, rat, where are you?" But he heard no voice in reply, nothing but his own. While he was thus wandering about the hills he came upon him lying dead on the side of a hill, with one of his teeth protruding. So he said, "What am I to do? I had better take this tooth, and bury my companion." And so he did. When he had finished, he took the tooth and hollowed it out inside, and took wax, and melted it on to the sides of the tooth, and it became a kind of pipe. And then he took some more wax and heated it thoroughly, till it was as hot as fire.

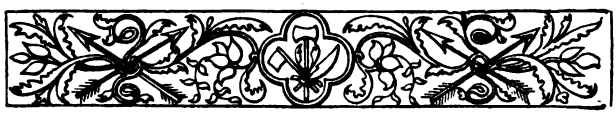
When he had finished doing this he returned to his house, and sat in his verandah and played upon the tooth, "Noopa nino la mula akwile moro wa ekwala"—which means, "I chant the name of my friend, who died in a forest-fire." Well, while he was singing in this way, presently he saw an elephant coming. The elephant said to the mole, "My friend, I want to look at that thing you are playing on." The mole took the tooth and gave it him. The elephant played on it, and saw that it had a beautiful tone, and was going to run off with it. But the mole took the heated wax and threw it at him. Then the elephant gave it back at

once, and the owner took it as before and played on it. Presently a buffalo appeared, and said, "My friend, just lend it me for a moment; I want to look at it." The mole gave it him, and the buffalo played on it, and saw it sounded very sweetly, and was going to run off with it too. But the mole took the heated wax and threw it at him, and he gave it back at once. The mole took it and played on it, and a lion came, but he could not get possession of it, for the mole hurt him dreadfully with the hot wax. Everyone of the animals came, but could not get it.

However, the tortoise appeared, and said, "I will go and see what *I* can do." So the tortoise went till he came to the house of the mole, and said, "My good fellow, let me look at your pipe." And the mole gave it him. The tortoise played on it, and found it take his fancy wonderfully, and ran off with it. The mole took his heated wax and threw it at him. The tortoise said to him, "Opatela nrabata etai iri vati"—which means, "You only hit the skin, the flesh is underneath." But the mole went on taking great lumps of wax and throwing them at him. But he could not hurt him. And the tortoise kept saying the same words over and over again, till he came to his house, and in he went. And the mole he went in too, but the tortoise tried a stratagem, and said to him, "Ah! my friend, you had better get out pretty quick. Why, you are stepping on his Majesty, you are. Don't you hear, you mole?" But the mole saw it was only nonsense, and went in further and further. Well, when the tortoise saw he was sure to be killed by the mole, he said, "I say, Mole, I am coming out now to give you your tooth." "Well, come along, and be quick about it," said the mole. So the tortoise came outside, and the mole said, "Give me my tooth." The tortoise said to him, "If you want your tooth, let us go to Mwala (Note 28) first. Besides, go and get a very sharp

spear. Then when we get to Mwala, when you see me turn over on my back, be quick and run the spear into me." So the mole took a very sharp spear, and they went to Mwala. Then the tortoise turned over on his back, but the mole was not quick enough to spear him. And in a moment the tortoise was in a hole in the rock, and the mole could not get at him any more, for he had gone into a fissure in hard rock. He lost his tooth, and he missed killing the tortoise. So the mole went back home very sorrowful indeed.

This is the end of my story. If it is a bad one, may it come back to me; if good, do you take it.



XXI.

THE ELEPHANT AND GOD.

THERE was once an elephant, and he had a contest with God. God said to the elephant, "I can dry up all the waters of the rivers." "You cannot dry them up at all," said the elephant. When the elephant had said this all the rivers dried up. The elephant endured ten days without drinking a drop of water. When he felt he was ready to faint, he gathered together all the animals, and gave his orders to the animals. One by one they began to go and pray for water. Each animal which he sent (saying), "Go and pray for water," went, and was told, "Go and tell them, 'Cut down the tree which stands in the verandah.'" When he came back he said it was such and such a tree; but, strange to say, it was the wrong one. And so on with each animal —he went off and came back, and could not remember which tree it was. Well, the tortoise tried. He took his bell and put it on, and went off to God, and fell on his knees and said, "The elephant wants water." And He said to him, "Let him cut down the tree which stands in the verandah." He went off, and when he got into the road he struck his bell, and it said to him, "The tree which stands in the verandah." He went on and said, "The tree which stands in the verandah." It was cut down, and water came out.

The elephant drank up all the water, and (the tortoise) was sent again to go and ask for water, and he was told, "Go and cut down such and such a tree." So the tortoise told them, "Cut down this tree." And they cut it down, and water came out in abundance, and the beasts drank, and it sufficed them, and many great rivers were filled with the abundance of water. All the animals were delighted with the very great abundance of water, and the elephant could not drink it all up by himself.

XXII.

THE IMPENETRABLE ISLAND.

THERE were once three children, and they said to their mothers, "We want to go and set snares." Their mothers said, "Do not go." But they did not pay any regard. Their mothers each told her own child, but not one of them paid regard to his mother—they refused, every one of them. So each parent gave her child a bag of flour and beans. Then they bade their mothers farewell and went off.

When they arrived at the place, at that island which no man could penetrate because of its dangers, they built a hut, and cooked their food and ate it. When they had done eating, they rose up and went off to set snares, and they set them as it were from here to the high road (*i.e.*, over a space of about 500 yards). Then they went back to their hut and went and slept. In the morning they came to look at their snares, and every snare had an animal in it. They took them out of the snares, and went on taking them out of the snares, till they came to the last snare, and there they saw a head swaying to and fro. And they asked each other, "What is that?" and they said, "Let us go and look. If it means death, let us die together." When they got near they saw a huge snake, and they were dreadfully frightened. One of them was very courageous, and said to

the others, "Come along." So they went and found a huge snake, and it had eaten the animal which had been caught in the snare. Moreover, the animals which they had caught in the other snares the snake robbed them of and ate them, and asked them, "Where do you come from?" And they said, "We come from such and such a country," pointing in the direction of their home. The snake asked them, "Who were the people who told you, 'Go yonder,' and you came and interfered with my animals." And they said, "You have eaten up the animals yourself." "I know all that," said the snake. "Well," said they, "no one told us." "That is as much as to say you want to be killed," said he. "If not, carry me to your country." "If you go you will kill our mothers," they said. He killed two of them, and he said (to the one remaining), "And what do *you* say?" He was frightened, and said, "Come along." "Come and carry me," said the snake. The child came and carried him, and went with him the first day, and the second day, and the third day, and the fourth day—because he went very slowly on account of the weight of the snake, and the boy grew thin.

They went on till they arrived at his country. When he arrived he found the people drinking beer. When they saw the boy they ran away because of the snake he was carrying. The boy came up, and stood near his mother's house, and sang, "Come, mother, come, and take my burden down." His mother said to him, "You asked leave of yourself to go." Then he sang, "Come, father, come." His father made just the same reply. But there happened to be a great man there, and he said to his father and mother, "If I give you a medicine which will save your son, what will you give me?" His father and mother said, "Anything you ask we will give you, even to the half of our field." He said to them, "Get tobacco, opium, and beer; then mix

them together, and put them near that snake." They did as they were told by the chief of the village. They got it, and went and put it near the snake. When the snake had put his mouth to the beer, tobacco, and opium he fell down, and the boy got away and went to his mother. The snake lost all its strength, and lay just where it was, unable to get away. The people collected guns and powder and bullets, and fired at the snake the first day, the second day, and the third day, till the fourth day, and then the snake died. The people cut firewood, and put it over him and set fire to it, and the fire blazed up and the snake was burnt—nothing but ashes was left.

This is the end of my story.

XXIII.

THE CRUEL STEP-MOTHER.

THERE was once a child and his mother. His mother loved him dearly, and she said to him, "You have had nothing but happiness, you will come to have trouble." When his mother died he went to his step-mother, and lived with her. She only loved him a little; she gave him neither food nor clothes—she did not love him as he was loved by his real mother and father. And he remembered how he had been told by his mother saying, "You will come to have trouble." He thought over this and cried, and hunger pinched him, and he was given no food. The work he was told to do was "Attend to the door." That was all he had to do. When they went into the fields he used to go to a refuse-heap and look for food and eat it. That was what he did when left in the house.

One day when they had gone away into the fields, the child went to a pond, and said, singing, "Snake, come, come, snake." And a snake came out of the pond, and the child went with it, and put it in the house and shut the door, and went and sat on the refuse-heap and ate what he could find. His father and mother came, and first his father tried to open the door and fell down. His wife said to him, "You *are* slack. A door is enough to knock you down." "Come yourself," said he. She came and laid hold of the

door and tried to open it. Down she fell. Her husband puzzled his wits to open it, but could not. So he said to her, "It beats me. You laughed at me. Why did you just try once and fail? I have tried twice, and can't open it." Then they called the child, but he answered never a word. Then they collected people together, and said, "I wish you would open my door for me." They tried, but not a man could do it.

At last a man came forward, and spoke and questioned them and said, "This child here, why is he so thin? Is he not given food?" They replied, "He is." The child looked hard at them, and the man said, "He is not given food. Why, when you said, 'He is,' did the child look so hard at you? Believe me, it is he who has put something inside." Then he said to them, "If you want to get at the things inside, tell your wife to make some water hot, and take this child and scrub him well, and rub him with oil, and put good clothes on him and make him tidy, and then tell your wife to cook some food for him to eat. When he has done eating tell him to open the door." They did as they were told, and dressed him nicely, and said, "My child, go and open the door for us." He said, "Go a little way off." They went a little way off, and he went and opened the door. When all the people saw the snake coming out they all ran in different directions, and the child was left with his father and mother. The child sang, and the snake came out of the house, and the snake went with the child to the pond. The child stood on the brink of the pond and sang, and the snake went into the pond and dived to the bottom, and nothing of him remained. The child went home again to his mother and his father, and the child lived happily—he got clothes and food, and everything he asked for from his father or his mother he got.

This is the end of the story.

XXIV.

THE BEGGAR (1).

THERE was once a beggar who had three sons. They lived in a town, and found themselves getting poorer and poorer. Two of the three sons were a good deal older than the other. These two elder ones said to their father and mother, "We want to leave this town and go on our travels"—in sheer desperation. Their father could not forbid them, and said, "Very well" And their mother made them a quantity of food, and gave some to each of them to put in his wallet, and they took the food. And she gave them water-bottles, and they took them also. When they were ready to start their younger brother said to them, "I want to go with you, my elder brothers." The elder brothers refused at first, but he begged and begged, till they consented to let him go with them. So he, too, had food prepared for him, and put it into his wallet, and his water-bottle. This done, they bade farewell to their father and mother, and started across a wilderness.

On went the lads, on and on, not knowing where they were going, but simply wandering in the wilderness. They travelled till they reached the middle of the wilderness, and then were seized with hunger, and they told their younger brother to give them food. He took some out and gave it

them. Afterwards he took out water, and they drank. Then the younger brother found his food coming to an end, there was only a little left, and the same with the water. Again they made a long march, it was a long way from where they started to where they stopped, and they were seized with hunger. So they said to their younger brother, "Give us food, we are hungry." He replied that his food was all gone, and none left in his wallet. They asked if there really was not a scrap in it, and he told them there was just a very little left. And they said to him, "Bring it, and we will finish it up." The boy could not say "No"—what was he to do? So he gave it up to them, and they ate it, and afterwards he took out water too, and they finished it. So the boy's food had quite come to an end.

Then they started, and travelled on through woods and wilds, woods and wilds. At last the younger brother got very hungry, and said to his elder brothers, "My brothers, I am hungry. Give me a little bit of food to eat." But the brothers refused to give him their food, and said to him, "Who told you to come with us? Did we not tell you not to come with us, because we were going a long way? Did you not hear us? You can't have any food." Their brother cried, and tried to coax them to give him just a little food. But the elder brothers replied, "No, we will not. Only if you really want us to give you food you must consent to let us put out one of your eyes first, and then we will give you food." And he, so terrible were the pangs of hunger, agreed to have one eye put out, and said, "Come, brothers, I agree. What else can I do? Hunger has seized upon me." And the brothers put out one of his eyes, and threw it away. Then they took a little food and gave it him, and he ate, and water likewise, and after that he followed them.

They went on and on, through woods and wilds, woods and wilds, till at last the younger brother was again seized

with hunger as before. And he said to his brothers, "Give me food. I am hungry." The elder brothers replied with the same words as before, "If you want food you must agree to let us put out your other eye, and then we will give you food." The boy agreed, for he felt the world was pressing him hard, and he said to them, "Very well, I agree." So they put out his other eye too, and threw it away, and then they took a little food and gave it him, and he ate, and took some water, too, which they gave him and drank. Afterwards they took him by the hand, and went on with him. Presently they arrived at a place where there was a very large baobab tree by the road, and they took their brother and set him at the foot of the tree, and then went off and left the boy there all alone in the midst of the wilderness.

The boy sat there under the baobab tree till the very middle and dead of night, and he leaned against the tree. On a sudden he felt the tree shaking, and its very roots were all quivering too. The reason of the shaking was that a monstrous bird came with its young one, and they alighted on the tree. The young bird uttered a cry, "Ngaaa-a." Its mother asked, "My child, what are you crying for? It's true there is a lad below who has lost his eyes, but it does not matter. He has only got to stretch out his hand and pick seven leaves twice over and apply them to his eyes, and he will see at once." The boy kept listening to the words of the bird. Then the young bird cried out again, and its mother said the same words. First she asked, "My child, what are you crying for? I know there is a lad down there below who has lost his eyes, but it does not matter. He has only to take seven leaves twice over in his hand and apply them to his eyes, and he will certainly be able to see." The youth pondered over the words of the bird. Finally he stretched out his hand and

took some leaves and counted them, and felt that there were seven. Then he stretched out his hand again and took seven more, that is altogether fourteen. And he tried rubbing them on his face. The first time he saw just a very little light. He tried again, and saw just a little more. He tried a third time, and saw things in an indistinct way, as the light increased. Finally he rubbed and saw clearly, just as all men see. Then he applied it again, and saw midnight and darkness prevailing, but he himself saw as if it was midday; he could pick up anything, if it were but a needle, so clear was his sight. He had recovered all his powers. Then he took those leaves and put them in his wallet, and took some more and put them in too. After that he rose up and went on.

He went on till he came to a town, and went into it. But first he came to the people's fields, and stopped there. Now in the town to which he had come the Sultan's daughter had a disease of the eyes, and could not see. And the Sultan had proclaimed that he would give his daughter in marriage to anyone who could make her a medicine and cure her. So the people of the town had tried to make her a medicine, but she did not get well, and everyone who tried but failed to cure her was put to death by order of the Sultan. Numbers of young men had been put to death for her sake—sons of ministers of state, lords, and grandees, as well as poor people—had all been put to death, but there was no one who could effect a thorough cure. Well, the stranger lad had heard all about this Sultan's daughter, and he told the people that he, too, wanted to go and try to restore the sick princess. The townspeople said to the young man, "Ah! hold your tongue, can't you? You are only a boy. What can *you* do? Dozens have had their try and never come back, and belong no more to this world. And they were young men of rank and wealth, and even so,

what became of them? They all lost their lives for the sake of this princess. What use will you be?" "I will try," said the stranger lad. "If I fail, I shall be put to death, of course. What objection is there? The fine gentlemen you talk about were simply fine gentlemen and nothing more, and accordingly are dead. Of course, a lad like me has less chance. But surely I may just as well go and have my try? If I fail, let me die." "Very good," said they, and went and told the Sultan that a stranger had come to the town, and he wanted to try and cure his daughter. "By all means," said the Sultan. "Call him. Let the young stranger come." The people went and said to him, "The Sultan summons you." "Thank you," he replied, and rose and followed them to the Sultan. The Sultan asked him, "Are you the person who wants to undertake the cure of my child?" The lad replied, "I am, my lord and master." The Sultan laughed at him heartily, and then recounted to him how many people had lost their lives on her account. Finally, the Sultan said again to him, "Does a boy like you want to die for nothing at all? You certainly will not be able to cure my child." The young stranger replied, "If I cannot, well and good. I will follow those who have gone before me." "Very well," replied the Sultan. The young man then said to the Sultan, "I want you to get a new house built, that your daughter may be removed and placed in it. Moreover, let two couches be placed in it, one for this sick child, and one for me." The Sultan at once gave orders, and a large house was completely built in the course of a few days. The couches were placed in it and all else that was required. Late at night the girl was removed to it. And the young man gave orders that no person should enter the house but himself and the sick girl. This was done. At night the young man went into the house to the princess, and took his leaves which he had

in his wallet, and rubbed the princess' eyes with them. In a moment the invalid saw, but saw only just a very, very little. He rubbed again, and she saw, her sight getting stronger. He rubbed again, and she saw as clearly as if by the rising sun—she began to see just so clearly. He rubbed again, and the young girl sneezed three times, and was able to see when it was night, seeing in it just as if it was twelve o'clock noon. Then he rubbed for the last time, and the princess uttered cries of joy in the darkness of the night, for her eyes had stronger sight than anyone else throughout the land. At once the people heard her cries in the house, and wondered greatly. They rose up and came to the princess' house and knocked at the door, and it was unfastened. When they went inside they found the princess seated and talking with the young man, smiling and happy, and with even better than common sight. When those who had entered the house saw the princess no longer blind they raised loud cries and screams of joy because the princess had recovered her sight. Then they hastened off to the Sultan, and told him that his daughter was completely recovered and able to see perfectly. When the Sultan heard their report he utterly disbelieved them, and sent his wife to go and observe the girl and see whether she was really cured. The Sultan's wife went out to the house where her daughter was, and went inside to her daughter. And she found her positively seated, talking with the young man who had cured her, and saw her former look and appearance changed; she had a different appearance, her face shining with wondrous lustre; night with her was like daytime, so gloriously radiant was she to the eye. When the Sultan's wife saw her she stayed not a moment for joy. She hastened with all speed to her husband, and told him it was really true what the people said—his child was cured. When the Sultan heard his wife's report he ordered the

ground to be spread with silver pieces from the door of his palace to the door of the house in which his daughter was. Then the Sultan went forth to go to his daughter, to go and see her condition, and the path he walked on was one mass of silver pieces, on which he walked. He went to the house in which his daughter was, and found his daughter quietly sitting. The moment the girl saw her father she rose to her feet and greeted her father joyously. When her father saw his daughter's state he at once gave orders for a salute to be fired. Accordingly cannon were fired from dawn till six o'clock in the evening; then the cannon ceased—so great was the Sultan's joy at seeing his daughter cured.

The next day the Sultan prepared a feast for the marriage of the young man who had succeeded in curing his daughter. The preparations for the wedding were on an unheard-of scale. All the people over whom he ruled assembled to partake of the banquet. Everyone feasted, but the feast was more than they could eat—so great was the feast. The young man was married, and the princess lived a life of peace and happiness. The Sultan descended from his throne and gave it to the young man, and he became Sultan, and the Sultan himself became simply the governor of the land—all authority rested with the young man.

So passed the young man's life. Meanwhile his brothers had arrived at other towns far off, and there they were buffeted by the world, and had not a single thing—no clothes nor food, nothing but their bodies. At last they left the town which they had come to and came to the town which their younger brother had arrived at, and they came to the people's fields. Presently they fell in with the people, who seized them and carried them to the Sultan. And they reported to the Sultan that they had picked up two men outside the town. The Sultan said, "Bring them and let me see them." They went at once to bring them to the

Sultan. When the Sultan saw them he recognized at once that they were his brothers, but they did not recognize him. And the Sultan pretended that he did not know them. He asked them where they came from and where they were going, and they said, "We are simply wandering about the world." So the Sultan said, "You are spies. You had come to spy out our country." Immediately the Sultan gave orders to his soldiers, and said to them, "Take these men and go into the wilderness, and you will see by the roadside a large baobab tree. When you get there, take these men and put out both their eyes. That done, put them under the baobab tree and leave them there, and come back." The soldiers went to execute the Sultan's orders, and put out their eyes. After that they put them under the baobab tree and went back. All this was done to them simply that he might try them, and see if they would go and get wisdom as he had got, and also to repay them for their conduct to him. So the two young men remained sitting under the baobab tree. In the middle of the night they suddenly felt the tree shaking violently, and the reason why the tree shook was that the same bird came with its young one, and when they had come they alighted on the baobab tree. Instantly the young one uttered a cry, "Ngaa-a-a." Its mother asked, "My child, what are you crying about? I know there are two young men there below who have lost their eyes, but it does not matter. They have only got to take fourteen leaves each and apply them to their eyes, and they will recover their sight." Well, when they heard the bird's voice they said, "What a regular nuisance this is! This bird is annoying us, and we want to go to sleep." So they searched for stones and threw them at the birds, and they flew away. It was the same on the second and third day, up to the fifth; the birds came and said the same words, and the young men always drove them away, and

thought they came only to annoy them and keep them from sleeping. Well, the birds came a sixth time, saying the same words, and the young men searched for stones and threw them at the birds, and they flew away, and the birds did not return any more to the baobab tree. And the young men remained where they were under the tree, and could not find either food or drink. They remained there the first day and the second day, and on the third they died, thanks to the foolishness which possessed them.

This is the end of this story. Sense—the meaning of it is, practical sagacity. Trouble first and pleasure after, or pleasure first and trouble after. Let us choose one or the other of these two courses.

XXV.

THE FROG AND THE CHAMELEON.

["FROG" and "Chameleon" are practically nothing more than proper names throughout the story, the only allusion to the chameleon as an animal having reference to the well-known deliberateness of its movements. The key to the whole narrative seems to lie in the opening scene. It is a satire on "coastiness," or coast character, moulded as it is largely by Mahommedanism. Polite Arabic conversation is a tissue of religious verbiage. The chameleon, fresh from the coast, and pluming himself on his newly-acquired knowledge of its fashions in deportment and religion, administers a patronizing rebuke to his less sophisticated friend, of which the latter humbly acknowledges the justice. The sequel is a shrewd and elaborate comparison of the two characters in respect of their actual moral worth, ending with an apotheosis of the hero in the usual style of Arab romance.]

ONE day a frog spoke to his fellow frogs, and said, "I have heard that there is a chameleon about. The day I see him he shall be my friend." Well, one day they met, the frog and the chameleon, and they at once wished each other good morning, and after wishing each other good morning they

made mutual inquiries. First the frog asked the chameleon, "How are you getting on?" "Capitally," replied the chameleon; "and how are you—well or badly?" "Excellently," said the frog, "and how have you been this long time past?" "In peace and quietness," answered he, "passing all understanding." "My friend," said the frog, "you have given me an answer, but it has a fatal flaw. 'Peace' cannot 'pass all understanding,' unless you ascribe it to Almighty God, who created us, me and you. You, my friend, speak to me of a peace passing all understanding, without naming your Creator, yours and mine, the Creator of all things, Almighty God." "Quite true," answered the chameleon. "You have a very fine sense of propriety."

Well, the frog and the chameleon clave to each other, as the ring to the finger, and so remained for many a day, the frog and the chameleon. At last the frog got up and said to the chameleon, "My friend, we are still unmarried. Let us go and look for wives, and so marry." "By all means, my friend," said the chameleon, "let us go in search." So off they went to search for wives, and travelled for many a day without finding what they were in search of. However, one day they saw a town, and said, "Suppose we enter this town. It is possible we shall get them here." So they entered the town, and were at once made welcome—"Welcome, welcome, strangers." They sat down, and food was brought in abundance, and they made a meal on the spot. In the morning they were asked, "How are things going in your parts—well or badly?" "As well as could be," answered they. "But there is just one thing to mention, we are in want of wives." "What do you say?" rejoined the people of the town. "Wives," said they, "simply wives." Now in that town there was a certain man who had two children, both girls, and just at that time the two daughters of this man appeared, and passed in front of the frog and

the chameleon, who noticed that they were fine girls, and asked the people of the town, "Where is their father?" The people answered and said, "He is the man you were just now talking to here. They are his daughters." "We should like," they said, "to marry his daughters." Their father and their mother were at once called. The frog and the chameleon said, "We should like to marry your daughters." The man had a little conversation with his wife. "Well, what do you think, my dear? Our daughters are asked in marriage by the frog and the chameleon. Now what do you think, my dear? Are they to marry or not marry?" "Just as *you* like, my dear," replied his wife. "Well," said he, "for my part, I should think they had better marry. These are gentlemen of quality, and I really cannot say 'No' to them." Then the wife remarked, "I won't have my children live in want. I won't have my children find life all worry and trouble." So the husband replied, "Is it really the case that you have the means to provide well for your wives?" The frog and the chameleon answered and said to them, "We have, sir, never fear. We have, we have indeed, sir." Then the mother put in her word, "I want sons-in-law who know how to dig." "We will try," replied they, but the frog added a boast on his own account, and said, "I have no doubt, madam, I can dig, no doubt at all." But the chameleon only said, "I will try, but I do not think I can." So the wedding of the frog and chameleon was celebrated, and it was as grand as could possibly be, the wedding of the chameleon and the frog. Fifty days lasted the wedding festivities of the frog and the chameleon, with slaughter of oxen and slaughter of sheep and goats. As to fowls, they were of no account. So a very grand affair was the wedding of the frog and the chameleon.

Well, when the wedding festivities were over the father-

in-law said to them, "Well, sons-in-law, what line of life will you take up now?" "In this country," said they, "we are strangers," and added, "We want spades and axes and sickles. We will do field-work," saying further, "Of course we are going to dig. Should we take your daughters and do nothing for it?" Their father-in-law bought spades, axes, and sickles—everything required for field-work their father-in-law bought. He gave them the things, and said, "I want you to farm. Only support your wives, and I won't take a single sixpence from you." "By all means," they replied, and the frog said, "For my part, one spade and one axe are by no means enough for me. I require twelves spades and ten axes and nine sickles. Then I shall do rare work." "Gently, gently," interrupted his friend the chameleon; "are you speaking the truth, my friend? How do you propose to work with twelve spades?" "Oh! oh!" cried the frog, "just because he is a rare stick-in-the-mud, he's a whole year getting anywhere, just crawls one foot at a time. I won't have you make me out a do-nothing. I want twelve spades. None of your nonsense for me. Out of the road there, Mr. Chameleon." The chameleon moved off, and then the frog was given his twelve spades, and said, "Now I shall do rare work"—axes too and sickles, just as he had requested. But the chameleon was given one spade and one axe and one sickle. And his father-in-law said, "The frog has told me you are a thorough idler. That's why I gave you one spade and one axe and one sickle, because you are lazy." "Very good, father-in-law," said the chameleon, "you will see if I am lazy. Thank you, thank you; one spade and one axe and one sickle will do for me, father-in-law. Thank you. Let the frog there have your spades."

So the matter ended, and they went off to work. Well, whenever the frog went out to work he used to cover him-

self with sand and cover himself with mud, and when he came home to his father-in-law's house he bragged, "I have done a fine stroke of work to-day; I want a good pile of food on my plate to-day." His mother-in-law cooked for him, and he took his meals by himself, and the frog was very greedy, and would go presently to his mother-in-law and say, "I have worked hard to-day, mother-in-law, but as to the chameleon, he does not do a single stroke of work; he goes off a ramble without you seeing him; he carries off his spade in the morning, but don't you believe that he is at work. He is a liar and a do-nothing." Then the mother-in-law got to hate the chameleon heartily, because he was lazy. The frog had made mischief, and said to her, "Keep your love for me, who work like a man, but the chameleon does nothing." When the frog came from his fields it was always the same thing, he covered himself with mud, so as to get a name for hard work, and be praised by everybody. When the chameleon came from the fields he would oil himself and bathe himself and go back to his house, and when he went indoors his wife sees him and flies into a passion, and demands of her husband, "How much digging have *you* done to-day?" and the chameleon answers his wife, "I have fine games. I don't dig. The frog is the great digger; he has it all to himself; no one else has a chance with him in digging." His wife would answer and say, "You are an idle do-nothing, you! Everyone tells me you are. Is there a man in the world who comes from the fields and all to oil himself? Where did you ever see one? Tell me." "No, I never did," said he. "But still, suppose it is a way a man has, what are you to do?" His wife made no reply. At last she said to him, "Just try to dig a bit; don't be lazy, my dear. Look at your friend the frog; when he comes from his fields does he oil himself or not?" The chameleon said to his wife, "No, he does not." "Well,"

said his wife, "then you are an idler, you do not dig." "Just so, an idler," was his answer to his wife.

So the chameleon went off to his fields. The fact is, the chameleon was uncommonly industrious at digging, while the frog never put spade to the ground. The frog was the regular do-nothing. Every day it was just the same. He would go to his field and stay a long time, doing nothing but amuse himself, then spatter himself with mud, and come home bragging to his wife, "Ah! my dear, I have done a fine day's work. I trust Almighty God may send down rain to-night, and then to-morrow I will go and sow my field. A very large field it is, too." So bragged the frog. Well, that night there was a heavy fall of rain. In the morning he said to his wife, "Go to your mother, and say I want seed." She went and cried, "Mother, mother, may I come in? My husband wants seed to sow." "Oh! by all means," said her mother. Then the daughter asked, "What sort of seed do you want baskets of, my husband—maize or millet?" The frog replied, "I want eighteen baskets of maize, and ten of millet, and nineteen of rice." And the frog got all his seed of all kinds together. Then the chameleon was asked, "How many baskets do *you* want?" "Just what you can supply me with," said he. "I shall make no fuss, mother-in-law." "Quite right," said his mother-in-law, and produced three baskets of maize, and two of millet, and three of rice. And of each kind of seed his mother-in-law gave him two baskets only, because (thought she) "the chameleon knows nothing about digging." The chameleon went off to sow his seed. What did the frog do, but carry off his baskets of seed, and go and dig a hole and put all his seed in the hole—that was all the field the frog had. But the chameleon went to his field and sowed the seed which his mother-in-law had given him—he sowed his seed until the chameleon's seed was all gone. As to the frog,

his seed, too, was all gone, of course—the frog's seed being simply put in a hole. Then the frog lodged another request for seed with his mother-in-law. "I want" (said he) "nineteen more baskets of maize, and the same of millet and the same of rice, nineteen baskets—of each kind of seed nineteen baskets." His mother-in-law did not like to be outdone, so she procured the seed, and conveyed the seed to her son-in-law the frog; and oh! oh! oh! the frog was overjoyed and went again to dig a hole and put in it the whole lot of seed which his mother-in-law had given him. Then the frog said, "No, that is enough now; I don't want any more seed. What you gave me is sufficient. Now I have only got to keep the ground clear of weeds. Then the chameleon was asked, "Do you want any seed?" "I am a mere do-nothing," said he. "I want none of your seed, mother-in-law. I will get seed myself." "Very good," said his mother-in-law. So the chameleon sowed his field, and kept his eye on it till the seed sprouted and came up, and he kept the ground clear of weeds, and in the chameleon's field things were uncommonly flourishing. In his field there were bananas, in his field the maize was past all reckoning, so was the sugar-cane in his field, the chameleon's.

Harvest-time came, and the frog was summoned by his mother-in-law, who said to him, "I want to go and see your fields, son-in-law. It is harvest-time, you know." "Indeed it is, mother-in-law," he said; "it is harvest-time." But the frog quaked with terror at deceiving his mother-in-law. However, he said, "Certainly. Suppose we go tomorrow morning early?" And his mother-in-law said, "By all means." They slept till morning, and then his mother-in-law went to the frog's house and said, "Well, what say you? Are we to go to your field, son-in-law?" "But," replied the frog to his mother-in-law, "are you sure you are

equal to a very long walk? It is a very long way to the place where I have worked, mother-in-law." "Never mind," said his mother-in-law; "let us start and take it quietly, and we shall get there at last." The frog was at his wits' end, and his mother-in-law said, "All right, come along." His mother-in-law carried a basket with her, thinking she would take some of the maize. Well, they went on, and on, and on, and his mother-in-law kept asking, "Son-in-law Frog, son-in-law Frog, where are you going to?" The frog uttered an ejaculation, which meant, "Come along, mother-in-law, come along, mother-in-law." So they went on till it was mid-day, and the frog said to his mother-in-law, "We have left the field behind us. Let us go back, mother-in-law." His mother-in-law was fatigued, and so were the people who were with her, and she said, "What have you given us all this trouble for nothing for?" The frog quaked at the voice of his mother-in-law. The frog was at his wits' end for an idea. "I had better say the seed was devoured by swarms of vermin. Yes, rats in swarms. I had better say that, and my mother-in-law will let me off." The frog racked his brains. "I had better say it." So he said to his mother-in-law, almost beside himself with terror, "That seed you gave me was eaten by rats and vermin. They came in swarms, and devoured it wholesale, and the rats routed up all the seed I planted, and here's the rats' hole." Well, his mother-in-law simply could not bear the sight of this wicked waste of seed. She could not call him her son-in-law, but said to him, "Frog, you are no friend of mine. You have given me all the trouble of a laborious hunt after seed, and now you have spoilt it all in this way. And then you have worried me with a hunt after spades and axes—everything, indeed, I had to hunt up, and now I should like to know, where are your fields?" "I couldn't dig," whimpered the frog, "because I was all by myself." And the

frog was terribly ashamed; he could not look his mother-in-law in the face. Then his mother-in-law said, "Frog, you are no longer my son-in-law. You have done very wrong." So they went back to the town in a ferment, the frog not having a word to say for himself, and only expecting to be summarily expelled.

The next day the chameleon was summoned. "Well, Chameleon, how are you? Have not you been digging either?" The chameleon answered his mother-in-law, "Come to my field and see. But I am a sad idler, I am, just as you said yourselves, just like the frog. However, come along and see the results of my idling." So they went to the chameleon's field, went on and on, and at last they reached it. When she set eyes on the chameleon's field (and that field was something like a field, it was enormous), then his mother-in-law gave a cry of surprise, and said, "Well, I never! son-in-law Chameleon, who has dug here? All this field, you by yourself?" "Oh! I'm a lazy dog," said the chameleon. "You see how lazy I am." His mother-in-law was quite astounded. Then in a moment the chameleon gave orders for a house seven stories high, and there it stood in a moment. Then in a moment he gave orders to his maid-servants to convey his mother-in-law upstairs, and she was carried up. The news spread to the town, and a man was sent off to bring the father-in-law from the town. Very soon he was brought to the chameleon's residence. The father-in-law was astounded too, and said, "How have you managed to dig all this ground by yourself?" The chameleon gave orders to his men-servants to convey his father-in-law upstairs to a room, and people began to come into the chameleon's house, and he received them in state. The chameleon went to his field, and plucked some half-ripe maize, and gave it his slaves. "Make haste and cook this for my guests to eat." His

father-in-law was in the seven-storied house, and his father was in raptures, and said, "I have got a fine son-in-law." And he added, "Now I will not have another son-in-law, only the chameleon now, and no one else. As to the frog, I will have nothing to do with him whatever." So he sent people, "Tell the frog to take himself off. Don't let me see him when I come to the town. Don't let me see him a single moment." The people went to the town, and the frog was told, "Your father-in-law is at the chameleon's house, and he says, 'Take yourself off this very day. Don't stay here to-day, go away.' Now then! You are a do-nothing, you frog, you! Hit him! Hit him!" Off the frog ran into the forest, and was never seen again. When the father-in-law came back to the town he asked, "Has the frog gone?" The people of the town replied, "Yes, he has run off into the woods. We were going to kill him, but he ran away." Well, the frog's wife was given to the chameleon, and so the chameleon had two wives. And the chameleon said to his father-in-law, "Come now, let us walk about my fields." So he walked about till he was tired, and then rested. When he was ready he got up and went away. The father-in-law told everyone, "I have got a fine son-in-law indeed."

So the chameleon lived with his two wives in the house of seven stories, and they lived in peace and quietness. His father-in-law died, and the mother-in-law only was left, and presently she died too. Then the chameleon was left and his two wives and a number of servants, male and female. They had nothing to do but eat and drink.

This is the story of the chameleon and the frog. And the frog ran away into the woods—that was what became of the frog. As to digging, the chameleon handed that all over to his slaves.

This is the end of the Story of the Chameleon and the Frog.

XXVI.

KINGOBE;

OR,

THE MAN WHO WENT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

THERE was once a man a long time ago, and he had no wife. And he said, "Just think! I have grown a beard ever since I was a man to this day, and I have neither wife nor sweetheart." So he said to the people of his village, "I am going on my travels, my friends, to look for a wife." It so happened that in that village there was not a single young woman. They said to him, "By all means go and look for one." The man had no mother or father, both his father and mother were dead, and he had no near relations, just his friends only.

Well, he got ready for the journey, and had bread made for him and cakes cooked for him, and bade good-bye to all the people of the village, and started. His name was Kingobe. On he went through woods and wilds—on he went, on and on through woods and wilds; for ninety days he was just travelling on and on. Then he looked in front of him, and saw a town, and Kingobe was glad because he saw a town, and he went into the town, and Kingobe was at once made welcome, and said, "Do I intrude?" "Oh! no; you are welcome. Take a seat." "I am seated," said

he, and then he was given water and food and a place to sleep in. In the morning he was asked, "What news do you bring?" "All well," said Kingobe, and then he added, "I am in search of a wife. It is a very long way from my home. From the day I was born I have never been married." "Very good," said the people of the town, "look out yourself for someone you like." "Thank you," said he. And then Kingobe asked, "When I have found her, what will her father and mother ask?" "Oh!" replied the people, "you had better find her first. Then you will know afterwards." So Kingobe looked about for a sweetheart who took his fancy. And presently he saw a girl passing, and she was a pretty, blooming girl. He called her, and asked her, "Have you a father or mother?" But that young woman was not accustomed to gossip with people at all, and he asked her a second time, but not a word did she say, only pointed to their house. Kingobe went to their house, and spoke to the father and mother and said, "I should like this girl for my sweetheart." Her father and mother said, "We quite approve it." So the young woman was called, and she said, "If he wants to marry me, I want first one thing. It is a hyæna's tail I want," said she. "If he gets that, then Kingobe is the man for me." Kingobe was told of this, and his (would-be) father-in-law said, "My child wants the tail of a hyæna." Kingobe listened and considered and said, "I will try. If I succeed, well. If not, it cannot be helped. I shall not take your daughter away with me." He went off to the chief people of the place and inquired how to obtain the tail of a hyæna. And he said, "I will give a large reward to anyone who gives me the information." Then a certain little old woman appeared, and called Kingobe aside by himself privately. And the old woman said, "Do you want a hyæna's tail?" Then she said, "Go and get some wax and honey, and mix it together and

smear it over your whole body. Then take a very sharp sword and lie down in a road, and you will get a hyæna's tail." "Thank you," said Kingobe, and the old woman went away. Kingobe went and got the things prescribed by the old woman. He got wax and honey and smeared himself all over, and the wax, too, Kingobe put all over his body, even on his face he put the wax and honey, and he got a very sharp sword, and Kingobe went and lay down in the middle of a road late in the evening. He lay down, and in the middle of the night there came a very great many hyænas, and they found the man lying in the road, and they asked Kingobe, "Are you a man or a beast?" Dead silence. Then they asked him again, "Are you dead or asleep?" Not a sound. And the hyænas said, "Meat for dinner to-day." And the hyænas grinned and nibbled and licked their toes, and it tasted nice, the honey and wax, and the hyænas were in high glee, and stuck their claws into the wax and licked their toes, and it tasted sweet, and the hyænas said, "Let us even carry him home." "By all means," said the others. "Let us carry him off." The man was lying perfectly quiet and still. So they carried Kingobe off, the hyænas licking their toes, and well nigh biting them off because their toes tasted so nice. They hoisted him on their shoulders, and the next minute dropped him on the ground again while they licked the honey and wax. Then the man drew his sword very, very gently while the hyænas were engaged in licking the honey. Indeed, the hyænas were quite unable to carry him off, because they liked the taste of the honey so much. Well, he selected the hyæna which was their leader, a hyæna with a large tail, and he pushed himself towards the tail, and cut off the hyæna's tail. They all ran off into the woods, and the man got the hyæna's tail, and was in raptures of delight. The man returned to his house and slept till morning. Then he took

the hyæna's tail with him, and said, "Here is a hyæna's tale. I have got it. "Are not you my wife now?" "True," said she, "you have got me now. It only remains to be married." Her mother and father were in ecstasies of joy. Then Kingobe went to the old woman and said, "I have got a hyæna's tail, and now I have got a wife." "And how about me?" said the old crone. "What are you going to give me, who showed you what you had to do, and so you got the hyæna's tail?" "I will give you," he replied, "oxen and goats." "Good," said the crone, "give them me." And Kingobe took twelve oxen and twelve goats and gave them to the old woman. And the old woman said, "Now go and get married. You have nothing whatever to fear."

Kingobe went away and said to the people, "Now I want to marry my sweetheart." The people went and said to her father and mother, "He wants to marry his sweetheart. Well, is she ready?" "No," said they, "we are not ready yet." The people went and said to him, "Wait a bit. She is not ready yet." He said, "Very well." His bride's father brought oxen and goats and sheep—thirty-nine oxen and thirty-eight sheep and thirty-seven goats. Then he said, "Enough. Now call my daughter's suitor to come and marry." So the summons was brought him and inquiries made, "Are you ready?" "Yes," he said, "I am ready." And Kingobe bought rice and oxen and sheep and goats, and they were ready, and he said, "Now I have done—all except the wedding itself." So the wedding of Kingobe took place, and a very fine wedding it was. The people of the town were highly delighted, and kept holiday at the wedding—for fifty days all was holiday, and a salute of a hundred cannon was fired, and guns beyond counting for the number of them—in fact, there was nothing but firing of guns. At last the fifty days expired. Then the bridegroom came out, and the bride also came out to show her-

self to the people. And Kingobe said to his wife's parents, "There is a request I have to make of you. I want to take my wife home to my country, for I have left my father's and mother's property there. So you see I cannot stay here, my property will go to ruin. As for myself, I should like to remain here, but what about my property?" "Take her away then," said his father-in-law; "only I would beg you give her food and a pleasant home." Kingobe said, "I will take all the care I can of her, father-in-law." "Good," said he, "take your wife away." Kingobe took a hundred oxen and fifty sheep and sixty goats, and gave them to his father-in-law, and said, "This is a present for you, father-in-law." And her mother took a hundred and ten slave-women and gave them to her daughter, and her father took a hundred and eight male slaves and gave them to Kingobe, and said, "This is a present for you, son-in-law." And Kingobe took a present for the people of the town, five hundred goats, and gave them to the people of the town, and the people said, "Thank you. Kingobe has given a present to us all. He is a very rich gentleman, he is." When he had finished making presents to all, he bade farewell to everyone and his father-in-law, and prepared to start on their journey homeward.

And Kingobe took his wife and the male and female servants presented to him by his wife's parents, and departed. His mother-in-law went with her daughter a little way, and charged Kingobe, "Don't cast off my daughter here; take good care of her, give her food and a nice place to sleep in; and as for me, every year come and pay a visit to your mother. And his mother-in-law went back to the town. And Kingobe took his wife and servants and travelled one day, two days, three days—for thirty-four days he travelled, and then Kingobe came to his country. Cannons and guns were fired. There was a great deal of firing. Kingobe

entered the town, and there was great firing of cannon. "Kingobe has come, and dozens of servants, and his wife! there's not the like of her in the town. Just take a look at Kingobe's wife, and you will get a shock you will not forget." Kingobe had to settle in a cottage, not a stone house. The fact is, Kingobe was quite a stranger there, he was not accustomed to the place. And there he lived with his servants.

One day Kingobe was summoned by the king, and Kingobe went off to the king, and found his courtiers seated in state, and saluted them, "Your humble servant, my lords, your humble servant." Then he proceeded to the king. "Good morning, your Majesty, your humble servant." The king acknowledged his greeting. "By-the-bye, Kingobe, I hear you have a wife superior to mine." "How is it possible?" said Kingobe. "I am but a slave here, a man whose face no one knows. And am I likely to get a wife superior to yours? Ah! Don't talk so, your Majesty." The king said, "I will appoint you my Prime Minister." "Oh! your Majesty," said Kingobe, "how can I discharge such an office?" "You can," said the king. "There! I have appointed you my Prime Minister." And he gave Kingobe a chain of gold and a silver ring. Kingobe protested. "Your Majesty, I cannot take these things, your Majesty." "You can," said the king, "you can." So Kingobe went away to his house joyfully. When he reached his house he wrote a letter to the king, and said, "I will be Prime Minister, I cannot oppose your wishes, your Majesty." The letter went to the king, and the king read the letter, and the king said, "That is well. Now Kingobe is my friend and Prime Minister. All small matters Kingobe will settle, I shall have nothing to do with them." And Kingobe said, "I am Prime Minister, and I have wife and servants. How shall I dispose of them?" The king said,

"There is abundance of room; I will give you a plot of ground for yourself." So he gave him a plot of ground. Kingobe, the Prime Minister, inspected it, and bowed his head, and said to himself, "I will go into the woods and look for the money which my father told me of when he died. Yes, I will go." So he said to his wife, "I want to go a hunting expedition, I shall be away ten days, and then I shall come back. His wife said, "Don't be long, come back soon. Perhaps the king will ask after you." "Never fear," said he, "I shall come back." And Kingobe said, "Bake me seven loaves." His wife gave orders to her servants, "Bake your master seven loaves." And they baked them. And he left a man in charge, and said to him, "If anyone comes from the king tell him, 'He has gone out shooting.' Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," said he, "I understand."

Kingobe took two servants and their food and started, Kingobe and his two servants. On they went through woods and wilds, woods and wilds, and six days passed. On the seventh day they came upon the old crone, sitting all alone, and she inquired of them, "Where are you going?" Kingobe and his servants were startled, and the two servants were terribly scared. But Kingobe himself was not afraid, he knew what to do. The old crone asked them again, "Where are you going?" "I am looking for money," said Kingobe, "and anything that may turn up." "Come here," said the old crone. Then she said, "These servants of yours, let them go a little way off and stay there." The servants retired a little way back, and Kingobe went by himself to the old crone's dwelling. Then she said, "Lick my eyes." Kingobe licked the old crone's eyes, and licked and licked again. Then the old crone said, "Stop and let me look." She looked, and said, "Lick again." He licked diligently, till she said, "That will do

now." Then she said to him, "How many loaves have you brought?" "Seven," said he. "Give them me," she said. He gave them her, and the old crone ate the loaves, and only one was left, which she gave to Kingobe, and told him to eat it himself. And he ate it. Then she asked him, "What do you want?" "I want now what I came to seek, and so go home again." The old crone took out seven rings and gave them Kingobe, and said to him, "Take these rings, and anything and everything you ask for you will get." Kingobe answered the old crone, "What sort of things?" "Houses," she said, "possessions, oxen, goats, chests, slaves—anything whatever that you ask from these rings you will get." "Thank you," replied Kingobe, "thank you, thank you, you old crone." Kingobe departed, and travelled till he came in sight of his town, and he said, "It will not do to come back empty-handed, with no game." Just then he saw a guinea-fowl and shot it, and went with it to his house, and he arrived on the very day of which his wife had said to him, "Please come home then." He came on that very day, and she asked him, "Where is the game, dear husband?" "I hunted all these days," said he, "and saw nothing but this one guinea-fowl."

He slept the first day, and the second day, and on the third day he said to his wife, "I do not like a thatched cottage, I want a house of stone." "Send a man," said his wife, "to call the slaves from the fields and the women servants and masons, and begin building." Kingobe said, "I don't want a house built by labour, I don't want it." He went off and looked for a site on the shore near a fine harbour in a beautiful spot and inspected it, and went to his wife, and said to her, "To-morrow I will build my house, and finish it, too, to-morrow." His wife was astounded, and replied, "What sort of a house is it that you are going to begin to-morrow and finish to-morrow, the same day? It

seems to me nonsense." "Very well," said her husband to her. "Now may I die this very night, or if I don't, that will be a token you will see your house, wife, standing by the seaside." But his wife did not believe him. They went to bed, and in the morning he said, "Get our things together. This is no house for me." And he ordered the women and men-servants, "Remove these things. I won't have this house." So they removed the things. Then he went to the spot he had chosen, and took the seventh ring and said to it, "Ring, I want a house nine stories high, and servants, male and female." In a moment there stood the house with nine stories, and his wife was carried upstairs into the new house, and up to the ninth story on the very top. There was no such house in the town; the windows were of gold, and the doors solid silver, and the windows glittered—the house of Kingobe, the Prime Minister. And he said, "Now I have got a house." And he took out the sixth ring, and Kingobe gave it his orders, and said, "Ring, I want silver and gold and servants, male and female, to appear at once." Six thousand chests of silver appeared, and seventy thousand chests of gold, and eight thousand women-servants, and ten thousand men-servants. That was the sixth ring. Now for the fifth ring. He gave orders to his ring, and said, "Now I want chairs, and ships and the sea to be brought close to my house." Chairs of gold appeared and of silver, twenty thousand, all of gold and silver. That was the work of the fifth ring. And Kingobe said, "Now twenty million ships of Kingobe are lying in harbour, all his ships." These were all produced by the fifth ring. The effect of the fourth ring—Kingobe gave orders and said, "I want innumerable soldiers and of all arms, and let them appear at once." In a moment innumerable soldiers appeared, crowding Kingobe's doors. He had quite outdone the king. Kingobe had steamers and

ships of all kinds. The king had none. And Kingobe had all kinds of things which the king had not. The king sent a man. "Prime Minister, you are summoned by the king." Kingobe wrote a letter. The man said to him, "Mr. Prime Minister, what am I to do with this letter?" Kingobe, the Prime Minister, said, "I give you this letter to be taken to the king, and I will come myself on Friday." "Certainly," replied the man. "I thank you, Prime Minister Kingobe, I thank you." The man went back to the king and said to him, "The Prime Minister is coming on Friday." Then the king read the letter which came from Kingobe, and read it and learnt about Kingobe's acquisitions, and learnt that they were very splendid. And he wrote a note to his Prime Minister, and the king was in high good humour, and wrote and said, "On Friday I desire you will come with your ships. I want to see them." The letter went to Prime Minister Kingobe, and was delivered to him at his house, and he read it and said, "What the king wants is to have honour paid him. Just wait a minute." Kingobe despatched a messenger at once, and directed his servant, "Go and tell the captains on Friday I want two thousand ships, all steamers." The servant went off with all despatch in a boat, and went on board the largest ship, and went straight to the captain's cabin, and said to him, "My master wants two thousand ships to go to the king and pay the king a visit." "Certainly," answered the captain; "they are ready." The servant received a note from the captain, and got into his boat and went ashore and delivered the letter, and Kingobe read it and saw that the ships were ready. His boats were of pure gold, and his ships of silver, brightly burnished on the outside, and their boats were of pure silver and burnished.

On Friday the Prime Minister Kingobe went on board his ship. The ship was selected for its beauty and size, and

Prime Minister Kingobe went on board. Two thousand ships attended him before and behind; cannons were as common as dirt in Kingobe's ships, and he entered the king's harbour, and the ships came to anchor and hoisted flags, and the people of the town replied with a salute. Three thousand rounds were fired in the town. Then Kingobe hoisted signals for firing more cannon, and the king said, "This is indeed bombardment." Six thousand rounds were fired. "Wait yet a bit," said Kingobe, "for your Prime Minister," and Kingobe fired twenty million rounds. The whole fleet was hidden in smoke, as if in rain. After that seven thousand more rounds were fired. The people of the town were the first to give over and fire no more cannon, so astounded were they at the way in which salutes were fired by Kingobe. And the king said, "Ah! Kingobe has beaten me. His cannon are brass and gold." Then twenty cannon were fired, and Kingobe landed before the king's palace. A ladder of gold was brought at once for him to mount up to go to the king. Kingobe, the Prime Minister, went into the king, and he instantly ordered a salute to be fired. Twenty cannon were fired upon his entrance within the palace. Kingobe had more soldiers than his king, but none of them landed from the ships, and they did not enter the palace—all remained in the ships, and all the crews of the ships remained in the ships. They did not land, unless, perhaps, they landed just for drill. Well, the king prepared a banquet for his Prime Minister, Kingobe, and at noon he went to dinner, and twenty cannon were fired. They dined, the king flattering him the whole time. "Your wealth is unequalled in the whole world." Kingobe said, "To whom am I like, your Majesty? I am like a tiny insect, a man whom no one knows, your Majesty." "If you like," said the king, "I will give you my daughter in marriage. I should very much

like you to marry her, you, my Prime Minister." "It would not be at all becoming," said Kingobe, "for me to take your daughter. Ah! your Majesty, how can you make such a proposal?" And Kingobe shed tears. "Well," said the king, "I will give you my promise, the first son you have shall marry my daughter." "Perhaps so, your Majesty," replied Kingobe; "a son whom I shall have may be the one to marry your daughter." Then they left the dining-hall, and twenty-one cannon were fired. Prime Minister Kingobe remained seven days with the king. Then Kingobe said to him, "To-day I wish to go away to my house." "Very well, Prime Minister," said the king. And he said to the king, "When will you pay a return visit to my house?" "I will come on Friday," said the king. "Be it so," replied Kingobe. They shook hands, and he got into his boat alone, only his soldiers with him, and went on board the ship. Instantly two thousand rounds were fired with cannon in the town. Then Kingobe departed in his ship—puff, puff, puff, with clouds of steam, and all the ropes were silk. Kingobe arrived at his house, and lived in peace and tranquillity, his only occupation being that of judge.

On the Thursday the king sent a messenger with the order, "Go to Kingobe and tell him I will come to-morrow, Friday, in my carriage." He was also given a letter, and told, "Convey this letter too," and he conveyed it. When Kingobe had read it he was highly pleased, and prepared a banquet, and put everything ready. The cannon were ready loaded on the ships, and on the shore all was ready. In the morning the king entered his carriage, with his attendants and soldiers before and behind, and three thousand carriages went before and behind. When he came near Kingobe's house instantly orders were given for a salute on shore and from the ships, and innumerable cannon were fired. At last the king said, "Stop! the cannon are

deafening me." In a moment the firing ceased. The king marvelled greatly at Kingobe's house, and the king said to Kingobe, "Never yet have I seen a real house in the world, but this one of yours." And Kingobe answered the king, "I was given it by Almighty God. It is He who gave me this house and these possessions." The king shed many tears. Then Kingobe pondered and said, "You all know the king desires a house like this and ships like these. Well, I will give them to you, your Majesty." Then the king was greatly rejoiced, and they feasted seven days in Kingobe's house. Presently the king ordered his carriage, and went away. Then Kingobe was angry, and sent his soldiers to seize the king and put him to death. The soldiers went, and found him riding in his carriage, and instantly seized him and killed him. The king's soldiers ran to Kingobe. "The king has been murdered. Send soldiers." "I am king now," said Kingobe. And all the people said, "Yes, yes, Kingobe is our king." So he was king of that land, and lived in peace and tranquillity. And Kingobe carried away the dependents of the king, and the king's wife he put to death, and all his children he put to death. And Kingobe ruled, and Kingobe was king.

This is the end of the story of Kingobe, as it is written, The first shall be last, and the last first.

XXVII.

THE PRINCESS AND THE TORTOISE.

THERE was once a princess, and she had no husband, and she was very beautiful. And her mother summoned all the animals, and said to them, "The man who shall cut down this baobab tree at one stroke with a sword, I will give him my daughter." First came the elephant (he was king of the beasts), and he gave a blow with the sword, but made no impression on the tree. Then came the rhinoceros and tried, but it beat him; and the hippopotamus came, but it beat him; and the lion came, but it beat him. And all the animals came, but it beat them.

Then the tortoise came, and all the beasts laughed at him and jeered him, and said to him, "It beat the elephant, and are you going to cut it down?" "I will try," said he. And he made a feast and spread it under the baobab tree, and his friends the white ants ate into the baobab tree till it was ready to fall. Then he said to all the beasts, "Come and see." They came, and the tortoise took his sword, and gave one blow, and down it fell. The princess cried, and said, "The beautiful elephant failed to cut down this tree, and it has been cut down by this ugly tortoise." Her mother said, "Never mind."

The tortoise took his wife. But his wife did not love her

husband, the tortoise, and told stories of him to her mother, but her mother said to the girl, "It will not do to hate a husband for being ugly." She left off till night came, and then the girl threw her husband on the floor. Mr. Tortoise cried out, and people came and said to her, "It will not do to part with your husband." Then they loved each other very much, and made a promise to each other that they would never leave each other all their lives.

XXVIII.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE RINGS.

THERE was a fisherman, and he was very poor. The fisherman used to go to sea every day, and every day he caught just one fish. This fish he always took to a certain rich man. And the rich man used to say, "Go away and come again presently, and I will give you a cob of maize." When the fisherman had gone to his house, the rich man would say to his people, "Pound a cob of maize." When it had been pounded he would take it outside and put it in the sun. When the fisherman came he said to him, "Come, take your cob of maize here and go away." And the fisherman took his maize and went away. Many and many a time that fisherman took a fish to the rich man, and the rich man gave him some maize or only some millet.

One day the fisherman went out fishing, and he caught a fish of most extraordinary and wonderful size, so that he could not carry it away. It would not go into his canoe. He said to himself, "I will wait till the tide ebbs, and then I will drag it over dry land." So he waited out on the sea all alone. Presently he saw a monstrous serpent approaching. He fell down, and his heart quaked, and he said, "This serpent will devour me." Fly he could not, shout he could not, but simply lie where he was, perfectly still. The serpent

came and coiled and folded itself round the fisherman, but did not eat, as he himself thought it would. The man lifted up his eyes, and saw an enormous kite. The man said, "O, kite, what do you want?" "I want that serpent," said the kite. The man said to it, "The serpent you shall not have, and if you give me any trouble I'll shoot you with my gun." "But the man has not got a gun," said the kite, which was true, for he had no gun. However, it added, "Perhaps he will hit me with a pole, and I shall be simply throwing my life away." So the kite departed. Then the serpent said to the man, "Come home with me." "I never heard," said the man, "that serpents have houses." "Just come with me," said the serpent, "and to-day you will find out, because you have done me this service." The man pondered in his mind, and then he bent down. And he said, "What about my fish? Who is to have it?" "Let it alone to rot," said the serpent. "But my canoe?" rejoined he. "Leave it," said the serpent. "There is not a man dares to carry off your canoe." He bent down a second time, and said, "Very well. I will go with you." "Then catch hold of my tail," said the serpent, and added, "Hold on tight." He held on tight. Down sank the serpent into the depths of the sea. In two days he came to the house of the serpent.

There were a great number of serpents there, and of huge size, thousands, up to a million. And the whole crowd of serpents kept saying, "Meat! meat! Our comrade has brought us meat." But the serpent said to them, "Just keep silence first." "No," replied the other serpents, "we won't keep silence, for we never before set eyes on a human being; we don't even know there are such things." But the serpent said to them, "Now do just keep silence first." So they all kept silence, and he said to them, "Well, when I was on my wanderings I arrived at the earth. And

on the earth there is an insignificant creature called a kite. And this kite wanted to eat me, and this man saved my life." Then all the serpents were highly delighted, and said to him, "Welcome, welcome to our home." And the man was conducted to see the serpent's mother.

He stayed two or three days, and the serpent said to his friend the man, "Should you like to go home?" "Yes, please," said the man. "What should you like?" said the serpent, "that I may give you what you want." "Indeed, you know best yourselves," said he. Then his friend the serpent said to him, "Take these six rings. If one gets lost, there are still five." "Thank you," said the man, but he added, "What is the use of them?" His friend said to him, "Tell one ring anything whatever that you want." So he said to one of the rings, "Spread a sumptuous feast." In a moment he saw the feast already laid. "Ah!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I was always on the search for food, and never got it. And now I have got all this. 'Pon my word, I am as well off as that rich gentleman, perhaps better." On the fifth day he said, "Take me home," for he saw they were inclined to put off his going, and he had acquired great wealth. So on the sixth day they took him home.

When he came to his house on the sixth day, he found his mother bowed down and in tears. No sooner did he see her than he fell at her feet and cried too. The fisherman said in his heart, "Now I am a man of substance, and I will use it like that gentleman, or rather I will cut him out. If he has slaves, well, I will have numbers more than he." So he said to one of his rings, "I want a house four times as fine as the rich man's house." In a moment he saw it all complete, with men-servants and women-servants, and horses and donkeys and cattle—everything that could possibly be desired appeared in a twinkling. Well, the fisherman said in his heart, "Now I will marry the gentleman's

daughter." So he went to marry her. Well, the rich man, because the other was richer than he, spoke to his daughter, and said, "Look! the fisherman is running us close, and he is but a beggar by birth. So what shall I do?" said he. "Well, father, let us rob him of his wealth." Her father said to his daughter, "What is at the bottom of all his brag? Where did he get his wealth? Where does it come from? Who gives it him?" "He has six rings," answered his daughter; "everything he wants those rings give him." Her father gave her instructions, "You go home, and I will remove from here to give you a chance of carrying off those rings of his." So they were married.

Then her father removed and went to live a long way off, perhaps twenty days' journey, and there he built a house. One day his daughter spoke thus and said to her husband, "I want to go and see my father." "By all means," said her husband; "when will you go?" "The day after to-morrow," she said. On the third day she said to him, "Choose out some good men-servants and handsome maid-servants and a number of ships." "Very well, wife," replied her husband. He spoke to his ring, and in a moment ships appeared, and men-servants and maid-servants. And every one of the servants, male and female, carried rice as food for their mistress' father. Well, they travelled twenty days, and came to where her father was. And he fired a great many cannon. And they spread a thousand mats and poured out on them the rice which his daughter had brought. So that actually those mats were not sufficient, and they brought others, and those were enough. The daughter then went upstairs to see her father. Her father gave her instructions, "Go and tell your men-servants and maid-servants, 'My father is very ill.' And I will make a mess in the room. And you, when you go, tell them, 'Perhaps to-morrow he will die. Let us go to my husband and get

him to give me his rings, that I may come and bury my father.' Then go, and if he gives them to you, come with them here." She went downstairs, and spoke to the men-servants and women-servants. And some said, "Let us go and see him." They went and saw him lying in bed, and all the room in a mess from his bed to the door. The men-servants could not go inside. They said to her, "What are we to do now?" And she said to them, "Let us go and get fine linen from my husband, that I may come and bury my father." And they went and reached her home. Their master asked the men-servants and women-servants, "What news? Is your mistress quite well, and her father?" For they arrived first, and some of the ships were left behind. And they replied, "Ah! sir, he is very ill, too ill even to speak. Why, some of us could not even go into his room because of the mess." Afterwards his wife came crying. And he said, "What news?" "I have no news," said she. "I have only come to get some fine linen and go and bury my father. I expect that he is dead to-day." Her husband asked her, "What do you want?" "I want you," she answered, "to give me your six rings." "Ah!" said her husband, "am I to give you my six rings? You know they are my wealth." Then he added, "I will give you one." "No," said she. "I will give you two." "No." "I will give you three." "If you give me only three of your rings," she said, "then I am just a slave, and have nothing to do with your rings. You know you have married me. You shan't give me three rings. You shall give me all of them." Then her husband said to her, "First of all, one ring is enough. For these rings will provide anything." "My father," she replied, "has numbers of people. That is why I want you to give me six. I, your wife, shall be publicly known to be your wife, and you, who married me, to have the money. Why, I want everyone to know at a

glance that in fact I am rich, and you will become yet more widely known. If you don't give me the rings, then I am not your wife, I am your slave." "Then I will give you five," said her husband. "No," said she. And the woman was very wily. She waited till evening, and gave him a quantity of wine. And he drank, and was very drunk. In the night she said to him, "Ah! my master, so you will not give me the rings, will you?" Her husband, because he was very drunk, said to her, "Very well, take them then. Go and make haste to bury your father." The woman flew off, and embarked with all speed, and all her attendants with her, and they went away.

When she got back to her father she said to him, "I have got the rings which gave occasion for all that beggar's brag." Her father said to her, "Let us remove from this town." They removed, and went on board their ship to go to the coast opposite, that the beggar might not be able to follow. They all went off, and left nothing but the house behind. People asked, "Why are you flitting?" and they said, "This is not a particularly nice place."

The husband waited a long time without setting eyes on a ship of any kind. So he said to himself, "My wife has not got back to her father yet." He waited a whole month without seeing anything of her, neither messenger nor letter. Then he went on board his ship, and sailed for twenty days, and saw a town, and asked the people, "Where is the daughter of so-and-so? Where does she live?" "Oh!" they replied, "she has not been here this full month." And some said, "Oh! she has left the place altogether." He asked them, "Which way did they go?" And he was pointed out the direction. Then he embarked in his ship and went after them. He came to a town, and then he was told, "Oh! that is the ship sailing off yonder in the distance." The man landed on the shore and sat on the

shore, lamenting and crying and swaying himself from side to side. Well, a very large rat, like the Zanzibar rat, appeared and said to him, "Man, what are you crying for?" "I was crying," he replied, "over the loss of all my wealth." "What sort of wealth is it," said the rat, "which is lost?" "My rings are gone," he answered, "gone in those ships yonder, sailing far away." "I could do it," said the rat; "if only I had wings, I could get them. I would go to the ship and bore through everything till I got those rings." Then a kite appeared. "I could overtake that ship, but I cannot board it. I should be shot." "Well, kite," said the rat, "carry me, and when you get to the ship drop me into it." So the kite carried the rat off. When the kite reached the ship, it floated down very gently, as if to seize something, and suddenly dropped the rat, making just as if he had clutched a snake. The people cried, "Rat! rat aboard there! The kite has got a snake!" The rat meanwhile slipped below, and bored through everything inside the ship. Every day the rat made the round of the ship. At last the rat found a small casket, and bored into it and found the rings. He carried them off, and went outside with them into the ship. Then the rat rushed out, and climbed up the mast with great speed. People cried out, "There he is! There he is, going up. Shall we pelt him with stones?" In a moment the kite came with a swoop and carried him off. "You well deserve your fate," said the people; "you want to spoil our things." The kite inquired of the rat, "Have you got the rings?" He nodded his answer, "Yes." Then the kite asked him again, "Have you got the rings?" And again he answered by a nod. Then a third time the kite put the question, "Have you got the rings?" "Yes, I have," said he. And the rings dropped out of his cheeks and fell into the sea. In a moment a large fish came and swallowed them all six.

"There!" said the rat. "What do you mean by asking me three times? Look! Now the rings have dropped into the water!"

So they came to the man. He asked them, "Well, have you got them?" "Yes," said they, "but they have fallen into the sea, and a fish has swallowed them all. But it is of no consequence. Just wait here seven days, for a man will come and catch that fish, and take care you get hold of it. Cut it open, and you will find your rings." The man accordingly remained there for the space of seven days. Then a man made his appearance, and waded a little way into the sea, and sang a fisherman's song to attract the fish, and cast his line, and brought up a fish of extraordinary and wonderful size. He landed the fish. Then the poor man said, "Please bestow the entrails on me." And they gave them to him. He went to his house with them, and cut them open and found those six rings. His delight knew no bounds.

The first thing he did was to ask to live in peace and happiness with his wife. And a wife appeared out of those rings more beautiful than the rich man's daughter. Then the kite and the rat came and said, "Give us, too, our share, for we got your rings." And he said, "What would you like me to do for you?" "Man," said they, "you do not do well. You are always ungrateful." "But what am I to do for you?" he asked. "Do for us," said they, "just as each of us asks." Then the kite said, "I am a denizen of the air. My business is simply flying. I neither dig nor reap. So give me your fowls." "I will," said he. And the kite ate up every fowl he had, and then went and ate other people's fowls. The rat said, "I, too, neither dig nor reap. So I will call my brethren to come and live inside your house. We are not particular as to food." "Agreed," said he. So the rats came to live in the man's house.

You see that to this day the kite catches people's fowls for this reason, and also the rat lives in men's houses to this day. Suppose you have built a brand-new house. Sure enough there's a rat in it. He is not afraid, for the reason just given. And to this day the kite, every year when the chickens are young, comes and catches them. Again, all men are ready enough to spin yarns about "my father's" wealth. But men do not deal fairly. If they see a rat, it is "Oh! the rascal of a rat! he has spoilt something of mine!" If they see a kite catching fowls, they drive it away and throw stones at it.

XXIX.

THE POOR MAN AND THE SULTAN.

TIME was when our poor men were not without money, but were poor for all that every hour of their lives. Now there was a Sultan and some rich men living in their town. In days gone by, the poor man had no seed. All his seed came from sultans and rich gentlemen. The poor tilled their plots of land, but seed was in the hands of the Sultan and the wealthy. Every man dug his land, and then went to the Sultan and begged, and the Sultan would give him all the seed he asked for.

One year a poor man tilled a very large plot of ground, eight times as large as the Sultan's. Well, in those days, just as we see it in these, there was plenty of mischief-making. A man started off and went to the Sultan, and spoke to the Sultan, and the Sultan said, "Well?" And he said, "Have you heard that this year there is a poor man has cultivated an enormous piece of land, eight times as large as yours?" "No," said the Sultan, "I have not heard so as yet." "Then go," said the man, "and inspect the poor man's land." "I think I will go to-morrow," said the Sultan, "God willing." In the morning he went to inspect the poor man's land in disguise, quite unknown to

the poor man himself. The Sultan came back and said, "What you told me is quite true."

The following day the poor man said, "To-day I will go to the Sultan and ask him to give me seed to plant my ground with. Perhaps to-day or to-morrow will send me rain." (Now in those days poor men put trust in Almighty God.) He went to the Sultan, and said to him, "My master, please let me have seed enough to sow my bit of land." The Sultan reflected for a moment, but presently replied, "Wait a bit, and let me give the Arabs seed first." "By all means," said the poor man. The Sultan rose up and went to his women-servants, and said to them, "Take a cauldron and put it on the fire." They put it on the fire and went on working. The Sultan went and asked the poor man, "What sort of seed do you want?" "Ah! master, I have got some of all kinds of seed, but I am short of millet." The Sultan got up and took some inferior millet and went and parched it over the fire. When he had done that, he brought it to the poor man. When he saw it had been parched at the fire he shed tears, and said to the others, "Ah! my friends, you see the Sultan has done me a very bad turn, and I a poor man without a friend in the world. Why is he jealous of me? He has taken the millet and parched it. Besides the millet itself is but a very little, and my field is large. I should like to know where I am to get more seed." And he wept bitterly. At last he comforted himself. And he said to his wife, "Dear wife, let us go and sow. Perhaps one or two will sprout. Perhaps, too, it will rain in the night." So they went to sow, people laughing at them heartily. And he said to his wife, "You never sowed like this, each grain separately, before." So they sowed, seed by seed, one in each hole, the man scooping the hole, the woman putting in the seed, one grain in each hole. He made the rows distinct and far apart, and

so they covered the whole field. Then he went back to his house, crying because he had been given millet which was parched. And he said, "It is from God that all good things do come."

In the night there was a very heavy fall of rain. The poor man waited two or three days, and then went to look at his field, and found that in every place he had planted, more millet than he had planted had come up. He went and waited two days longer and came again, he and his wife, and found it had turned as deep a hue as ink, so wondrous rich was the crop. People saw that millet, and were astounded at the way it grew, the blades so crowded together that there was no room for a man to pass between them.

Well, the millet grew up, and the stalks were as thick as a man's arm. Then a man went to tell the Sultan, and he said to him, "Your Highness, have you heard the news?" "What news?" he asked. "That millet which you gave the poor man has come up. If you examine his field, there is not a man who has millet like that poor man. Even you by no means come up to him." The Sultan said, "To-morrow I will go and observe his field." And he asked, "It is the very same millet which has sprouted?" And they said, "Yes." The Sultan was greatly astonished.

In the morning they went to take observations of the poor man's field, and sure enough he saw the millet. He bent down and said, "God alone could do this. I parched the millet myself, and it has all sprouted. Not a single grain has rotted." He rose up and went home and made lament, because the poor man had got millet like that.

The millet was growing up and began to swell, but it had not yet put out ears. Well, the harvest-time for millet was at hand, and millet everywhere was ripening, but the poor man's millet had not put out a single ear. The people said

to each other, "What were you saying the poor man had got? In the whole crop of millet not a single ear has come out. They are all completely closed up." So all the millet was reaped, except that of the poor man. People kept saying, "The poor man's millet, why does he not reap it?" Some said, "Why, what is he to reap? He is no better a man than I am, and none of his millet is in ear." One day the poor man said, "I am going to have a look at that millet of mine and see if there is not at least something inside, and if so take it." He went right into the middle of his field and broke off one stalk, and opened the ear and found a piece of red gold. He started and trembled all over. Then he ran off and showed it to his wife, and they broke two hundred stalks, and found gold in them. Then they went and they talked together, just the two of them, the poor man and his wife by themselves. "Come, suggest a plan." "Plan for what, master?" answered the wife. "Plan for harvesting all that money," said he. In the evening they started off together and reaped all the night, breaking the stalks and putting the gold on the ground close by in the field, and then burying it. They reaped the first day and the second, and so on to the sixth day, and the tenth day and sixteenth day, and then he finished reaping the whole of his field. As they reaped the stalks they threw them down at the border of the field. People said, "What is that for?" and they replied, "We want to hoe it again." The whole of the gold they had buried underground on the spot.

A poor man never gets enough. The man began to talk, saying to his wife, "Dear wife, I have three times as much money as the Sultan. I will build a fine house to outshine all the houses of the Sultan and of the whole lot of grandees." Presently by a large outlay in six days a house six storeys high was completed. Very soon the Sultan heard

the news that "The poor man has far outstripped you in wealth, and as to your rich friends, they simply count for nothing." The poor man, so ignorant was he how to use his money, bought estates and numbers of slaves, and cattle and horses and donkeys by dozens. "Where has he got all that money?" said the Sultan. "Perhaps he picked it up somewhere," said some people; while others said, "It has all come of that millet." The poor man was getting more and more puffed up and proud. Then people questioned them very closely, and his wife said to them, "I and my husband have now become gentlefolk, all because of that millet of ours." The Sultan wrote a letter to an Arab friend of his, and said, "Come here, for this fellow is enormously rich. Come, and let us rob him of his wealth." So he brought a great number of his soldiers, and so did his rich friend. Someone said to the poor man, "You poor man, all your wealth is going to be taken from you by the Sultan." He said, "Who is the Sultan? He would not dare to." Then he saw the soldiers. They went in and tied the poor man, and took all the poor man's property—gold and silver, and cattle and donkeys, and horses and goats and sheep, and all his slaves. All this property was taken to the Sultan. The poor man said, "That is nothing. You have not got half my property yet." He went and bought slaves as before, and donkeys and horses and everything as before. Again the Sultan was told, and again the Sultan sent soldiers, and they took away all that the poor man possessed, and he himself was tied and thrown out on the shore. And they went away. No sooner had they gone than they heard he had bought a house at 787,899 dollars—three houses at 787,899 dollars a house. The Sultan said, "What am I to do next?" The people said to the Sultan, "If you want to get hold of the poor man and his money, tell people to build in the poor man's field." So he sent and robbed him

of the whole of his wealth. He built a house in the middle of the poor man's field. No sooner had the people begun to dig than they found an enormous quantity of gold, and they told the Sultan of it. Thus the poor man got no more money, because he was fond of money; but use it? he could not use it, his only wish being to rival the Sultan. So the poor man said, "Never, never will I dig again, but only beg of the rich. If I get anything, I will eat it. If I get nothing, I will be resigned."

Thus it is. Poor men go to rich men and beg for anything they can get, and are given just a little, because if they get much they will forget to thank their God. To this day poor men beg; it is their business to. Poor men never get a good meal in the daytime, only at night. In the daytime everyone who sees you will say, "Where did he get it?" You go and get put into prison all for nothing, and all you have you lose.

Man, when you get wealth use it with self-restraint, and God will bless you by it. If you do not know how to use it, it will be taken from you, and given to someone else.

XXX.

THE ADVENTURES OF SEFU.

THERE was once a young man named Sefu, He was not a rich man—he possessed thirty dollars. He sat and reflected, and bent down and then pondered. At last he said to himself, "This money of mine—if I marry, I must keep a servant to wait on my wife. If I buy a donkey, I want a boy to look after my donkey. If I buy a bit of land, it requires slaves to cultivate the land I buy." He thought over all these things, and saw they would not do at all. And he said, "Now I will leave this town." So he took his money and put it in a purse, and tied it up securely. Then he took his wallet and his food, and put it in his wallet with the money, and also a skin of water. "Now let me see the ways of the world. I have stayed a long time in one place, and I do not know what will happen to me in my journey. If God helps me always, I shall prosper. But if Almighty God does not help me, I shall certainly not prosper."

The first day he walked till sunset, and the second day till sunset. But on the third day he fell in with a little old woman. The mere sight of her was enough to fill him with abject terror. But the old hag said to the lad, "Why were you afraid?" The lad answered and said to her, "Because I have lived a long time in a town, and never yet saw any-

one so old as you." The old woman said to him, "Well, to-day God has graciously permitted you to see me." Then the old woman took the lad to her house, and the lad sat down just to rest, and then was going away. The old crone said to him, "What do you want to go away for? I have heard nothing about you yet." "My story is a very stupid one," said the young man, "for I don't know where I came from, and I was just idling about." "Just look at the young men of these days!" remarked the old woman; "they never think of asking advice first from their elders, people who have seen the world long before they did." "Quite true," said the lad; "I did very wrong." Then the old crone said to the lad, "Well, I will give you a bit of advice now." "Thank you, mother," said the lad; "you are indeed my helper, and that is half the thing in this world. Yes, mother, it is a great thing for people to help each other." "Well," said the old crone, "just mind you listen, young man." "Indeed I will," said the lad; "I will do my best to listen to every word you say." The old woman said to him, "I give you this bit of information. If you hear of a place where a man is lying dead, do not go fast; just be patient a little first, and let other people go before you, and then you go on after them. It is better for a man to be a fool about his own lawful rights than knowing in matters which are not lawful at all." And the old woman added, "Do you understand?" "Not quite," said the lad. "Well, I was saying to you that if you hear that someone is dead, do not go fast. If you go fast, you will be the first person to get to the place. Then everyone who comes will be asking you all about it, and presently they will say, 'Why, it is you who killed him,' and you will say, 'I did not,' and they will not believe you. They will say, 'Who did you find here?' And you will be obliged to say, 'I found no one here.' And they will simply put you to death.

But if you follow behind you will not be put to death, for you will find a crowd of people there. And if a man comes up and asks you questions, you will promptly reply and say, 'I don't know, I have only just come. Ask those who got here before me.'" The young man was greatly pleased, and took out twenty dollars and gave them to the old crone. And the lad bade the old crone farewell.

The lad then went on with his journey, going on and on, till the next day he saw another old woman. The lad was very tired, and wanted to go to sleep just where he was, and it was a hollow in a hill. The old woman said to him, "No, my child, it will not do to go to sleep here under the hill. No! It is better, my child, I entreat you. I know you are quite exhausted, but I beg you leave this place and go up the hill yonder." The lad put out all his strength, so as not to provoke the old woman, and went dragging himself along till he got to the hill. In the night it rained very heavily, till the water rose over the banks of the stream, and numbers of trees were rooted up, because there was such a deluge of rain. In the morning the lad saw that the old woman's words were quite true. And he said to himself, "If I had not listened to that old woman I should be dead. But God put in her heart words of wisdom." Then the young man took out the remaining ten dollars and gave them to the old woman, and said, "This is the thanks I owe you for the directions you gave me." "Thank you, my son," said the old woman; "may God Almighty bless you wherever you go." And the old woman bade him farewell, and the young man went on his way.

He travelled on through woods and wilds, woods and wilds, till at last he came out into a clearing where there was an Arab caravan, with slaves carrying loads. They were just beginning to cook a meal and pass the night there.

The lad besought the Arab, and said to him, "Please, my lord, listen to the appeal of your servant. Please, I beg you, listen to me." The Arab flatly refused, but the lad pressed him most earnestly. His slaves said to him, "Do consent, sir." But their master did not listen to his own people either. The Arab gave orders to his slaves, and part of them followed him, carrying their masters' loads. The young man followed the Arab and his slaves till they came to a hill. And he said to the Arab, "Here is the place to pass the night." So the Arab slept there till the morning. In the night very heavy rain fell, and even date-palms were rooted up. In the morning when the Arab and his slaves woke up he said his prayers and had his meal. When he had finished his meal he said to his slaves, "Follow me." And they followed him. They went back till the Arab came to the place where his caravan was. Not a sound of a human being did he hear. When the Arab came quite close he could not open his eyes for grief. He saw the loads, and everyone of his people were dead. He was consumed with bitter grief and remorse. And he said, "Ah! truly, I should be dead, too, if I had not listened to that young man." The rain which fell in the night was the cause of the death of his people. Then the Arab loved the young man greatly, and the Arab took out fifty dollars and gave them to the young man as a mark of his gratitude. And the young man went his way.

He came to a town, and a Gunga invited him to his house. The Gunga was in appearance very like an Arab, so much so that the people of the town used to call him an Arab. The young man lived with him, till at last he sent him to his country house, treating him as his own son, and he was set over all the Arab's slaves. And the slaves hated the young man heartily.

Now this Arab had a camel. It lived on his estate in

the country, and he was more fond of it than of any of his people—more than of his country-house, so fond was he of that camel. The head-slave and all his people made a plot to kill the young man, for they hated him bitterly, because he was a favourite. So they said one to another, "How are we to kill him?" "It will not take a moment," said the foreman, "to find a way of killing him. It is this. I will write him a letter, as if from my master, as follows: 'I have lost a child. So kill that camel that I may say the Burial Service over him.' Well?" said the foreman, inquiringly, "is not that a good notion?" And they said, "It is a capital idea." They did so, and the camel was killed. So the foreman wrote a letter to his master, and said, "This young man whom you settled on the estate here has killed your camel." When he heard this he could not wait a single day. He took seven Arabs with him, each mounted on his best horse. And the young man had put the house in excellent order, and had decorated it. He had even set up a bower on the road leading to the estate, and furnished it with the best hangings, hangings from Muscat. And he wrote a letter as follows: "Master, dear Master,—I killed the camel not for any funeral of mine, but as you yourself directed by your own choice." And the Arabs who went with him, they, too, read the letter. As for the Arab, his one thought was, the moment he arrived, to have the young man summoned and cut him in two pieces with his sword. And his sword he had sharpened to such a degree that if a fly touched it it would cut it in two, because it was so sharp. The other Arabs asked him, "This fellow here on your estate, is he your son?" And he said, "No, he is not my son. I am going to kill him because he has killed my camel." "If you are going to kill him," said the Arabs, "take two bags of money (for him), for we see he is a man of intelligence, judging from the way he has fitted up that bower."

The Arab's feelings were pacified by the praises of the young man which these Arabs uttered. Well, when the Arab arrived he asked the young man, "Who told you to kill that camel?" The young man said, "The foreman here, he told me, not simply by word of mouth, but he sent me a written order. And this is the order he sent me." The Arab took it and read it. At once he sent a man, and he went to summon the foreman. The moment the foreman appeared, before he could say a single word to him, the Arab rushed upon him and cut him asunder.

The Arab had a great affection for the young man, and at last, when the Arab died, the inheritance went to the young man. And the young man lived in peace all the days of his life.

XXXI.

THE BEGGAR (2).

THERE was once a poor man and his wife. They were very poor, and had no friends. The man was by profession a beggar. Every morning, as soon as he woke up, he rose and went out begging.

One day he went out as usual, and came upon an Arab at his prayers. And he said, "For God's sake! pity the beggar!" When the Arab had finished his prayers he gave him a shilling. The beggar questioned the Arab, and said, "What were you doing with all those bowings here?" The Arab answered and said, "I was praying to God. It is He who gave me the shilling which I gave you, and He is our Lord." "Indeed!" said the beggar. "I thought it was you who gave me the shilling; and, strange to say, you are a beggar yourself. I won't have your shilling, take it yourself, and I will go and pray to Him who gave it to you. If I am not a creature of His who gave you that shilling, let me just starve to death."

He returned to his house, and went inside and threw himself on his bed. His wife came and asked him, "What is the matter with you to-day, my master? Has anything hurt you?" But he made no reply. Thus he remained

for three days. He neither ate nor drank nor spoke to his wife. His wife continued to question him, and at last he spoke to her and told her all about the Arab who prayed. His wife answered and said, "My dear husband, you are foolish. Every day you go and beg and get nothing but a grain of millet, and are well content, and yet you refuse a shilling. Do you not know that God has made poor and rich, slave and free man, small and great?" "I do not know it at all," replied he. "He who gave to the Arab did not give to me. And what is more, I will not beg again. If I am not God's creature, just let me die." When his wife saw that her husband would not beg any more, she began to set to work digging, and took her hoe and went round to the back of the house to dig. There she saw a pot of money, and she ran back to her husband and said to him, "Master, get up. God has sent us poor folk a blessing." Her husband replied, "If I am really God's creature, He will bring His blessing here where I am now." His wife was very angry, and went to the town to engage porters to carry the pot of money to him indoors. When the porters came they looked at the pot and found it full of bees. And they said to the woman, "What have you given us all this trouble for? You said you had found a pot of money, and there is nothing but bees! You are a nice young woman!" And the porters went home. As they were on the way home they said to each other, "What do you think of that woman, giving us all this trouble for nothing? Suppose we go back presently in the evening and put that pot of bees inside the house for her to sting her and her husband?" "Agreed," they all said. So at night they went back, and took the pot of bees and put it in the beggar's house. Suddenly the pot of bees turned to money again as at first. The pot fell down and was broken, and the money poured out. Up rose the beggar and said,

"Wife, I told you that God's creatures do not fail to get His blessing." They took the money, and bought a piece of land and built a house, and lived happily, he and his wife, and were beggars no longer.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

On the Swahili Language as Spoken in Zanzibar.

THE materials of this essay are drawn mainly from the works of the late Dr. Steere, Bishop of the Universities Mission to Central Africa; the late Dr. Krapf, of the Church Missionary Society; Mr. Cust's book on the "Languages of Africa;" and a four years' contact with the spoken dialect of Swahili used in Zanzibar in East Africa.

This dialect is but one, and that the most mixed, of the dialects of the Swahili language, which is itself but one member of the vast group or family of languages now generally known as Bantu, of which Mr. Cust writes ("Languages of Africa," p. 345): "This is, and is destined to continue, one of the twelve most important languages of the world." The grounds for such an estimate are briefly these:—(1) The Bantu languages occupy about one-third of the whole continent of Africa. Draw a line from the Cameroons, on the Atlantic, due east to the Indian Ocean, and, with the exception of outliers of the Hamitie and Nubah-Fulah families on the east coast bending southward as far as the Equator, and the isolated Hottentot and Bushmen languages at the extreme south-west, the whole native population south of this line

speaks Bantu—that is, a population of perhaps fifty millions, spread over about three and a half millions of square miles. Bantu is not merely a common name for a large number of languages which only agree in being radically distinct from all their neighbours: on the contrary, it is now generally allowed that all the languages included under the name are really one. The grammar is essentially the same. Lepsius enumerates twelve unique characteristics common to them all (Pref. to "Nuba Grammar," quoted by Cust, p. 294). A few will be noticed in connection with the Swahili language presently. On the other hand, the languages included in the family are very numerous. Cust enumerates 168, under three geographical divisions and eight sub-divisions. And those who speak them are (to say the least) to a large extent mutually unintelligible. (2) The second important point, however, is, that the Swahili language is among all these (as Cust says) "the rising dialect," and Bishop Steere wrote: "There is probably no African language so widely known as the Swahili. It is understood along the coasts of Madagascar and Arabia" [and the whole coast line between], "it is spoken by the Sidis in India, and is the trade language of a very large part of Central or Intertropical Africa. Zanzibar traders penetrate sometimes even to the western side of the continent, and they are in the constant habit of traversing more than half of it with their supplies of Indian and European goods. Throughout this immense district anyone really familiar with the Swahili language will generally be able to find someone who can understand him, and serve as an interpreter." ("Handbook of the Swahili Language," Pref. to First Edition.) Commander Cameron certainly found this true in his journey across Africa. The Swahili language is thus understood across the whole continent, from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, and round the whole sweep of the Indian Ocean, from Madagascar to

India. (3) The third point to notice, bearing on the future of the language, is that besides sharing with all other Bantu languages a wonderful fertility in developing grammatical forms from a given root, and great delicacy as well as flexibility in the use of them, Swahili is pre-eminent in having the opportunity as well as the capacity to draw upon the inexhaustible stores of the Arabic vocabulary for the expression of new ideas, and in consisting of sounds which admit of easy and adequate representation by the common Roman alphabet, even Arabic words being promptly and effectually softened down in the act of appropriation by its unfailing euphonic instinct.

These remarks may now be very briefly illustrated. And first as to the verb. This is the easy part of Swahili, just as the noun is the hard, but the only hard part. It has been said that Swahili is a language practically without exceptions. Certain it is, that given a root in Swahili, a large number of forms, limited, indeed, only by the meaning of the root itself, can be at once developed from it by a kind of mechanical process—the prefixing or affixing certain syllables or letters in a certain order. A Swahili verb has Active and Passive Voices, as well as a Neuter or quasi-Passive (and an Affirmative and Negative Conjugation in each). It has Indicative, Subjunctive (to use the common nomenclature), Infinitive, and Imperative Moods—the Infinitive being also a Verbal Noun, and only existing in the Affirmative Conjugation. Varieties of Tense (with perhaps one exception) only exist in the Indicative Mood, and chiefly in the Active Conjugation. Here there are nine—Presents, Definite and Indefinite, Present Perfect, two Past tenses (identical in meaning, but one used only in narrative), one Future, and three Conditional. There is also a Present Participial Form.

All distinctions of Person and Tense, as also of Affirma-

tive and Negative Conjugations, are marked by Prefixes. All other distinctions are marked by changes at the end of the root, which may be called generally Affixes. A Table will perhaps best indicate the general structure of verb-forms.

CONSPECTUS OF SWAHILI VERB,

Illustrating the usual relative order of the various Prefixes and Suffixes.

Prefixes.						Root.	Affixes.			
1 Negative	2 Personal Subjective	3 Tense	4 Relative	5 Personal Objective	6 Reflexive		7 Applied Conjugation	8 Causal Conjugation	9 Passive	10 Mood
(except when Relative is used, and then *si* is inserted between Prefixes 3 and 4)	Sing.	*Pres. Indef.* a	(exc. when no tense sign is used and then follows root)	Sing.						Indicative
	1. ni, n,	*Pres. Def.* na		1. ni,				z, sh, y,		
	2. u, w,	*Pres. Perf.* me		2. ku,		(*e.g.*)				
	3. a, yu u, i, ki li, pa, ku,	*Preter.* li	o, ye, zo, cho, vyo, lo, po, ko, mo,	3. m, mw, u, i, ki, li, pa, ku,				Reciprocal		
ha		*Narrat.* ka				PEND			w	a
(for all Tenses Persons, and numbers in the Indic. Mood, exc. 1 Pers. Sing., where *si* is used for Prefixes 1 and 2)	Plur.	*Fut.* ta (-ka)		Plur. 1. tu, tw,	ji	(love)	(l)e (l)i	(a)n		
	1. tu, tw,	*Condit.* nga ngali ja		2. wa,				Neuter		Subjunctive
	2. m, mw,	*Pret. Neg.* ku		3. wa, i, zi, vi, ya, pa, ku,				k		e
	3. wa, i, zi, vi ya, pa, ku.									

N.B. This Table is not intended to exhibit all the Swahili prefixes or affixes, much less to be a guide to all their possible combinations. Thus the Reflexive sign could not, of course, appear in the same word as the Passive, and in the Subjunctive the negative is -si- inserted between the Subjective and Objective Prefixes. Moreover, as pointed out hereafter, the *Affixes* may be repeated any number of times and in any combinations, which the meaning of the root allows, so long as they preserve the above order relatively to the original root, or the new root on which each combination is based, *e.g.*, pend-, pendez-, pendek-, pendekez-, pendan, &c.

Supplementary tenses are formed by auxiliaries. The richness of the Swahili verb is, however, largely due to the fact that there are four derivative forms, which might, perhaps, be called Conjugations, and can be formed immediately from any root whatever, when compatible with its meaning—viz., Applied, Causal, Reciprocal, and Neuter.

Thus from *ona*, meaning (to) see, or feel, may be formed :—

(Passive, *onwa*, to be seen.)
Applied, *onea*, to feel towards, see with, and, with special meaning, to oppress.
{Neuter, *oneka*, to be visible, or felt.
{Reciprocal, *onekana*, to appear, come into sight of.
Causal, *onya*, to make see, warn.
Do. *onyesha*, to show, point out.
Reciprocal, *onana*, to see each other.
Reflexive, *jiona*, to see, or think oneself.

All these forms may, if their meanings allow of it, take passive forms or another conjugational affix in addition to their own. And each, of course, forms the base of a whole fabric of tenses.

Thus from *piga*, to strike, can come :—

(Causal), *pigisa*, to cause to strike.
(Reciprocal), *pigana*, to strike each other, fight.
(Causal), *piganisha*, to cause to fight.

And even *piganishana*, to cause each other to fight, and so on, besides, pigia, pigilia, &c.

Or, again :—

Penda, (to) love.
Pendea, to love for, on account of, &c.
Pendeza, to cause to love, please.
Pendezea, to cause to have love for, to please by.
Pendana, to love each other.
Pendeka, to be loveable.

Pendekeza, to cause to be loveable or liked, to ingratiate.
Pendelea, to have a particular liking for.
Pendeleza, to cause to have a special liking for.

And so on.

Perhaps the most really remarkable form is what has been called the Applied Form of the verb. By the simple insertion of the vowel *-i-* or *-e-* before the vowel *-a-*, with which a true Swahili verb always ends, the force of any preposition whatever may be added to the verb itself—a relation is attached to it which is only to be defined by the nature of the case. Thus *leta* means to bring; but *letea*, to bring to, for, with, by, from, in, on account of, and so on. *Nena* means to speak, but *nenea*, to speak for (recommend), speak against (decry, scold), speak about (describe), speak with, and so on. The effect in the corresponding passive forms is noticeable; from *leta*, (to) bring, comes *letwa*, (to be) brought, but from *letea*, (to) bring to, comes *letewa*, (to have) brought to, or from, oneself.

An instance to illustrate the prefix-system would be *aliloiletea*, which contains four prefixes—viz., Subjective Personal Prefix *a* = he, Past Tense Prefix *li* = did, Relative Pronoun Prefix *lo* = which, Objective Personal Prefix *i* = it, and the Applied Form of the verb leta—the whole meaning "he did which it bring to," *i.e.*, "which he brought to it."

This, however, naturally leads to the subject of the Swahili noun. In the word *aliloiletea*, the form of each of the prefixes denoting subject, Relative and Object, are determined by the form of the noun to which each refers. They might each assume some ten or fifteen forms, according to the class and number of that noun. The great, but the only real, difficulty in speaking Swahili correctly, is to make instantaneously, indeed spontaneously, the appropriate selection from some sixty or more alternative prefixes in such a case as "*aliloiletea*." Thus the Prefix *a* can refer only to a

noun of the first class and in the singular number. But there are eight classes of nouns in Swahili, each with a corresponding form of Prefix, and several with a different one for the Singular and Plural. Thus instead of *a* in *aliloiletea*, there might be *wa*, *u*, *l*, *zi*, *li*, *ya*, *ki*, *vi*, *pa*, *ku*, and similarly with *lo* and *i*, and the place of *li* might be taken by any of the Tense Prefixes. The Prefixes preserve (with a few exceptions) the same order relatively, but vary with the class and number of the nouns referred to.

The origin of these classes, or in other words the reasons for dividing all possible objects of thought into eight groups, it is impossible (except in two cases) at present to decide. If the Swahili groups were to be named from the meaning, or a prominent meaning among the nouns in the group, the names would be, perhaps, the Animal, Local, Abstract, Diminutive, Amplificative, and Verbal, and two General Classes—one of these last, however, shows signs of having denoted at least Vegetable Life, if no higher kind. A Comparative Grammar of Bantu may some day explain the mystery. Not only verb-forms, but all pronominal and adjectival forms brought into relation with a noun, must have a prefix or first syllable appropriate to the noun. To take a not at all unusual case, a man might express himself thus: "Vitu vile vyangu vilivyo vizuri viwe vyako, vyote vinne" ("Let all those beautiful things of mine be yours, all four of them.") Everyone of the last eight words begins with the same syllable as the first, the noun "vitu." This is a typical case. The result is perspicuity at the expense of brevity.

Before leaving the subject of verbs and nouns it should be remarked that roots in Swahili are as fertile of noun- as of verb-forms. Thus, to take again *penda*, (to) love, the following nouns occur :—

Mpenda, a loving man.
Mpendaji, a lover.

Mpenzi, a beloved person.
Kipendo, an object of love.
Mapenzi, inclination, desire, will.
Upendo, feeling of love, affection.
Pendo, Do.
Pendeleo, favour.
Upendano, mutual love.

And so on with other roots.

This luxuriance of forms is, of course, to a great extent thrown away, but it is well worthy of attention in estimating the possibilities of the language. As thought becomes definite, and distinctions become clearly felt, there will be no lack of appropriate linguistic forms to select from, and synonyms in language will become specialized with the gradual differentiation in ideas.

Moreover, as has been already mentioned, the vast stores of the Arabic vocabulary are not only within reach of Swahili, but are readily appropriated, not, however, without considerable phonetic changes. Swahili has no more guttural sounds than English. Arabic gutturals are therefore softened into an ordinary *g* or *k*, or even into a simple aspirate. Swahili has all the English vowel sounds at its disposal, and so does not care to confine itself too closely to the three of Arabic. All Swahili words can be broken up into either biliteral or triliteral syllables, of which the last letter is a vowel, or simple vowel sounds. Swahili words cannot end with a consonant. If it were not for a preponderance of the broad vowel sounds, the repetition of similar prefixes, and such consonants as k, t, p, Swahili might, perhaps, bear comparison with Italian, and, considered phonetically, sometimes certainly with Homeric Greek.

Of course, its characteristics are here only broadly indicated. There are several disturbing influences, especially in connection with the nasal sounds, which largely affect the

other consonants, and produce apparent exceptions to the general rules.

And, finally, it must be remembered that Swahili is in a fluid condition, and sensitive to every influence. Not only Arabs, but Hindoos, Persians, Parsis, Goanese, and a motley, if not numerous, colony of Europeans, all contribute to colour the speech of the great human currents moving ceaselessly to and fro between the vast lake regions and their eastern capital. It has hitherto had no literature but a few poems and tales, and letters disguised rather than clothed with the utterly ill-fitting dress of the Arabic alphabet. It never knew it had a grammar till Krapf and Steere displayed it. The yearly increasing publications of the Universities' Mission Press may do something in time to check the tide of dialectic change and shifting vocabulary, but perhaps, after all, the publications of this generation will have to be rewritten for the next. However, Bishop Steere has led the way, and little remains but to follow and fill in his lines. At least the language appears to those who are most concerned with it not unworthy of the best efforts they can use upon it.

APPENDIX II.

THE Story I. in Part II. is here given, as written by the boy himself, both in Swahili, according to the rules and spelling adopted by Bishop Steere for the Universities' Mission, and also in his native tongue, the Ganda, in representing the sounds of which he followed the same rules as well as he could independently. Not knowing the Ganda language, the Editor could not help or correct him. The sentences are arranged as nearly parallel as possible for comparison, and a very literal translation is added beneath.

KAWEKWA NA TEGUAKI.

(SWAHILI.)	(GANDA.)
(1) (Kawekwa na Teguaki walikwenda kwa mtu mganga, mahali pake panakwitwa Msaba, jina lake Namganga.)	(1) (Kawekwa na Teguaki bagenda wa muntu mganga, wawe baitwao Masaba, elinye liye Namganga.)
(2) Mtu mmoja alitoka kwa mfalme akaenda kwa mganga kumpa dawa ya vita.	(2) Muntu ommu yavwa wa kabaka nagenda wa Namganga kumua dagala la mafumu.

(1) (Kawekwa and Teguaki went to a medicine-man, his place is called Masaba, his name Namganga.)

(2) A certain man went out from the king, and went to a medicine-man (to ask him) to give him medicine for war.

(SWAHILI.)

(3) Namganga akamwambia yule mtu, wewe mwanaume sana? Yule akamjiba, Mimi mwanaume sana. (4) Namganga akamwambia, Ukiwa mwanaume sana, njoo twende. Wakaenda pale njiani. (5) Akamwambia yule peke yake, napana watu wangine, nitakupa mikuke miwili na ngao moja. (6) Uende katika mwitu ule mbele yako, ukikuta mwenzio usimwogope Ukiogopa utakufa. (7) Yule mtu alipokwisha kumpa habari hizo zote akaenda mwituni na mikuke yake na ngao yake. (8) Akaenda mwituni na ngao yake, na mikuke yake akamkuta binadamu mwenzake, akampiga mkuke, haukumpata vema, na yule wa mwituni akampiga yule mwenyi kutaka dawa akamua. (9) Watuwote wakaiogopa dawa ya Namganga.

(10) Tena mtu mmoja alitoka mahali pake, panakwitwa Singo, mtu wa mfalme, lakini yeye hakutumwa na mfalme. (11) Jina lake Kawekwa.

(GANDA.)

(3) Namganga nangamba oli muntu, Uli msa'ja nyo? Oli namgamba, nzee msa'ja nyo. (4) Namganga namgamba, Oba uli msa'ja nyo, tungeendee. Nebagenda boka mkubo. (5) Namgamba oli yeka, angatewali bantu balala, Nakuua mafuma abili na ngabo imu. (6) Genda mkibila kili mumasogo, onosanga mno tomtia. Buotiya onofa. (7) Oli Muntu bweamala kumbulila biyuna, nagenda mkibila na mafuma gee na ngabo ye. (8) Nagenda mkibila na ngaboye na mafumuge, namsanga omtu mtum'ne, namkasukilira fumu, nilitamkwata, noli uomkibila namfumita oli ayagala dagala namta. (9) Na bantu bona hebalitiya dagala liye Namganga.

(10) Omtu ommu yavwa ewawe ye, waitwa Singo, muntu wa kabaka, tegatumwa kabaka. (11) Elinya liye Kawekwa. Natuka wa

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(3) Namganga said to him, Are you really a man? The man answered, Yes, I am really a man. (4) And Namganga said to him, If you are really a man, come, let us go. And they went along the road. (5) And he said to him when alone and no one else was there, I will give two spears and one shield. (6) Go into that forest before you, and if you meet your fellow, do not be afraid of him. If you are afraid of him, you will die. (7) When he had given him all these directions, the man went into the forest with his spears and his shield. (8) He went into the forest with his shield and his spears, and met a fellow-man, and threw a spear at him, but did not hit him full, and the man from the forest struck the man who had asked for war-medicine, and killed him. (9) Everyone was afraid of Namganga's medicine.

(10) Presently another man set out from his place, a place called Singo, one of the king's men, but he was not sent by the king. (11) His name was

(SWAHILI.)

Akafika kwa Namganga, akamwambia, Nataka dawa ya vita. (12) Namganga akamjibu, Dawa yangu utaiweza wewe? Kawekwa akamjibu, Mimi dawa yako ntaiweza. (13) Bassi Namganga akamwambia, Ukiwa unaiweza, njoo hapa nikwambie maana yake yote. Akaenda akamwambia maana yake yote. (14) Alipokwisha kumwambia yale maana yake yote, akampa mihuhe na ngao, akamwambia. (15) Haya nenda katika mwitu ule mbele yako; ukimkuta binadamu mwenzako, usimkimbie. Ukimwogopa, yeye atakuna. (16) Yule akajibu, Vema. Namganga akamwambia, Nenda. Akamda yule Kawekwa, akafikapale alipomwambia, akamkuta yule aliyemwambia. (17) Kwanza Kawekwa akautwaa mkuke wake akamtupia yule mwenzake akamua. (18) Alipokwisha kumua, akarudi kwa Namganga na furaha yake, akamwambia, Niniekwisha kumua yule. (19) Namganga akamjibu,

(GANDA.)

Namgamba namgamba, Njagala dagala ya mafumu. (12) Namganga namdamu, Dagala yange noliinza? Kawekwa namdamu, Nze dagala liyo naliinza. (13) Kale Namganga namgamba, Oba unaliinza, jangu wanu kubulile mpisa yaliyo yona. Nagenda namgamba mpisa yaliyo yona. (14) Bweyamala kumbulila mpisa yaliyo yona, namwaa amafumu nengabo namgamba, (15) Kale genda mkibila kili mumasogo; bummsanga muntu muno, tomuduka. Buonumtia ye anakuta. (16) Oli nadamu, Birungi. Namganga namgamba, Genda. Nagenda oli Kawekwa, natuka wali weyamgamba, namsanga oli gweamgamba. (17) Lubelebeliye Kawekwa natola fumu liye, namkasukilila oli muune namta. (18) Bweamala kumta, nakomao wa Namganga na sanyo liye, namgamba, Maze kumta oli. (19) Namganga namdamu, Birungi. Jagala bujira bwange, kuue dagala diyo. Jagala mbuzi emu na koko

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Kawekwa. He came to Namganga and said to him, I want war-medicine. (12) Namganga answered him, Shall you be able to manage my medicine? Kawekwa answered him, I shall be able to manage your medicine. (13) So Namganga said to him, If you can manage it, come here and let me tell you all about it. And he went and he told him all abont it. (14) When he had finished telling him all about it, he gave him spears and shield and said to him, (15) Now then, go into that forest before you, and if you meet a fellow-man, do not run away from him. If you are afraid of him, he will kill you. (16) The man replied Very good. And Namganga said to him, Go. And Kawekwa went, and arrived at the place he told him of, and met the man he told him of. (17) First Kawekwa took his spear and threw it at the other man and killed him. (18) When he had killed him, he went back to Namganga in his joy, and said to him, I have killed that man. (19) And

(SWAHILI.)

Vema. Nataka ujira wangu nikupe dawa yako. Nataka mbuzi mmoja na kuku mweupe mmoja, na liondo moja na kauli tissaini bassi. (20) Naye alipokwisha kumpa ujira wake Namganga, naye tena Namganga akaitoa dawa yake, akamfanyizia ilizi akampa Kawekwa, (21) akamwambia, Nenda, ukipigwa mkuke, usikuingie, ukipigwa, bunduki, isikupate. Ndivyo vilivyokuwa. (22) Akaenda katika vita, akapigana, akawa mshujaa sana; tena akaenda peke yake akapiga miji' mingi peke yake.

(23) Tena akatokea mtu mwingine, mahali pake alipotoka panakwitwa Bulemenzi. Naye mtu wa mfalme, lakini hakutumwa na mfalme, jina lake Teguaki. (24) Naye akaenda kwa Namganga kutaka dawa. Namganga akamwambia, Wataka dawa yangu wewe? Na yule akajibu, Nataka dawa yako mimi. (25) Wewe jina lako nani, utakaye dawa langu mimi? Teguaki. Utaweza dawa yangu wewe? Nitaweza mimi.

(GANDA.)

emu jeru na dubogo ndumu na sibi kiyenda amaze. (20) Bweyamala kumua bujira bwee Namganga, Namganga natola dagala liye, namkolela ejembe namua Kawekwa, (21) namgamba, Genda, wofumitwa efumu lisikugule, bukubwa emundu, esikukwate. Bweeguali. (22) Nagenda kuburwa, naruwana naba mzila nyo; nate nagenda yeka nata bialo bingi yeka.

(23) Nate nevwa omtu omlala, ewawe weyavwa waitwa Bulemenzi. Naye omtu wa kabaka, naye teyatumwa kabaka, elinya liye Teguaki. (24) Naye nagenda wa Namganga kuagala dagala. Namganga namgamba, oyagala dagala ndiyange gwe? Noli namdamu, Jagala dagala ndiyu nzee. (25) Gwe elinya liyo gwani, ayagala dagela ndiyange nzee? Teguaki. Onoliinza dagala ndiyange gwe? Naliinza nzee.

Namganga answered him, Good. I want my fee that I may give you your medicine. I want one goat, and one white fowl and one bark-shawl and ninety cowries. (20) When he had given Namganga his fee, then Namganga gave him his medicine, and he made him a bag and gave it to Kawekwa, (21) and said to him, Go. If a spear hit you, it shall not pierce you, if you are fired at with a gun, it shall not hit you. And so it was. (22) He went to war and fought and was very heroic; then he went by himself and subdued many towns by himself.

(23) Then another man appeared, the place which he came from is called Bulemenzi. And he was one of the king's men, but he was not sent by the king; his name was Teguaki. (24) And he went to Namganga to ask for medicine. And Namganga said to him, Do you want medicine from me? And he replied, I want medicine from you. (25) What is your name, you

(SWAHILI.)

Sema kweli. Wallai. (26) Bassi wakaenda pale akansumulia habari zote, kama alizomsumulia yule wa kwanza Kawekwa, akampa mikuke na ngao, akaenda. (27) Naye akafanya vile vile, hama alivyofanya Kawekwa, naye alipomua akarudi nyumbani kwa Namganga. Namganga akamwambia, Nataka ujira wangu. (28) Akamjibu Ujira wako wapewa kitu gani? Namganga akamwambia, kama alivyomwambia yule wa kwanza akauleta ujira wake.

(29) Namganga akaitoa dawa yake, akamfanyizia ilizi akampa Teguaki akamwambia vile vile kama alivyomwambia yule wa kwanza Kawekwa. (30) Akaenda katika vita akapigana akawashinda akawa mshujaa sana. Tena akaenda peke yaka akapiga miji mingi peke yake, akawa mshujaa sana, akasifiwa nu watu wote.

(31) Habari zake zikafika kwa yule wa kwanza Kawekwa. Jirani wake wakamwambia, Mtu mmoja

(GANDA.)

Yugela mazima. Mazima. (26) Amaze nebagenda wali, nambulila bigambo biyuna, ngaa bweyabulila oli olubelebeliye kawekwa, namua mafumu na ngabo, nagenda. (27) Naye nakola gabiri gaa bweyakola Kawekwa, naye bweyamta nada ekawe Namganga. Namganga namganda, Jagala bujira bwange. Namdamu, Bujira bu owebwa kituki? Namganga namgamba, gaa bweyamgamba oli odubelebeliye nabuleta obujira bwe.

(29) Namganga natola dagala ndiyi namkolela jembe namua Teguaki, namgamba gabiri ngaa bweyamgamba oli odubelebeliye Kawekwa. (30) Nagenda kuburwa naruana nabakoba naba mzila nyo. Nate nagenda yeka omu naruana mbialo bingi omu, naba mzila nyo, natendebwa na bantu bona.

(31) Bigambo bii nebituka ewoli odubelebeliye Kawekwa. Mrilanwa

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who want medicine from me? Teguaki. Can you manage my medicine? I can manage it. Say the truth. I do. (26) So they went to the place, and he told him all about it, just as he had told the first man Kawekwa, and gave him spears and shield, and he went. (27) And he did just as Kawekwa had done, and when he had killed him he returned to Namganga's house. And Namganga said to him, I want my fee. (28) And he answered him, What do you receive for your fee? And Namganga said, just what he had said to the first man, and he brought him his fee.

(29) And Namganga gave him his medicine and made him a bag and gave it to Teguaki, and said to him just what he had said to the first man Kawekwa. (30) And he went to war and fought and conquered them and was a great warrior. Then he went by himself and subdued many cities by himself and was a great warrior, and was praised by all people.

(31) News of him reached the first man Kawekwa. His neighbours said

(SWAHILI.)

yuko katika inchi yetu hii, naye mshujaa kama wewe.

(32) Bassi Kawekwa akawajibu, Yuko wapi yeye huyu? Wakamwambia, Anakaa Bulemenzi. Bassi yule Kawekwa akawakaidi, Hapana mwanaume kama mimi. Wakamjibu, Yupo kama wewe. (33) Alikuwa na hasira sana, akamfuata yule wmenziwe, walipomwambia. Akaenda akafika Bulemenzi yule, jina lake Kawekwa akauliza, Nyumba ya Teguaki iko wapi? Wakamwonyesha, Ilee ndefu sana ndio nyumba yake. (34) Bassi akafika pale akakuta mkewe, mumewe hakumkuta, amekwenda katika vita. Mbuzi wa Teguaki wote Kawekwa akawachinja.

(35) Akarudi Teguaki katika vita, mahali pake pazuri hapana gasiya, akaona mbuzi wake hapana, akaona migomba yake nayo imekatwa, akamwita mkewe, mkewe akamwambia, Mimi siyawezi kuyanena

(GANDA.)

we nebamgamba, Omtu omu ali kusi yafe eno, naye mzila ngaa gwe.

(32) Amaze Kawekwa namdamu, Arunda waye oyo? Nebamgamba, Ewawe Bulemenzi. Amaze oli Kawekwa nabawakanya, Tewali msa'ja gaa nzee. Nabo nebamdamu, Wali gaa gwe. (33) Yali no busungu nyo, namgobelela oli mu'nne bwebamgamba. Nagenda na tuka Bulemenzi oli, elinye ndiyi Kawekwa, nabuza, Nyumba ya Teguaki erundawa? Nebamlaga, Elii epafu nyo, ye nyumba ye. (34) Amaze natuka wali nasanga mkaziwe, bawe teyamsanga, gangeze kuburwa. Mbuzi wa Teguaki zona Kawekwa naziliya.

(35) Nada Teguaki kutabala ewawe wasungi tewali bitutu, nalaba mbuzi ze tewali nalaba bitoke biyi oruwi nduteme, namwita mkaziwe, mkaziwe namgamba Nze siinza kukubulila ebiyo. Babuze mrilanwabu.

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to him, There is a man in our country here, and he is as great a warrior as you.

(32) Kawekwa answered them, Where is this fellow? And they said to him, He lives at Bulemenzi. Kawekwa stoutly contradicted them. There is no such man as I. And they answered him, There is one even as you. (33) He was very angry, and went after his rival to the place they told him of. He went and came to Bulemenzi, this man named Kawekwa, and inquired, The house of Teguaki, where is it? And they showed him, Yonder the very high one, that is his house. (34) He went to it and found his wife, the husband he did not find, he had gone to war. All Teguaki's goats Kawekwa slaughtered.

(35) Teguaki came back from the war, his nice home was all quiet, and he saw his goats were gone, and he saw his bananas too had been cut, and he called his wife, and his wife said to him, I cannot speak of this. Ask

(SWAHILI.)

haya. Waulize jirani wako. (36) Mtu alitoka kwake kuja kukutafuta wewe, apigane nawe, kwa sababu unasifiwa mno, ndio kukata migomba yako na kuchinja mbuzi wako, upate kuingiwa na hasira sana, ukamfuate. (37) Alisema jina lake Kawekwa, mahali pake Singo, pana mlima jina lake Kishozi, mkubwa sana. Ukifika penyi mlima huu, Nyumba utaiona wazi, nayo ndefu mno.

(38) Alikuwa bado kuingra nyumbani mwake, lakini aliposikia habari hizo, nyumbani mwake hakuingra, na chakula hakula, akaona hasira nyingi sana. (39) Tena Kawekwa amesema, usipomfuata, yeye atakuja akuchukue uende ukamtekee mkewe maji. (40) Bassi yule Teguaki akamfuata mwenziwe Kawekwa, akafika pale penyi mlima, akaiona nyumba ya Kawekwa akatelemka akafika akamkuta mkewe akamwusiza, (41) Nyumba ya nani hii? Akamjibu, Ya Kawekwa. Yuko wapi mwenyewe? Mkewe

(GANDA.)

(36) Omtu yavwa ewawe naja kukunonya gwe, muruane nawe, kwa kukutenda nyo, nange kutema bitoke biyi nakuta mbuzi ze ukwa tibwe busungu nyo, omgobelele. (37) Yayugela elinya liye Kawekwa, ewawe Singo, wali wo lusozi, linya ndiyalu Kishozi, ndunene nyo. Butuka awali lusozi olu, enyumba nojilaba mubanga nayu pafu nyo.

(38) Yali tanaba kuingila mnyumba ye naye bweyaulila bigambo ebiyu, mnyumba ye teyaiingila, no kuliya teyalila, yalina busungu bungi nyo. (39) Nate Kawekwa agambiye, buotomgobelele, yee anaja akutwale ugende umsenele mkaziwe mazi. (40) Amaze oli Teguaki namgobelela mu'nne Kawekwa, natuka wali awali lusozi, nalaba nyumba ya Kawekwa, naselegeta natuka nasanga mkaziwe nambuza, Nyumba yani mo? Namdamu, Ya Kawekwa. Arudawa kenyini? Mkaziwe namakamjibu, Omekwenda katika vita.

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your neighbours. (36) A man set out from home to come in search of you, to fight with you, because you are extravagantly praised, that is why he cut your bananas and slaughtered your goats that you may get into a great rage and come after him. (37) He said his name was Kawekwa, and his place Singo, (where) there is a hill called Kishozi, very high. When you get to this hill, you will see his house plainly, it is a very high one.

(38) He had not yet gone inside his house. But when he heard this account, he did not go into his house, and he did not eat food, and he was very angry. (39) Then Kawekwa has said, Unless you follow him, he will come and carry you off to go and draw water for his wife. (40) So Teguaki went after his rival Kawekwa, and came to the hill, and saw Kawekwa's house, and went down and came and found his wife and asked her, (41) Whose house is this? And she answered, Kawekwa's. Where is he?

(SWAHILI.)

Akamwambia, Njoo hapa. (42) Akaja yule mwanamke, Teguaki akamkata masikio yote, akamwambia, Mumeo akija umwambie, Mwenzio Teguaki ndiye aliyenikata masikio haya, lakini usipomfuata wewe, tena atarudi na yako ayakate.

(43) Tena Kawekwa amerudi katika vita, bado hajafika nyumbani kwake, wakampasha habari, Mke wako amekatwa masikio na Teguaki. (44) Bassi aliposikia neno hilo na nyumbani kwake hakufika, kwa sababu mkewe kukatwa masikio; amesema, Nitamwonaje mke wangu? (45) Akaenda kumfuata yule Teguaki, akafika mlima mdogo karibu na kufika, akapiga mzomari wake, mke wa Teguaki akamwambia, Mzomari huo ndio wa lafiki yako, uliyemkatra mke wake masikio. (46) Naye akautoa wake, akaupiga, akamjibu. Na yule Kawekwa aliposikia amenijibu, nage akafurahiwa kwa sababu kumkuta mwenziwe.

(GANDA.)

damu, Yagenda kutabala. Namgamba Jangu wanu. (42) Naja oli mkazi, Teguaki namsala matu gonaa, namgamba, Bau buaja, nomgamba mu'nno Teguaki ye yasala amatu gano, naye bwotomgobelele gwe, nate anada na ngango nangasala.

(43) Nate Kawekwa akomiyeo kutabala, ngatanaba kutuka mnyumba ye, nebambulila, Mkaziwo bamsala matu Teguaki. (44) Amaze okulila bigambo ebiyo, mnyumba ye teyatuka, kwa bigambo mkaziwe kusalwa matu; nagamba, Namulabatiya mkazi wange? (45) Nagenda kumgobelela oli Teguaki, natuka wali lusozi lutono kumpi nokutuka, nafuwa egombe ye, mkazi wa Teguaki namgamba, Mgombe eyo yee ya mu'nno gwe, wasalila mkaziwe amatu. (46) Naye natola eiye, namwanukuza, namdamu noli Kawekwa bweawulila ngamwanukuza, naye nasanyuka kwa kumsanga

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His wife answered, He has gone to the wars. And he said, Come here, (42) The woman came, and Teguaki cut off both her ears and said to her, When your husband comes, tell him, It was your friend Teguaki who cut off my ears, and if you do not go after him, he will come back and cut off yours too.

(43) Afterwards Kawekwa came back from the wars, and had not yet entered his house, and they reported to him, Your wife has had her ears cut off by Teguaki. (44) When he heard that, he did not go to his house, because his wife had had her ears cut off. He said, How can I look at my wife? (45) And he went in pursuit of Teguaki, and came to a small hill just as he arrived, and sounded his war-pipe. And Teguaki's wife said to him, That is the war-pipe of your friend, whose wife's ears you cut off. (46) So he took out his pipe and sounded it and answered him. Kawekwa when he heard, He has answered me, was rejoiced because of meeting his

(SWAHILI.)

(47) Bassi akajongea karibu, na yule Teguaki akatoa majifu na mazizi akampelekea, kwa sababu ndio desturi yao wakienda katika vita, kwanza ajipake majifu na mazizi, asipate kutambulikana. (48) Tena Kawekwa akamwambia Teguaki, Njoo upesi, usinione kutoka mbali ukathani amechoka bado. Mimi nakutaka wewe uje upesi. Akamjibu, Ningoje nnakula kwanza. (49) Akatoa mikake na ngao yake akapeleka barazani. Alipokwisha kula, akatoka ngumbani mwake, akapiga mzomari wake, na yule akamjibu. (50) Bassi akamwendea, wakakutana pale pale. Kwanza Kawekwa akamtupia, yule akauepuka ukakatika vipande viwili. (51) Tena Teguaki naye akamtupia, naye akauepuka, nao ukakatika vipande viwili. Tena wakatupa wote sawasawa. killa mtu akapiga ngao, na wenyewe wakaanguka wote wawili wakafa. (52) Ndugu zao wakaja kuwalilia, wangine waka-

(GANDA.)

mu'nne. (47) Amaze nasembela kumpi, noli Teguaki natola efu na zilo namtwalila kwa ndio mpisa yabwe webagenda kuburwa ruwana nasaba efu ne zilo, babeme butamumanya. (48) Nate Kawekwa namgamba, Teguaki, Jangu, mangu, tondaba kuvwa ewala nongamba akoyi sinabaa. Nze jagala gwe sje mangu. Namdamu, Ninda, chaliya lubelebeliye. (49) Natola mafumu nengabo ye natwala mkigago. Bweyamala kuliya navwa mnyumba ye nafuwa gombe ye, noli namdamu. (50) Amaze namgendla nebasisikana wali. Lubelebeliye Kawekwa nakasuka, oli neyewoma nelimenyeka vitundi vibili. (51) Nate Teguaki naye nakasuka neyewoma naye, nelimenyeka vitundi vibili. Nate nebakanyuga bona daladala, buli mtu nafumita egabo, no mtu nebagwa bona babili nebafa. (52) Ng'anda zabwe nebaja kubakabila, abalala nebasuna etana. Kawekwa alina mwana we, elinya liye Wakiuguru,

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rival. (47) So he went near, and Teguaki brought out ashes and cinders and sent them to him, for that is their custom when they go to war, first to rub themselves with ashes and cinders, so as not to be recognizable. (48) Then Kawekwa said to Teguaki, Come quickly, do not think that I have come a long way and fancy I am still fatigued. I want you to come on at once. He replied, Wait, I am eating first. (49) And he took out spears and his shield and had them placed in the verandah. When he had finished eating, he went out of his house and sounded his war-pipe and the other answered him. (50) Then he went at him, and there they met. First Kawekwa made a cast at him, and he avoided it, and (the spear) broke in two pieces. (51) Then Teguaki too made a cast at him, and he avoided it, and it broke in two pieces. Then both cast at the same moment, each man struck the shield, and the warriors fell down both together and died. (52) Their brethren came to mourn over them, and some dug a grave

(SWAHILI.)

chimba kaburi. Kawekwa anaye mloto wake, jina lake Wakiuguru, naye akaja kumlilia. Alikuwa bado kufika na kaburi bado kwisha, wakafufuka wote wawili. (53) Wote wawili wakafanya wrafiki. Walipokwisha kufanya wrafiki wao, wakamwita mtato wao Wakiuguru, akaja. (54) Kawekwa akamwambia, Mtoto wangu huyu Wakiuguru. Nikifa mimi ndiye amilikiye nyumba yangu huyo. (55) Bassi aliposema maneno haya wakafa wote wawili. Walipokwisha kufa, yule akaimiliki nyumba ya baba yake Kawekwa. (56) Naye alikuwa vile vile kama alivyokuwa baba yake kwa ushujaa. Akapendwa na mfalme kwa ushujaa wake, akamwambia, Nataka kwenda hupiga Busoga. (57) Mfalme akamjibu, wataka asikari? Akasema, Sitaki asikari wako, peke yangu tu. Akamwambia Haya nenda. Akaenda.

(58) Akaenda akapiga inchi, inakwitwa Busoga. Akaipiga peke yake. Alipokwisha kuipiga akarudi.

(GANDA.)

naye naja dumkabila. Yali tanaba kutuka netana tanaba kugwa, nebalamka bona babili. (53) Bona babili nebata mkago. Bwebamala kukoła mkago gwabe, nebamwita mwana wabwe Wakiuguru, naja. (54) Kawekwa namgamba, Mwana wange oyo Wakiuguru. Bwemfwa nze yansikila nyumba yange oyo. (55) Amaze luwayogela bigambo epiu nebafa bona bombi. Webamala kufa, oli nasikila nyumba ya kitawe we Kawekwa. (56) Naye naba ngaa bweyali kitawe kuba msiila. Nayagaluwa na kabaka kuba mzila bwe, namgamba, Njagala ngende nzite Busoga. (57) Kabaka namdamu, Oyagola bantu. Namgamba, Sagala bantu buo, nze yeka ommu. Namgamba, kale genda. Nagenda.

(58) Nagenda nata nsi, iitwa elinya liyayo Busoga, nagita yeka. Bweamala kugita nada. Bweamala kuda,

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Kawekwa had a child named Wakiuguru, and he too came to mourn for him. He had not yet come and the grave was not yet finished, (when) both revived. (53) They both made friends with each other. When they had finished making friends, they called their child Wakiuguru and he came. (54) Kawekwa said to him, This is my child Wakiuguru. When I die, he is master of my house, this (child). (55) When he had said these words, they both died. When they were dead, the (boy) was master of the house of his father Kawekwa. (56) And he was exactly as his father was for bravery, and he was beloved by the king for his bravery. And he said to him, I want to go and conquer Busoga. (57) The king answered him, Do you want soldiers? And he said, I do not want your soldiers, just myself alone. And he said to him, Go then. And he went.

(58) He went and conquered the country called Busoga. He conquered it

(SWAHILI.)

Alipomdi mfalme akampenda sana kwa ushujaa wake akampa watumwa wengi, akampa na mahali panakwitwa Jinga. (59) Wakaenda wakamjengea mji wake, na yeye akaenda akahaa katika mji wake. Akatoka katika mji wake akaenda akapiga Wasoga, killa mwezi vivyo hivyo.

(60) Bassi siku moja alipojudi katika vita akapatikana na ugonjwa wa siku mbili akafa. Wakaenda wakamwambia mfalme, Wakiuguru amefariki. (61) Mfalme akamsikitikia sana kwa ginsi alivyompenda, akamkusanyra watumwa wamde, wakafagie kaburi lake pale Jinga.

(GANDA.)

kabaka namwagala nyo kuba buzila bwe, namua abantu bangi, namua na kibanja baitao Jinga. (59) Nebagenda nebamzibila kibugachi, nagenda natula mkisaka tekye. Naowa omumwe omoo nagenda kuta Busoga buli mwezi bwatiyu.

(60) Amaze ndunaku ndumu bweyada kuburwa nakwati bwa burwade bwa naku mbili nafa. Nebagenda nebamgamba mfalme, Wakiuguru afude. (61) Mfalme naumkibila nyo, bweyaliamwa ngala, namkunganyiza abantu, bagende bela malalo gee na kakano webali bela malalo wali Jinga.

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by himself. When he had finished conquering it, he returned. When he returned, the king loved him very much for his bravery, and gave him many slaves and gave him also a place called Jinga. (59) And they went and built him his town, and he went and lived in his town. And he set out from his town and went and defeated the people of Busoga—every month just the same.

(60) One day when he came back from war he was seized with a sickness for two days and died. They went and told the king, Wakiuguru has departed. (61) The king was very much grieved about him, so much did he love him, and he gathered a number of slaves to go and sweep his grave at Jinga.

NOTES.

NOTES.

I.

FEW Africans have precise ideas of distance or measures of distance. The boy describes distances by objects familiar to him at the Universities' Mission School of Kiungani (Kiinua Mguu), one mile from the city of Zanzibar. Mkokotoni is the chief town in the northern part of the island, distant about twenty miles. The Sultan's powder magazine, and the high road leading from the city to his country palace at Chukwani, represent distances of about 500 yards from the school premises. Chukwani is distant about five miles. (P. 14.)

2. Lintipe and Dyampwi. Both these rivers appear in the Royal Geographical Society's large-scale map of Eastern Africa, and sufficiently localize the scene of the first part of this story in the country bordering on the extreme south-west of Lake Nyassa. (P. 15.)

3. The Mission boys grasp clearly the truth, that "Mission" property is for the common benefit of all, sometimes even a little too literally. "Like the Mission," here means, a magazine or store from which all may help themselves. (P. 18.)

4. It appears that the ship was H.M.S. "Flying Fish," and that the boys were received from the consul on February 13th, 1876. (P. 28.)

5. Mataka's town, to the east of Lake Nyassa, between the upper waters of the Rovuma and Lujenda, was visited by Dr. Livingstone in his last journeys, and by the late Bishop Steere, of the Universities' Mission, in 1875. This town, called Mwembe, consisted of about 1000 houses, but the raids of the Zulu tribe, called in that region Magwangwara, in 1879, compelled Mataka to move to a position further south. From the description of its position, this town appears to have been also that in which the boy whose history is given in Story I. was sold by Yaos to the Arabs. (P. 30.)

6. This name appears in the Royal Geographical Society's map of

Eastern Africa in the hilly region of the upper waters of the Lintipe, to the south-west of Nyassa. (P. 31.)

7. Pemba is an island thirty miles north of Zanzibar. The number of Arab estates in it causes a large demand for slaves, and till lately it was closely watched by the boats of English men-of-war. It was off this island that Captain Brownrigg, of H.M.S. "London," met his death in a fight with an Arab slave-dhow in 1881. (P. 31.)

8. Mpunga and Taisiri are the names of other boys in the Mission School at Zanzibar. (Pp. 34-36.)

9. Makanjila, a powerful Yao chief and rival of Mataka, with whom he was lately at open war. His town is on the east of Lake Nyassa. (P. 34.)

10. One of the chief difficulties of an English officer on boarding a dhow suspected of carrying slaves is the unwillingness of the slaves to confess that they are so. This is partly from vague fear of people they know nothing about, but mainly because the Arabs tell them that all Europeans are cannibals, and only catch slaves in order to fatten and eat them. See History II. and others. (P. 35.)

11. Hindi and Banyan are the names given to the two chief classes of Hindoo traders settled on the east coast—Hindi denoting the Mahommedan, and Banyan the heathen Hindoos, who mainly come from Cutch. (P. 36.)

12. Apparently a man-of-war's boat got information from the shore, landed and searched a slave depôt, with the result described. (P. 38.)

13. A slave-stick is a stout piece of wood from four to seven feet long with a fork at the end. The slave's neck is placed in the fork and confined with a pin. The weight varies according to the object in view, whether merely secure fastening on a journey or punishment. A slave-stick lately brought from East Africa weighs nearly twenty pounds. (P. 43.)

14. Msheliwa appears to be a small coast town a little to the south of Mozambique. (P. 47.)

15. Madagascar is probably here a mistake for the Comoro Islands. The writers of this and the preceding story were together in this part of their travels. (P. 47.)

16. The Rev. Arthur Nugent West died in Zanzibar, Christmas, 1874, and was buried in the Mission's cemetery at Kiungani. He bought the site of the old Zanzibar slave-market, on which Bishop Steere built the present church. (P. 53.)

17. The meaning is that he was being conveyed in a dhow to the island of Pemba, just north of Zanzibar, to be employed as a slave on an Arab plantation, when he was taken by an English cruiser, brought to Zanzibar, and handed over to the Mission. (P. 62.)

18. A contrast is meant between the readiness of Zaramo people to help each other in a difficulty, and the reverse not uncommon in Zanzibar. (P. 63.)

19. The term "father" would include anyone whom choice or circumstances had put in the place of a father towards the boy. (P. 74.)

20. This journey follows generally the line of the main road running westward from Zanzibar, of which fuller notices are given in the two following stories. *See* Introduction, and "Africa," by Keith Johnston (Stanford). (P. 78.)

21. After the arrival of each mail at Zanzibar, a small party is despatched to convey letters to the various European stations on the westward road and in the region of Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. The speed here indicated would be over forty miles a day. (P. 79.)

22. The Ganda tribe were the assailants in all these wars,—apparently regular yearly raids, not campaigns in force. Compare Story XII. (P. 105.)

23. The same King Mtesa as is described in Story XII. (P. 106.)

24. Mirambo was another powerful king visited by Mr. Stanley and other travellers penetrating from Zanzibar to the Lake regions. He died about 1882. (P. 108.)

25. The Further Sea probably means to a native of Ganda the Mediterranean, known vaguely as a place of wonders through the reports of travellers by the Nile route. (P. 136.)

26. Of course it will not be supposed that clocks are in common use in Gandaland, because the boy describes the flight of time in terms familiar to him in Zanzibar. (P. 149.)

27. The large solid-looking purple flower at the end of a banana cluster somewhat resembles a heart in shape and colour—sufficiently, at any rate, for the purpose of the coney. (P. 167.)

27*. To understand this story it is necessary to remember that in some parts of the interior salt is a rare and precious commodity, and the total lack of it a severe hardship. The salt used is often hardly distinguishable in colour from earth. Apparently the selfish husband had procured a little, and for concealment had strewn it on the ground at a certain place. The wife thought at first he was simply going to spoil good food. (P. 181.)

28. Mwala, according to the boy's description, is a place near his own Makua home, a steep slope of perfectly bare rock, the surface smoothed and polished as if by water. (P. 196.)

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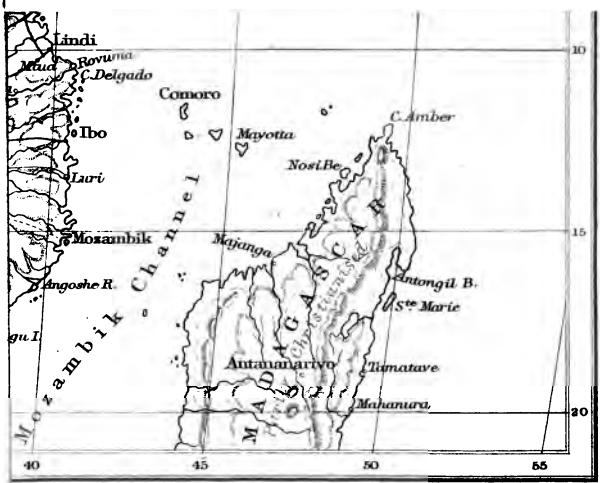

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